THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Ill… Weekly
Founded … j. Franklin

JULY 12, 1913 — 5cts. THE COPY

DRAWN BY
PHILIP BOILEAU

The Price of Place—By Samuel G. Blythe

"Comp'ny's Comin'"

Drawn by "Penny" Ross
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PUT a bottle of Armour's Grape Juice on the ice—or two or three bottles, and rest assured that you will be offering the most welcome hospitality.

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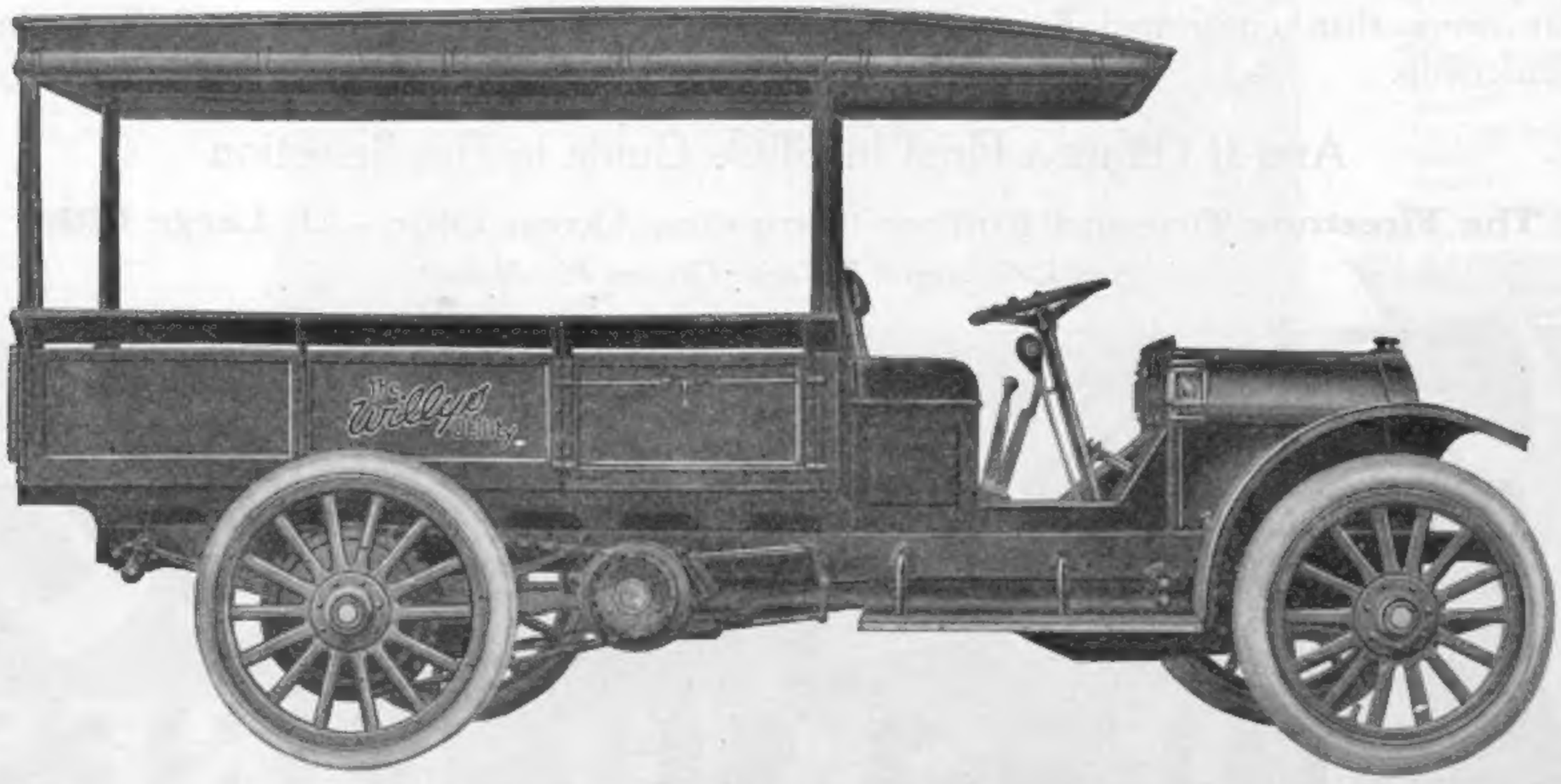

Firestone
JULES GOUX IN HIS FRENCH PEUGEOT WHO DROVE TO VICTORY ON Firestone STOCK TIRES
SPENCER WISHART IN HIS AMERICAN-MADE MERCER WHO WON SECOND PLACE ON Firestones
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It justifies, also, a world-wide challenge for American ideals of workmanship and quality.

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THE PRICE OF PLACE

By Samuel G. Blythe

ILLUSTRATED BY W. B. KING

"HOW does it look, Charley?" Bob McManus asked, leaning over the table where Charley Caulkins was figuring election returns.

"All right," Caulkins answered rather gruffly, for it was the one time in the year when he could be gruff with the boss. On all other occasions Caulkins was an obsequious assistant cashier in the First National Bank of Morganville. On election nights he was the indispensable man who could handle the returns quickly, and who could get the ratios of gain or loss before the others had the figures written down. Every county seat has a Caulkins.

Bob McManus was vitally interested in this election. He was the Republican boss of Greenfield County. His influence extended out into the district and he dominated some of the other counties also. He was a contractor and real-estate dealer, who couldn't be elected to an office himself because of a general distrust of his methods and morals; but no candidate could be elected without the support of McManus and his organization. McManus would have given half his fortune for popular recognition in the way of an elective office, but he knew what would happen to him if he went before the people. So he bossed the organization, dictated the nominations, and took his preferment in the way of appointments and receiverships and other patronage distributed by the bigger bosses of the state and nation.

"Give us the dope," he insisted.

"Well," said Caulkins: "'Lincoln County, with twenty precincts missing, gives Marsh 2245 and Bolus 1762. Same precincts two years ago gave Hawkins 1936 and Bolus 1834.'"

"It's a cinch," commented McManus, "for Grant and Sheridan and Colby will do as well."

"Don't be too sure," cautioned Caulkins. "Two years ago we thought it was a pipe, and Bolus nosed in."

That was the fact. After remaining steadfastly Republican, so far as its representation in Congress went, for twenty years, the fifteenth district suddenly became Democratic. Judge William Godfrey Bolus, a Democrat, defeated Colonel Charles P. Hawkins, an old soldier and a representative for six terms, who was beginning to think there was something in the Constitution that gave him his place. It was one of those odd political shifts that come now and then, and are mainly the result of a protest against local conditions or of a wider revolt against party domination or party crimes. The fifteenth district was normally Republican by about twelve hundred votes. McManus, in a desperate effort to regain control, had selected and nominated James Marsh, a Morganville lawyer, to make the fight against Bolus. Marsh was his strongest man. The telegraph instrument clicked ceaselessly. Tom Johnson, the operator, who was taking the returns over the loop the telegraph company had run into the back room of the country headquarters—McManus' room—handed Caulkins another bulletin.

"It's getting where it was four years ago," announced Caulkins. "The north towns are doing well and Grant and Colby are holding strong."

"What's the percentage?" asked McManus.

"It's a gain of about forty to the precinct for Marsh," Caulkins replied. "That'll pull him through."

The headquarters were on the second floor of the Bixby Block on the main street of Morganville. Most of the members of the county committee, a few of the candidates and some of the party leaders had gathered in the inner office. The big room outside was crowded with men who were politicians, men who thought they were politicians, party workers, district leaders, precinct captains, and a large number of citizens who were interested in the outcome of the voting. All of them were smoking, and most of them smoked bad cigars. The air was thick and heavy, the men jostled back and forth, talking, commenting, loudly boasting of their foreknowledge of what had happened. Each man exalted his political prescience, and listened impatiently to claims made by others of expert analyses of conditions weeks before the test. Each man desired to get credit for wisdom, to boast of it, and they all chattered and bragged and assumed self-satisfied poses and nodded sagely when the bulletins were read. Not a man was in the place, apparently, who had not known weeks beforehand what the result would be.

After Caulkins had finished with the bulletins he handed them to Jack Merrit, the secretary of the committee, who hastened to declaim the news to the crowd. Every time Merrit appeared in the doorway between the inner office and the room outside there was an instant hush. He read the returns in a harsh voice and dodged back, and the place immediately became clamorous with loud comment on the results that had been communicated. There were many amateur figurers out there, but they were not expert enough to have a percentage before Merrit appeared again and upset all their calculations.

At ten o'clock the complete returns from Grant and Colby Counties were in. McManus wrote a telegram to the state chairman saying Marsh was elected, and another to the leading Republican paper in the city fifty miles away which said: "Robert H. McManus, the Republican leader of the fifteenth district, claims the election of James Marsh to Congress by eight hundred plurality."

"It'll be a thousand," said Caulkins.

"Oh, well," McManus replied, "that will make it all the better for another dispatch later on."

Jack Merrit read the leader's dispatch to the crowd outside. There was some cheering. Most of those in the big room began to move toward the door.

"Hold on!" shouted a big red-faced man who had been loud in the praise of his own prognostications. "Where's Marsh?"

"That's so," said another in the crowd. "Where is Marsh?"

"Marsh!" they yelled. "Come on out, Jim, and let's see you."

"Marsh!"

"Hey, Jim, don't be so bashful!"

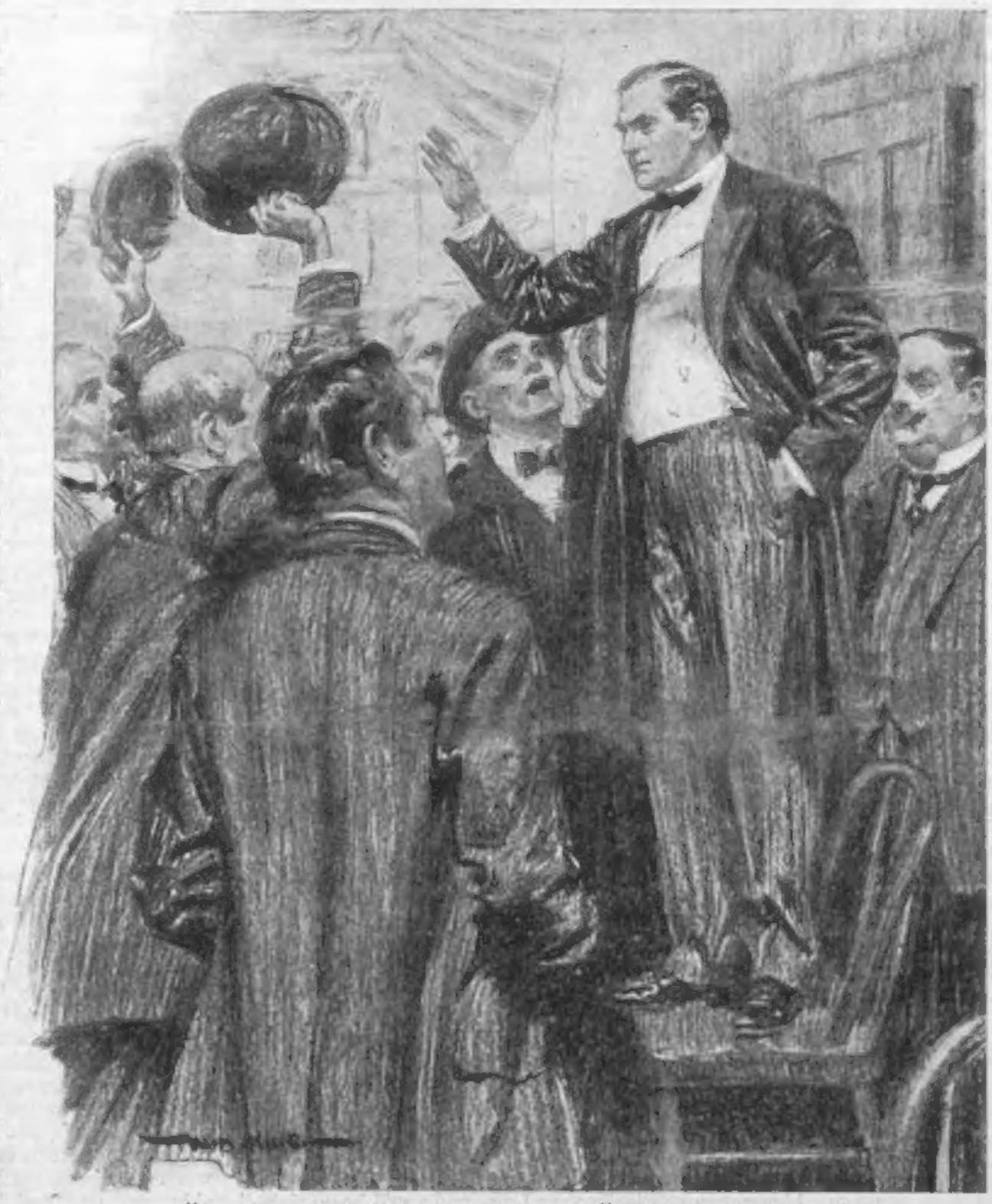
"Speech!"

"Speech!"

"Come on, Jim; you ain't an honorable yet and can afford to associate with us for a while."

McManus turned to a man who had been moving about the inner room since early in the evening, chewing a cigar which he lighted and nervously relighted and then as nervously neglected to keep lighted; a man of good stature, with a broad spread of shoulder, a little too much weight round the paunch, which showed, even under the protecting shadow of his deep chest, a clean-shaven face, heavy lips, large eyes set far apart beneath a high and broad forehead, and a quantity of thick black hair. He was an average man, as men go, with no marked characteristic, facial or otherwise, until he smiled. Then he seemed to be exceedingly good-natured and his face lighted up pleasantly.

"Go ahead, Jim," said McManus. "Go out there and make a talk to that gang or they'll never go home."



"Good Boy, Jim!" Shouted an Enthusiast. "I Knew You'd Skin 'Em"

"All right," Marsh assented, and he threw away his soggy cigar and went into the other room.

"'Rah for Marsh!" a few shouted. Others clapped their hands. They all turned toward the doorway where Marsh was standing.

"My friends," Marsh began, "I ——"

"Git up on a chair!" the red-faced man ordered.

Marsh obediently clambered on a chair. He held up his hand for quiet after the manner of the stump speaker, and began again: "My friends ——"

"Good boy, Jim!" shouted an enthusiast. "I knew you'd skin 'em."

"My friends ——"

"'Rah for Jim Marsh, next congressman from the good old fifteenth!" came from the rear of the room.

"Aw, dry up!" commanded a patriot who was eager to hear. "Lettim talk."

"Spit it out, Jim!"

"Go to it!"

"My friends," began Marsh again, smiling down at the crowded room, "there isn't much a man can say on an occasion like this, except to express his thanks to those who stood by him so loyally in the fight that has resulted in this great victory for our party. And I do thank you, thank you all, from my heart, for your support ——"

"Good boy, Jim!"

"—— for your support, not only at the polls, but during the hard campaign we had to make to wrest the old fifteenth from the control of the enemy. You have imposed a sacred trust in me. You are sending me to Washington to take part in the deliberations of Congress, and I want to pledge you here again, as I have done on the stump, that your confidence in me shall not be misplaced, and that I shall work with an eye and a heart and a hand single to your interests and to the interests of the Grand Old Party which we all love so well."

"That's the stuff, Jim! That's the pure quill!"

"Once again the good old fifteenth will be represented in the Halls of Congress by a Republican—a real Republican—you know the kind of a Republican I am, boys?"

"Bet your life we do, Jim! Whoop'er up!"

"And here and now I say to you that never shall I be ungrateful for the honor you have bestowed on me and never shall I prove unfaithful to my trust. I thank you again; I need say no more at this time. You are all my friends and I want to shake hands with you before you go, and express to you personally the deep and abiding gratitude I feel to you all. You represent the people—you are the people—and the rights of the people shall ever be my first concern."

"How about Bob McManus?" shouted a thin-whiskered man who viewed the proceedings with evident disapproval.

"The Honorable Robert H. McManus is my friend, and I should be an ingrate indeed if I did not acknowledge that here and my indebtedness to him and to his great organization for their part in this victory. I feel that I am merely the instrument of the expressed will of the people ——"

"And Bob McManus!" interjected the thin-whiskered man.

"Aw, cut it out!" cautioned the red-faced patriot.

"—— merely an instrument for the expression of the will of the people in governmental affairs; but for all that I allow no man to question my fealty to Bob McManus, who labored so earnestly and so unselfishly in my behalf. Again from the bottom of my heart I thank you."

McManus had entered the room. After Marsh had finished he moved up to where Marsh was standing and whispered: "Slough 'em off as quick as you can. I want to have a talk with you before you go home."

Marsh shook hands rapidly and received congratulations modestly. After the last man had filed past him he returned to the inner room. The floor was littered with paper containing the calculations of Caulkins and with crumpled bulletins. The telegraph instrument was clicking spasmodically. The air was murky with ill-smelling smoke. Caulkins and a few others lingered, talking it over with that curious insistence of repetition of established fact that marks such conversations, saying the same things again and again and assuring one another they had known all along it would be a walk-over.

"Boys," said McManus, "Jim and I want to have a talk. Good night."

Everybody left but Caulkins. "Say, Bob," he said, "don't forget about making our bank a national depository. Old Bolus got the Treasury to take it away from us when he went in."

"I won't," McManus replied. "Good night, Charley; much obliged."

Caulkins fiddled round, loath to go. It was his one important night in the year.

"Good night, Charley," said McManus again, with abrupt finality.

"Good night, Bob; good night, Jim. Don't forget about that depository business. Good night." And he left slowly.

"Sit down," ordered McManus.

Marsh sat down in the chair Caulkins had occupied and twisted some sheets of yellow flimsy between his fingers.

"Jim," said McManus, "you know who elected you, don't you?"

"You did."

"Sure! I was afraid you might forget it. And you know who can beat you next time if you don't play ball, don't you?"

"I suppose you can."

"No supposing about it; I can—and I will, too, if it is necessary. Now I want to get down to brass tacks."

"Go ahead."

"First, I'll tell you a few things about yourself. You are forty-one years old, right in your prime, and you've wanted to go to Congress for the last four or five years. I've been watching you, and I picked you this time because I figured that you and I could form a partnership and hold things in this district for a good long time. You've got things I need and I've got a whole heap you need; and we can do business together or not as you choose."

"He's All Right, and He'll Stand Without Hitching"

"I'll do anything I can, Bob."

"All right. Now, then, the reason I picked you to go to Congress is because you are a good lawyer, one of the best in the district, and because you are far-and-away the best speaker in this part of the state. With a few years in Congress and the experience and training you get there, I can make you a big man, and perhaps get you the governorship or send you to the United States Senate."

"Do you think so, Bob?" asked Marsh, leaning forward and putting his hand on McManus' knee.

"Sure! Besides, your wife is ambitious, and you've got a daughter that'll be a crackerjack, and maybe she's ambitious too. All you have to do, Jim, is to remember where your obligation lies, and not try to doublecross me or your friends here, or get the swelled head and think you're a bigger man politically than I am, and you'll be all right."

"What do you want me to do?"

McManus got up and walked over to the window. He looked out for a moment, lighted a cigar, took a puff or two and then walked back to where Marsh sat.

"What do I want you to do? Nothing on God's green earth but to play the game. There are a lot of busy-izzy reformers and disturbers in this district, and they will try to get you. They will appeal to your so-called patriotism and your love of country and your deep affection for the common people; but forget it—forget it all. Politics isn't the business of the people. It's a business we pursue for the people—and ourselves. It's the most selfish, the most heartless, the most bogus business on the footstool, but it happens to be the kind of business I enjoy, and you can add to my enjoyment of it by doing what I want you to, and add to your own enjoyment too."

"But the better element were all for me, Bob."

"Forget the better element! What have we to do with them now that we have their votes? Forget reformers who want you and me to do what they want us to do instead of doing what the situation demands. A reformer is nothing but a man who can't get what he wants regularly and tries to get it irregularly, or in a new way. A reformer is a man who has a grievance and wants to plaster everybody else with that grievance. Or he is one of those exalted idiots who thinks because he doesn't approve of a man, or a method, or a manner, that it is the duty of everybody else to disapprove of it. These reformers are the greatest egotists in the world. They won't argue. They won't reason. They just condemn and command."

"But they cast a lot of votes."

"Of course they do, and we have to cater to them. I'm not asking you to do anything out in the open they object to, for I've made it a rule in politics to favor, in public, every movement that is advocated by church people or the women."

He laughed. "What I have done in private is another matter."

"But," asked Marsh, "what shall you want?"

"Nothing, Jim," said McManus, putting his hand on Marsh's shoulder, "nothing at all but one thing. All I ask of you is to play the game."

"That's easy enough."

"It won't be so easy as you think, but if you've got the nerve and the savvy to play it the way it ought to be played, you and I can get to be the big political powers in this state. I tell you I can make you governor or senator or perhaps president. But that isn't all."

"It seems a good deal." Marsh's eyes burned with excitement.

"It isn't all by a heap. The most important thing is this, Jim—we can both make our fortunes."

"Hold on, Bob!" broke in Marsh. "You can't make a crook out of me or a grafter."

"Who the hell wants you to be a crook or a grafter?" snarled McManus. "If you got to be a crook or a grafter you couldn't get anywhere—provided it was found out or suspected even. Now listen to me: You are ambitious?"

"Yes."

"You think you have it in you to be a big man in Congress."

"I do."

"You'd rather be a great senator and have your wife succeed socially than anything else?"

"Yes."

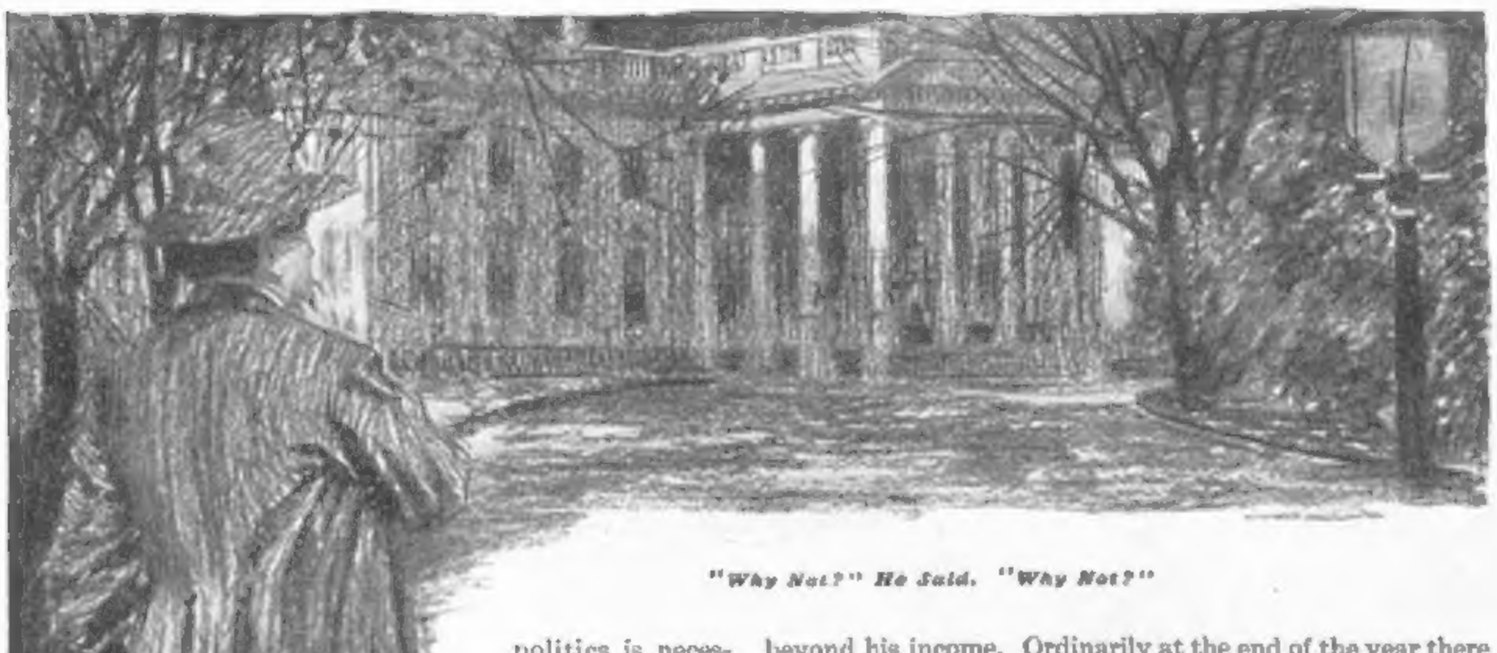
"Well, then, I know you have the right stuff in you and all I ask of you is to play the game."

"But," asked Marsh nervously, "how shall I know what the game is and how to play it?"

"Oh," replied McManus grimly, "as for that you'll learn a good deal yourself, and what you don't learn yourself I'll teach you."

II

MARSH walked home slowly, turning over in his mind what McManus had said to him. He was uneasy, for he didn't know how far McManus would ask him to go. McManus had financial and political connections in the East, was frequently called to Washington for consultation with the party leaders there, was a member of the Republican National Committee and potent in state affairs. Furthermore McManus, operating as the friend of the people and the unselfish leader of the party, looked on it all as a game whereby the ends always justified the means. He was interested only in the results and the results of the results, which, generally, and as often as he could make them so, were for the benefit of McManus and his lieutenants. He was a stern boss, but had the reputation of dividing equitably, and he stood by his friends. Marsh understood perfectly that McManus' only theory of politics was that



"Why Not?" He Said. "Why Not?"

politics is necessary to secure power and that power is useful in helping along personal plans.

At the same time Marsh knew it would be to the advantage of his future to remain on friendly terms with McManus, for without McManus' support Marsh could not hope to remain in Congress. Marsh took a backward look at his own career. He was forty-one years old, married, and had a daughter of fifteen. He was a practicing lawyer, who made about six thousand dollars a year and had never had an office except a street-railway receivership, that netted him five thousand dollars, of which he was compelled to give a quarter to the McManus organization. He was born in a small village about twenty miles from Morganville, worked hard, came to Morganville when he was eighteen and studied law. He passed his examinations with credit and took a clerkship in a leading firm at Morganville, which was the county seat. After a few years he had opened an office of his own and had done well, as the law business went in that territory.

All his life he had been a public speaker and interested and active in politics. He had an elocutionary gift. When he was a small boy he declaimed Spartacus to the Gladiators and similar robust orations in the district school. He worked up through the rural debating societies and was a leader in the moot trials organized by the clerks in his student days. As soon as he was admitted to the bar he began campaign speaking in a small way. He had developed, through his work in the courtroom and on the stump, into a really effective public speaker, with a facility for flowery and impassioned perorations and a trick of alliteration that made his speeches sound more impressive than they really were. His voice was musical and strong, and his delivery graceful and at times dramatic.

He was a good student, kept in close and intelligent touch with public affairs. Once or twice, when the occasion seemed opportune, he had broken away from the McManus organization and sided with the independents. There always was a faction in the district fighting McManus. This exhibition of independence had puzzled McManus, but had not deterred him from nominating Marsh when he wanted a man to win. McManus needed Marsh, not only to give respectability to his organization but because Marsh was really strong and effective and capable of large development. Marsh had not been, to a great extent, cognizant of the machine methods of McManus, for McManus had used him for outside work and not in the inner councils. Marsh thoroughly believed that his triumph at the polls was due to his own good standing in the community and to his strong political beliefs, which, though generally in accord with those of the party, still were progressive enough to suit the independents in a great measure.

He liked the law, but his great love was for politics and his great passion for power and place. All his life he had had but one idea, and that was to become an important man in the country. He thought himself a great orator—and he was a very good one and might reasonably hope to develop in time to be a great one—and he was greedy for applause. He had visions of himself in Congress, swaying his colleagues with the force and eloquence of his words, and he saw opening before him vistas, not only of political triumphs but of social triumphs as well. He considered the man who held a big office as having proved his superiority over his neighbors; and though he was outwardly modest and not looking for notoriety he sought the society of men he thought could help him, and saw to it that his name was in the newspapers as often as it could be put there in a complimentary manner. He had worked harder to make himself one of the big men of Morganville than he had to make money, and he had lived up to and a little beyond his income. Ordinarily at the end of the year there were bills amounting to a thousand dollars or so unpaid, and as there was no way to provide for them except by future earnings, Marsh ran behind.

Marsh was something of a sentimentalist, and by nature not so aggressive as he seemed. However, he had carefully built up a reputation for keen, businesslike decision, which he relieved at times by some act of kindness and consideration that won him approval. He was liked by his colleagues at the bar and popular throughout his district as a good mixer. He had a facility for remembering names and faces and incidents, and he cultivated that assiduously. He also had a hearty sincerity of manner, never effusive, but genuine in all its manifestations. To all outside views he seemed a serious, studious, earnest, honest man, with the good of the people at heart and fervent in his support of his party. However, despite his two or three exhibitions of independence, he was enough of a politician to go a considerable distance in making his own ideas conform to the tenets of his party. He said to himself that he could do more to bring about good politics by being in powerful place on the inside instead of fighting from the outside. He was firmly determined to urge and secure reforms, especially in the extension of popular government, a question he had studied much, but about which he had talked little. He had no idea, either real or vague, of doing anything else in Congress than giving his best service to his people and his country, but back of it all was an intense ambition, a craving for high position, and he was certain that if he could attain the place he desired he then could do many things that were beyond him as a private citizen.

Marsh had telephoned the result to his wife as soon as he was certain he was elected, and she was waiting for him.

"Well, Molly," he shouted exultantly as he came into the living room where she was sitting, "we're going to Congress."

She rose to meet him and he took her in his arms and kissed her. She said nothing.

"You don't seem very much impressed with the news," he complained.

"Of course I am, Jim. Don't be silly! But I was planning my dresses."

"Your dresses! Is that the first thing you think about?"

"Jim," said Mrs. Marsh, withdrawing herself from his arms, "I am now a congressman's wife, and I shall be expected to take my proper place in society in Washington. Of course I must think of my dresses and the dresses for Dorothy, but I'm glad—I'm glad—it means so much to all of us."

Mrs. Marsh was slender, alert and thirty-seven. She had an attractive face, knew how to keep her complexion fresh, had good taste in gowns and much tact and ability as a hostess. She was not a beauty and never had been, but she was graceful, vivacious, healthy, good-tempered, active, and had won her way as the social leader of her set by hard and persistent campaigning and by the exercise of great strategy and diplomacy. She had a quick mind, was just a little ahead of her friends in adopting the new fashions, but had excellent discernment and never took up the extreme modes. She was adaptable and eager to learn, and studied with satisfactory results the social columns of the out-of-town newspapers and the fashion books from New York and elsewhere. She dabbled discreetly in club doings, but never with any but the clubs that were most fashionable, according to the Morganville standard, and she kept her visiting list carefully pruned, and considered it a great triumph when she added to that list the name of a lady who had seemed a little above her in position. She was the daughter of a local merchant, and had married Marsh when she was nineteen.

"Molly," said Marsh, "this dress business is an angle that hadn't appealed to me before. How much will they cost?"

"Why, Jim," she replied, "I don't know. How can I tell? I suppose five hundred dollars for myself and Dorothy."

"Five hundred dollars!"

"Certainly! You want your wife to be properly dressed, don't you? There is so much to get, for none of the gowns I have been wearing here will do. I must have everything new.

"You know, Jim," Mrs. Marsh continued earnestly, "it wouldn't do to go to one of those big houses in Washington with a gown on that had seen service here in poky Morganville."

"I suppose not."

"You aren't very enthusiastic about it."

"Maybe not; but this campaign cost me about all I had in cash and I went into debt some. They taxed me pretty heavily, and I had to pay my own expenses. The money McManus got from the congressional campaign committee he used in his own way, and I'm about strapped, to tell the truth."

"Oh, well, we don't go to Washington until December of next year, and you can make a lot before that time, can't you, Jim?"

"I'll have to," he replied grimly.

III

LEADER McMANUS took Marsh to Washington with him for a few days during the session of the Congress which preceded the body to which Marsh had been elected. Corrected returns showed that Marsh had carried his district by some thirteen hundred, "redeemed" it, as the party papers all said, and he had made one or two speeches at ratification meetings that had been warmly commended. McManus had said little and had kept away from Marsh, who was working hard at his law practice and reading up on governmental affairs in order to be able to plunge into his new work. He was disturbed because he would have no actual opportunity, beyond being representative-elect, to demonstrate his capacity as a statesman, for the Congress to which he was elected would not go into session for a year; but he finally concluded that might not be so much of a detriment as it seemed, for the elapsed time would give him a chance to get his law business into shape and secure some money to help out on expenses in Washington.

It was the second time Marsh had been in Washington. He had attended the inauguration of President Harrison,

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"Jim Marsh!" She Exclaimed. "Do You Know How Much These Rooms are Costing Us?"

The Lesson of the Roosevelt Trial

By MELVILLE DAVISSON POST

RENAN tells us, in his History of the People of Israel, that it is the fortune of all great men at some time in their career to be considered mad. It is easy to understand this. In spite of our most liberal ideas we are zealous adherents to custom and hard followers on the tramped-out path.

If it happens, then, that a great public leader shocks the people into attention by some striking innovation he will not usually escape calumny. If his new doctrine threatens privileges long enjoyed by certain classes or interests it is certain that under cover of the popular distaste for change will be found marshaled the insidious agencies of defamation in order to destroy the teacher of this new doctrine.

It is certain, also, that at the moment of his pronouncement the weak, the insincere and the time-serving—that is to say, all the little men lacking courage—about the great leader will abandon him. If he is then merely a dreamer he will be destroyed, and his destruction will ever afterward be called "the triumph of good sense over enthusiasm." If, however, the public leader is an aggressive and powerful character history will be made, and there will come about some one of those changes that alter the course of civilization.

PHOTOGRAPH BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, NEW YORK

Roosevelt Testifying in Court. The Colonel is Seated by the Electrolier

This was all strikingly illustrated when Theodore Roosevelt, in two celebrated addresses, announced his propaganda on the administration of justice in this country. He was immediately declared to be mad, and he was denounced and defamed. All the terms we are accustomed to apply to those who set themselves against law and order were attached to his name. He was said to be teaching anarchy, and to be a sort of traitorous Samson, with his hands against the pillars of the Republic. Moreover, true to the law, all the little men lacking courage, who had pretended to be his friends, discreetly withdrew—certain conservatives of New England and the representatives of great interests whose privileges his propaganda would jeopardize.

Stripped of misleading commentary, there was nothing revolutionary in Mr. Roosevelt's doctrine of justice. He was asking for but two things: that the whole body of the electorate should at all times and under all circumstances be the ones to say by what laws they should be governed; and that the administration of justice should be humanized. It contained, also, as a sort of rider, the further idea that by some means, quick and available to the people, the incompetent or unjust judge could be removed from office. This first idea in its simplicity was not an invention. It had been advocated by the first teachers of popular government—by the great school that Jefferson founded; and after him by Lincoln.

How Our Form of Government Changed

IT WAS, in fact, the basic idea upon which this Republic began its national life. To insure the right to the people the Government was divided into its three departments, each complete in itself and no one of them superior to the other. The laws were to be made by the people through their Congress; justice under these laws was to be administered by the courts, and it was the province of the executive to see that the laws were carried into effect.

Each of these departments was supreme in itself—complete and sufficient in itself. The Constitution nowhere put any one of them above the other. It will be impossible to find anything in that great charter to justify the right of the Supreme Court of the United States to annul acts of Congress. If such a right had been intended it would have been granted in plain affirmative terms, and not left to any doubtful construction. It is impossible to read the expressions of the men who drafted that instrument and come to any other conclusion.

We began, then, on the theory that the people should make the laws, and that the courts should be confined to administering those laws as they received them; but such a condition did not long continue. The judges, from asserting by timid suggestion the right to annul acts of Congress, came presently to exercise the right.

We know the history of that struggle. We know how Chief Justice Marshall undertook to make the Supreme Court the sovereign authority, and how strenuously he was resisted by Jefferson; how the Federalist party endeavored to perpetuate itself by filling the bench with its adherents as it went out of power; how Jefferson directed Madison to pay no attention to the writ of Chief Justice Marshall. Marshall failed to make the Republic a judicial oligarchy. He was not able to make Jefferson obey his writ in the controversy over the "midnight judges," or appear before him in the Burr trial upon a summons directed to "Thomas Jefferson, a citizen of Virginia." Marshall, however, could say in his opinions that the Supreme Court was invested with the sovereign power to annul acts of Congress; and after him later judges, under executives more amenable, were able to establish this right—until it has come at last to be unquestioned.

It is true that Lincoln—in its catholic meaning a great Democrat like Jefferson—resisted the Supreme Court in the Dred Scott decision; but the advance of the doctrine was not halted, and today it dominates the policy of our law. That virile executives, like Jefferson, Jackson, Lincoln and Roosevelt, should be unpopular in that quarter, naturally followed.

"Aristocratical bodies have no taste for a very imposing executive or for a very active and penetrating domestic administration. They have a sense of equality among themselves, and of constituting in themselves what is greatest and most dignified in the realm, which makes their pride revolt against the overshadowing greatness and dignity of a commanding executive. They have a temper of independence, and a habit of uncontrolled action, which makes them impatient of encountering, in the management of the interior concerns of the country, the machinery and regulations of a superior and peremptory power."

In spite of all specious argument, the right to annul the law or to change it is the right to govern; it is the right, in fact, to say by what laws the people shall be governed. And the authority that is able to say by what laws the people shall be governed is the sovereign authority in the state. Then, when the courts assumed that right, the form of government in this country, in fact, changed.

Did it not become in effect a sort of quasi-aristocracy—taking that word to mean a class in authority apart from the people? It was inevitable that the law should take on the stamp and imprint of the ideas and economic theories of the judiciary. The Federal judiciary were officials holding their offices for life; such departments necessarily become what is known as conservative, and inevitably take on, to a certain degree, the characteristics of an exclusive class in the state. In speaking of the English aristocracy Matthew Arnold said:

"It still, indeed, administers public affairs; and it is a great error to suppose, as many persons in England suppose, that it administers but does not govern. He who administers governs, because he infixes his own mark and stamps his own character on all public affairs as they pass through his hands; and, therefore, so long as the English aristocracy administers the commonwealth, it governs it."

It was to be expected, then, that our judiciary would cease to be in touch with the requirements and the ideas of the whole people.

"It is because aristocracies almost inevitably fail to appreciate justly, or even to take into their mind the instinct pushing the masses toward expansion and fuller life, that they lose their hold over them." The country, in the great income-tax case, had seen the will of almost one hundred millions of people, the president of the United States, and both houses of Congress, as expressed in a law, annulled by nine men holding their offices for life; in fact, by one man who held the balance of power!

Instead of the people being able to say by what laws they should be governed, the courts had in great measure assumed that prerogative. No matter what the people might believe, if the laws did not accord with the economic ideas of the judiciary they were annulled, as contravening either the actual letter or the spirit of the Constitution.

To such an extent had this custom gone that the question of whether or not a law would meet with the approval of the courts was always a great factor of discussion in legislative assemblies. Almost every law that anybody objected to was carried to the courts through some one of the numerous avenues which judicial decision had opened up. The laws were tested by all sorts of attenuated refinements. This was evidenced by the fact that the judges were usually not able to agree, and the laws were sustained or annulled by divided courts.

As to what is commonly termed the recall of judges in Mr. Roosevelt's propaganda, one must sympathize with the idea even if he cannot entirely accept the plan by which it is to be carried out. The method of impeachment appeared to be wholly inadequate. It was generally conceded that a judge was secure in his office against any power of the people to remove him.

Are Courts Beyond Criticism?

MOREOVER, the courts so far developed the doctrine of contempt that they were beginning to be held to be exempt from criticism. A governing class that could not be removed from power and was not subject to criticism would be more than human if it failed, in the end, to be less than a tyranny. It was evident that some method ought to exist by which all officials, when the need came, could be made amenable to the public will. There must be some practical, available method by which an unfit judge could be removed.

It was a sense of this great necessity out of which a plan for the recall of judges issued; but the plan was merely a consideration touching the larger idea that the people—and the people only—should exercise the right at all times and under all circumstances to say by what laws they should be governed.

It was to be expected, then, that the question would be raised and that the issue of it could no longer be confused by any lengths of brilliant sophistry. Either the people had the right at all times and under all circumstances to say by what laws they should be governed—and that was a Republic—or they had not—and that was despotism. Men might believe that a calm, deliberate assembly, removed from the people, would be better able to say what was for the public good; but it was clear to a farsighted leader that such a doctrine was the abandonment of every Republican pretension.

To urge these considerations was not, then, to attack the courts—it was not to impair the confidence of the people in them. When the citizen came to realize that the judge sat on the bench for the purpose of carrying into effect a law he himself had made, and for which he was responsible, then he would realize that a blow at the judge was a blow at himself; that a contempt of the judge was a contempt of his own authority; and that an indignity offered to the court flecked his own face.

It would be realized that the whole electorate had clothed the courts with their honor; that it was the finest

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THE BLIND GODDESS

Tiberius Tinker Leads a Forlorn Hope

By PETER B. KYNE

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

"Did You O. K. This Check for Five Thousand?"

MR. TIBERIUS TINKER was a shyster lawyer, but an acknowledged Napoleon of shysters. He was a genius gone wrong. He was as crooked as a bedspring. Had it not been for an indefinable little quirk in one of the convolutions of his mighty brain that caused him to take a rare artistic pleasure, a sort of unholy joy, in the pouching of a fee of twenty-five dollars through efforts extra legal, there is no doubt that Tiberius Tinker would have developed into a great corporation attorney. He possessed to a rare degree the qualifications necessary for a go-between, but he lacked the rugged courage of a higher-up. He feared to be caught defying the law, but delighted in evading it. To expound the law—to interpret it fairly and conscientiously—to strive for the ethical advancement of his profession would have irked Tiberius Tinker had he ever attempted it—which, by the way, he had not.

A crook by instinct, crime fascinated Tiberius Tinker and chained him to the police courts. If a case presented such uncompromising angles that Tiberius Tinker despaired of his ability to pick a hole in the statutes large enough to lead the victim forth unscathed, well might that case be considered hopeless. Under such circumstances the shyster always advised his client to "take a plea"; after which Mr. Tinker would rise in his place and beg for mercy so feelingly, so passionately and so convincingly that calloused indeed was His Honor if the shyster's pleadings failed to chip fifty per cent of the adamant off his hard heart.

In the underworld of the particular city where Tiberius Tinker was regarded as the Star of Hope, the slogan of the submerged tenth was:

"When in Dutch, see Tib Tinker!"

Even in a hopeless case Mr. Tinker could accomplish miracles—provided always, of course, that the fee was sufficiently attractive. Every dollar added to Tib Tinker's retainer furnished him with a new idea for the defense.

Now when one sits down to philosophize on labor and capital, and progress and poverty, and the high cost of living, and so on, there is really but a single profession in this world where one may feel assured of perfect immunity from the so-called slack seasons. There is always more or less activity in the undertaking business—generally more, death being inevitable and the rules of the Health Board regarding burials being, in a manner of speaking, quite mandatory.

In all other lines, however, the vicissitudes of life have a marked effect on the ebb and flow of fortune's tide; and in the case of Tib Tinker, fix-it specialist, a wave of reform politics and an honest chief of police had swept away his business, leaving the particular field of his activities more or less of a tide-flat.

Police judges, previously considerate and obliging in the matter of fixing jumpable bail for felony offenses, had been driven to desperation by the adoption of the recall; and vagrants who formerly left the court with a tongue-thrashing from His Honor, and mayhap a parting kick into the corridor by the court bailiff, now took their thirty days with a smile and thanked the judge for his great mercy. Saloons had been abolished, thugs and pickpockets had been given twenty-four hours' notice to get out of town, and the Tenderloin had vanished under the barbaric laws enacted by a state legislature with one eye, collectively speaking, on its job and the other on the female vote.

In a word, Tib Tinker was a live wire in a dead town and his office rent was three days overdue. His stenographer had given notice. She had played the tank towns once with a Shakespearean repertoire company and was unusually quick at noting the first symptoms of that dread disease known as withering of the bankroll.

With this brief preface, let us present Tib Tinker, swept out of the purlieus of the police courts and the city prison, and stranded high and dry in his office hard by the Hall of Justice.

The curtain rises discovering Miss Pearl O'Malley in Tib Tinker's general office, busily pounding out an alibi Mr. Tinker had purchased for an unfortunate client for the ridiculous sum of three dollars and fifty cents, and which he had hopes of retailing for fifty dollars. In his private office Mr. Tinker himself droops despondently over his rolltop desk, listlessly wasting good ink sketching dogs and rabbits and birds and fat policemen on a piece of scratch paper. He is marveling subconsciously on the damnable reluctance of mankind to utter a fictitious check, kidnap a baby, beat up a street-car conductor in a transfer fight, strangle a mother-in-law.

At the very opening of this story the statement can be made without fear of successful contradiction that Mr. Tiberius Tinker was finding difficulty in seeing just how he was going to keep the pot boiling unless somebody started something—and started it right away.

Tib Tinker need not have worried. The hybrid Old Boy with the hoofs and the spiked tail was even at that moment framing up a case for the shyster. Therefore, let us, for the nonce, leave Tib Tinker. An intermission of one minute while we insert another reel!

"I Did Not! Lemme Look at It"

A quarter after ten on Saturday morning, Mr. Thomas Dodge, paying teller in the Marine National Bank, stood in his little steel cage drumming thoughtfully on the counter and awaiting the vanguard of the Saturday rush to cash payroll checks. It would commence in a few minutes; and, pending the riot, Mr. Dodge, whose window faced the main entrance of the bank, amused himself by gazing at the free and happy individuals passing before him in the street.

Presently one, apparently more carefree and happy than all the rest, arrived in a beautiful racy roadster, white, with gold striping. He drew up at the curb in front of the bank. He was a handsome, dapper young man, and beside him rode a liveried chauffeur.

As Thomas Dodge glanced out, an amusing thing happened. When the car drew up at the curb a handsome, over-dressed woman of perhaps thirty-five had emerged from the bank. She was known to Thomas Dodge as a customer of the bank and to the unchivalrous clerks as the Large Pink Dearie. The carefree youth saw her pause and flash an admiring look at his beautiful car and an impersonal one at him. Instantly he favored her with a quick, good-natured but impertinent stare; and Thomas Dodge, despite his twenty years of service in the bank and the dignity that went with his position as paying teller, broke into a gentle, tolerant and amused chuckle as he saw the young man's hand drop swiftly to the row of keys that topped the eight-barreled, silver-plated musical auto signal that flanked the driver's seat, and the clear, beautiful notes of a popular ragtime song came floating into the bank. Thomas Dodge knew that song. The chorus began:

Oh, you beautiful doll!

It was laughable—that breezy attempt of a youth to flirt with a woman almost old enough to be his mother. So Thomas Dodge laughed. The Large Pink Dearie swept the serenader with a wintry glance and passed on, to the mellow notes of the second line of that incredibly silly chorus:

You great big beautiful doll!

Failing to win a backward glance from the object of his musical endeavors, the impudent one gave a comical grimace of mock dismay and, despairing of a return engagement, killed his motor and stepped out on the running-board. He stood there a moment and his cheerful glance rested on Thomas Dodge, watching from his cage inside the bank. At once he winked and grinned at Thomas Dodge. Dodge shook his head negatively, but answered with an indulgent smile. He had been young once himself.

"Jolly young dog!" thought Thomas Dodge. "It must be great to be young and rich, and to know you don't have to be locked in a steel cage from eight to five."

"I've Hooked a Big Fish—Got Him Gaffed Through Both Gills!"

The young man sprang lightly up the steps of the bank and entered. As he passed the paying teller's window headed for the railed inclosure where Mr. Grigsby, the president of the bank, sat at his desk, he bowed to Mr. Dodge. And again he smiled that insouciant, boyish smile.

Thomas Dodge made a swift and accurate appraisal of the youth as he walked by. His clothes were rich and distinctive, speaking for the excellent taste of the wearer and the art of his tailor. The young man's figure was lithe and athletic, his skin clear and ruddy; and it was evident that having his hair cut every two weeks was a habit. His motor coat of brown linen trimmed with blue at the cuffs gave him a decidedly natty appearance, and as he approached the president's desk he removed his motor cap and drew off one glove preparatory to shaking hands. With his hands on the railing he waited patiently and respectfully for the president to look up. When that austere individual at length consented to notice him the young man thrust out his hand and said something Thomas Dodge could not hear. However it appeared to have a soothing effect, for the president got up from his desk and shook the hand of the smiling stranger.

Thomas Dodge cashed a check for a customer, impaled it on his spindle and again glanced toward the president's desk. The stranger had penetrated beyond the railing and was seated beside the president, who was reading a letter, evidently presented by the visitor.

Then the first rush of the paycheck phalanx claimed Mr. Dodge's attention and he was a busy man for fifteen minutes. As he turned for a breathing spell, after disposing of the first rush, he observed that President Grigsby's nose was once more buried in his work and the smiling stranger stood before the paying window shoving a check across at Thomas Dodge.

"Howdy-do?" said Thomas Dodge affably.

"Nicely, thank you, sir. Mr. Grigsby put the grand hailing signal on this check and told me if I'd bring it to you the cash would be forthcoming."

Thomas Dodge took up the check. It was a draft for five thousand dollars on the Fifteenth National Bank of New York, drawn in favor of Harold J. Van Beekman and signed by the Van Beekman Cordage Company, Incorporated, Hiram Van Beekman, president; Philip T. Miggs, assistant cashier. It was a healthy check viewed from all angles, with an additional certificate of sanitation in the shape of Mr. Grigsby's cabalistic G in blue pencil and underscored in the upper left-hand corner—that being the president's official O. K.

Thomas Dodge turned the check over. It was freshly indorsed by Harold J. Van Beekman.

"Are you Mr. Harold J. Van Beekman?" demanded Dodge. For twenty years he had been questioning indorsements. It was a habit.

"I think I am, Mr. Dodge, but the pater calls me other names while I'm raiding him."

Thomas Dodge understood. Wealthy fool of a father, amiable fool of a son.

"How'll you have this?" he queried.

"Large bills, if you have them, please. They're easier carried."

Thomas Dodge counted out ten five-hundred-dollar gold certificates and passed them over.

"Thank you, sir. Have a cheroot?" Harold J. Van Beekman handed Thomas Dodge a fifty-cent cigar, smiled, nodded and walked out of the bank into the arms of a most respectable old gentleman who wore side whiskers and carried a gold-headed cane. They shook hands most cordially, talked a minute and parted. Dodge saw Harold J. Van Beekman climb into his beautiful racy roadster and dart up the street.

Five minutes later the head of the local branch of the detective bureau employed by the Bankers' Mutual Protective Association strolled in and approached the paying teller's window.

"Morning, Dodge! Dropped in to give you the tip that Percy the Penman is in town. He got out of the penitentiary two days ago. Watch out for him!"

"What does he look like and how does he work?"

"Looks like a gilded youth and plays the part to perfection. His specialty is forged letters of introduction to bank presidents and out-of-town checks ——"

"Mr. Grigsby! Oh-h-h, Mr. Grigsby!" quavered Thomas Dodge. "Did you O. K. this Harold J. Van Beekman check for five thousand?"

"I did not!" yelled Grigsby, and rushed over to the window. "Lemme look at it."

Mr. Dodge, whose face had taken on the color and consistency of an Edam cheese, handed out the check.

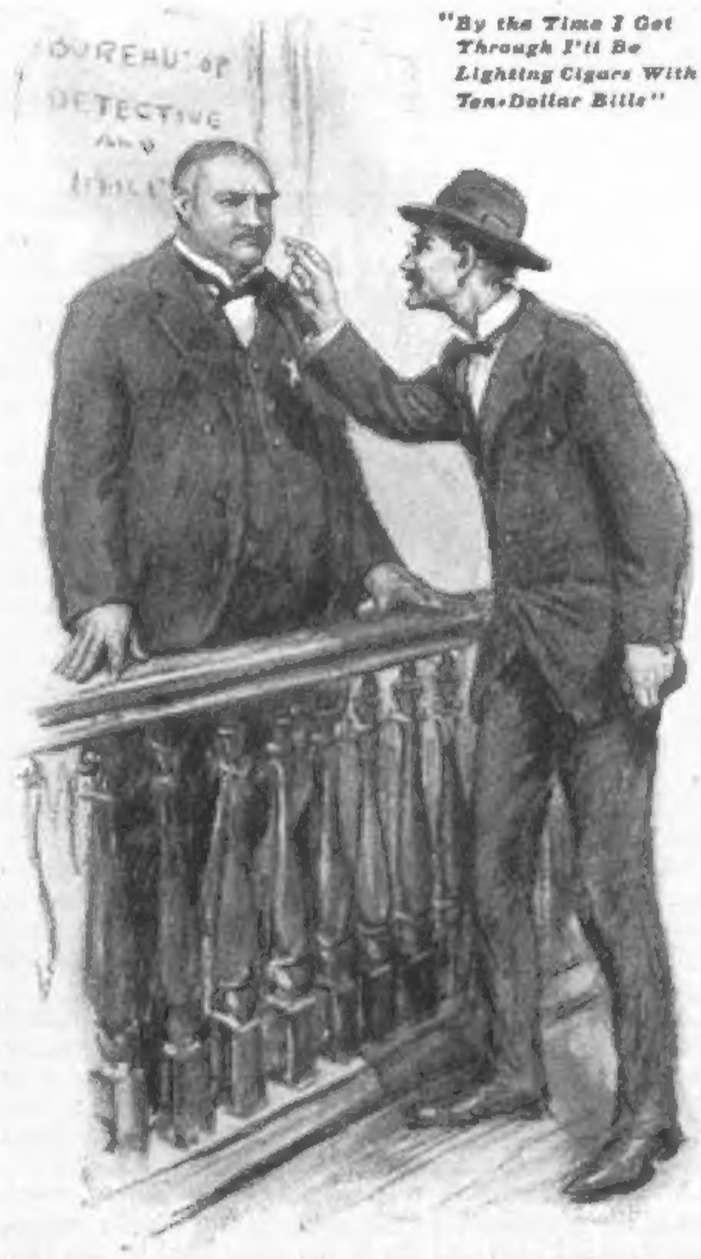
"Forgery!" Mr. Grigsby announced.

"Percy the Penman!" said the detective.

"Ruined!" groaned Thomas Dodge.

However, he had not been a paying teller twenty years for nothing. He could still think. He sprang to the telephone and called up police headquarters.

"This is the Marine National Bank—Mr. Dodge, the paying teller, speaking. Have the officers on duty at the Union Depot watch for a smiling college boy. He's about due in a white roadster automobile with gold striping.



"By the Time I Get Through I'll Be Lighting Cigars With Ten-Dollar Bills"

Arrest him and I'll swear to a warrant. He has five thousand of the bank's money on a forgery, and I imagine he'll be making his getaway on the next train leaving the city."

Ten minutes later the heavy hand of the law fell upon the shoulder of Percy the Penman, alias Harold J. Van Beekman, as he was passing through the ticket-taker's turnstile at the Union Depot. The arresting officer took him into the police bureau at the depot and "frisked" him thoroughly. After a most exhaustive search they discovered the exact sum of thirty-eight cents in small change and two automatic revolvers.

When Thomas Dodge learned this he fainted. When he came to he was out of a job. The psychology of the attendant circumstances were as irrevocably lost on President Grigsby as the five thousand dollars were lost to the bank. Thomas Dodge told his story to the reporters, who, having more or less imagination and an indifferent knowledge of banking, sympathized with him and in a covert way roasted Grigsby for firing him.

In the language of the classic, a man might make a sucker out of Thomas Dodge once, but it took a smart man to do it twice. When Grigsby told him he need not come back to work on Monday Thomas Dodge walked to Grigsby's desk, quietly appropriated the forged letter of introduction without being observed and walked away with it while President Grigsby was busy laying his wires to hand Percy the Penman the limit for forgery.

"Now," murmured poor Thomas Dodge, "where's your case against Percy unless I swear he is the man that cashed the check! I think I'll come back to work Monday morning."

He did. On Monday morning he found President Grigsby at his desk looking as guilty as a sheep-killing dog. Without a word Thomas Dodge went into his steel cage and waited for the cashier to send him in his supply of cash. Grigsby walked to the window and looked in.

"Morning, Dodge! I thought I fired you."

"Morning, Mr. Grigsby! You did."

"Dodge, I've lost some of the evidence in this forgery case. That forged letter of introduction ——"

"I have it," said Thomas Dodge. "Percy the Penman would be a very dangerous individual to turn loose on the defenseless banks of these United States. I've been guarding the finances of this bank for twenty years and on Saturday I slipped up for the first time. Do you want me to continue guarding the finances?"

"Not in this cage," replied Grigsby. "You're too damned smart for a paying teller. I'm going to promote you to assistant cashier. Give me that letter!"

Mr. Thomas Dodge surrendered the letter. Also, he hinted that never, never could he forget the smiling face of Percy the Penman!

As for President Grigsby, he had a sense of humor, and on rare occasions he relished a trouncing.

An intermission while the operator inserts another reel. Time—three P. M. Saturday afternoon. Scene—offices of Tiberius Tinker, fix-it specialist.

Miss Pearl O'Malley turned in her swivel chair, laid aside one of Mrs. Southworth's novels and eyed impersonally the gentleman who presented himself in Tiberius Tinker's general office.

"If quite convenient I should very much like to see Mr. Tinker," he announced in strong Back-Bay Boston accents.

"Name and business, please." Miss O'Malley languidly reached for a pencil and a pad.

The visitor presented a card.

"My business with Mr. Tinker is private and purely professional. I shall tell it to him."

Miss Pearl O'Malley vainly endeavored to flip the tail of her hobble skirt at him as she swept past into Mr. Tinker's private office. The shyster looked up sadly as she entered and closed the door behind her.

"Gen'leman outside to see you." She laid the card on Mr. Tinker's desk.

"Hurray! Hurroo! A case at last. I can't recall a creditor by the name of Hamilton Grimes Curtis. What does he look like, Pearly?"

"Like money from home—if you ask me! About fifty years old. Military mustache and the button of the Legion of Honor in his lapel. Real 'ristocratic. Walks with a slight limp an' carries a gold-headed cane."

"I get you, Pearly. Fond father with a reckless son, or a wicked old scamp pursued by a chorus girl."

Mr. Tiberius Tinker rubbed his hands together and decided to ask a retainer of at least two hundred and fifty dollars.

"Shall I show him in?" demanded Miss O'Malley.

"Not until I've set the stage for him, Pearly. Make him wait fifteen or twenty minutes. He'll have a poor opinion of this lawshop if he isn't kept waiting."

Miss O'Malley returned to the general office to inform Mr. Hamilton Grimes Curtis that Mr. Tinker was engaged in conference on a very important case and would not be at liberty for twenty minutes or half an hour. Would Mr. Curtis care to wait? Mr. Curtis would.

Meantime Tiberius Tinker had mussed up his desk, scattered cigar ashes on the floor, drawn four chairs close to his desk and arranged them in a semicircle, scattered lawbooks round on the desk and table; and in general had striven to give to his sanctum the appearance of having been but recently the scene of a conference of unusual gravity. After waiting ten minutes he walked to the door leading into the hall, slammed it hard, yelled "Goodby, gentlemen!" to an imaginary departing clientèle, opened the windows, taking care to make a prodigious noise that could be heard in the next room, stepped to the door leading into Miss O'Malley's office, peered out, nodded at Mr. Curtis, and announced that he was at his pleasure.

"Thank you, sir!" Curtis replied, and walked into Tiberius Tinker's net. At sight of his aristocratic visitor, at the sound of that quiet, dignified, cultured voice, Tiberius Tinker realized that he was receiving a man whose experience with police-court shysters and ambulance chasers was, without doubt, limited to this single occasion. There was an air of repressed sadness about Curtis that was not lost on Tiberius Tinker, and which confirmed him in his original intuition that some one near and dear to this respectable old man was in the toils of a scandal.

"Gets hot and close in here with all these fellows smoking," he remarked as he slammed the windows shut. "Pray have a chair, Mr.—er—ah"—he glanced again at the stranger's card—"Mr. Curtis."

They seated themselves and Tiberius Tinker faced his client.

"What can I do for you, Mr. Curtis?"

Curtis mopped his brow with a fine-linen handkerchief and replied, in a low, tremulous voice:

"I scarcely know, Mr. Tinker. I was told to come to you—that you were the only person capable of doing anything under the distressing circumstances."

"Then," purred Mr. Tinker, "I take it that the young man's case is hopeless. Before you confide your story to me I must warn you that my retainer will be fifty dollars."

Tiberius Tinker's customary retainer was anything from one dollar to ten, but, with a helpless old fellow like Curtis in his toils, he quickly decided to raise the tariff. Curtis drew five ten-dollar bills from his vest pocket and laid them on Mr. Tinker's knee.

"You are familiar with the case already? How truly remarkable, my dear Mr. Tinker! Pray, how did you know this case has to deal with a young man?"

"A long professional experience sharpens the intellect, Mr. Curtis. Obviously you have no need of my services personally. A certain intuition we attorneys acquire tells me that your son has been shoving the queer and has been caught with the goods."

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Tinker. You mean ——"

"Pardon my police-court colloquialism, Mr. Curtis. I mean your son has passed a spurious check, let us say, and is now in the hands of the police."

"Thank you, Mr. Tinker. You state the case in a nutshell and make it easier for me to proceed with my shameful

recital. I have a wild and wayward son, Mr. Tinker, though this fact is known to but three persons on earth—yourself, his poor mother and his unfortunate father. When my son Harvey embarked on a life of crime he was thoughtful enough when first apprehended to conceal his identity. No matter what trouble his irresponsible nature has led him into, he has been considerate enough to refrain from bragging to the police that he comes of good family—and not once has he appealed to me for help. It is this one trait that prompts me to aid him now. Despite his wild ways I love my boy, Mr. Tinker, and I cannot abandon him in his present extremity."

"I understand perfectly, Mr. Curtis. Blood is thicker than water! As Kipling puts it, Mr. Curtis:

"'If I were hanged on the highest hill,
Mother of mine, oh, mother of mine,
I know whose love would follow me still!
Mother of mine, oh, mother of mine.'"

Curtis was deeply affected. He walked to the window and looked out. For several minutes he was silent, his back to Tiberius Tinker while he strove to master his emotions.

"Pray proceed, Mr. Curtis. I appreciate the extreme delicacy of your position, and you may rely upon me to observe the utmost caution in proceeding with your son's case."

"My foolish boy is known to the police as Percy the Penman, Mr. Tinker. He is regarded as the most adroit and dangerous checkpasser and checkraiser in the country today." The old man clenched his hands in an agony of grief. "Ah, what have I done! What have I done to deserve this!" he murmured.

"I see. Then of late your son has been—er—working at his trade?"

"Mr. Tinker, I am overwhelmed with shame and grief to have to inform you that, after passing a forged check on the Marine National Bank of this city this morning, my son was apprehended as he was about to leave town and at this moment, I am informed, occupies a cell in the city prison. The circumstances of his case are such that his conviction appears absolutely sure."

Tiberius Tinker brought the tips of his thumbs and fingers together, pursed his lips and nodded.

"Was the money found on his person when they arrested him?"

"I regret to state it was not, Mr. Tinker. In all probability he had a confederate to whom he passed the money after leaving the bank."

"Have you interviewed your son in the city prison, Mr. Curtis?"

"I dared not, Mr. Tinker—for his mother's sake." The unhappy old man raised his soft hands in horror.

"Then how did you learn of his arrest ——"

"In a most unusual way. You must know, Mr. Tinker, that only two days ago my son was released from the state penitentiary, after completing a three-year sentence for a previous offense. We are from Boston, and I had come West for the purpose of meeting Harvey upon his liberation from prison. It was my intention to take him East with me and endeavor, by kindness and paternal indulgence, to lead him back into the paths of respectability. I had hoped to induce my erring boy to start life anew and live down the past. Judge of my anguish, therefore, when an hour ago I received an anonymous telephone message at my hotel, informing me of my son's arrest and advising me to consult with you at once. Ah, why did he commit this crime, Mr. Tinker? I had given him sufficient for his present needs. He could have had all the money he required; yet he elected to steal a tithe of the amount I would freely have given him."

He paused, looking at Tiberius Tinker with dumb misery showing in his fine old eyes. Cold-blooded shyster that he was, Tiberius Tinker could not suppress a profound pity for this honorable father of a worthless son. In a purely personal view of the case he forgot for a moment its professional aspect. Suddenly he remembered—and cursed himself for a silly baboon for not asking a thousand-dollar retainer! He could have had it as easily as he had secured the fifty.

"Do you think it would be possible for you, Mr. Tinker, to endeavor so to arrange the matter with the bank that they would agree to drop the prosecution?"

Tiberius Tinker shook his head.

"Your son has a prior conviction against him and you have admitted that he is regarded as the most dangerous forger in this country today. It is to the interest of the bank to see your son under lock and key, Mr. Curtis. The Marine National is a member of the Bankers' Mutual Protective Association, and the association will prosecute willy-nilly."

Curtis bowed his head and hid his face in his hands.

"Can nothing be done?" he asked weakly.

"All things are possible, Mr. Curtis—for money. I never despair. Have the goodness to wait here until I return. I shall be back in an hour. I am going out to investigate every angle of your son's case."

He left Curtis sorrowing in his private office and sought Miss Pearl O'Malley in the general office.

"Keep everybody out of the private office, Pearly," he whispered. "I've hooked a big fish—got him gaffed through both gills! Here's last week's salary and another week in advance; and if the landlord comes round for his rent tell him I've mailed him a check—I will, too, this very afternoon, or my name's not Tiberius Tinker."

He crammed some bills in Pearl's itching palm and dashed out like a hound on the scent. Five minutes later he had the story in detail from Grogan, chief of detectives. Then he asked to see Percy the Penman.

"Nothin' doin', Tib," replied Detective Grogan.

"Then you haven't preferred a charge against him?" asked Tinker.

"What! And tip it off to his confederate that we've nabbed him! I guess not! The whole upper office is out after the other man."

"Well, I'll have to habeas-corpus you, Grogan," sighed Mr. Tinker.

"If you do," warned Grogan, "you'll know what treatment to expect from this office hereafter."

"Grogan," taunted Mr. Tinker, "by the time I get through with this case I'll be lighting cigars with ten-dollar bills—and I won't have to ask favors of every gumshoe and flatfoot in the department." He smiled pleasantly and walked out.

It was Saturday afternoon and the courts were closed, but Tiberius Tinker knew that a certain superior court judge would be playing pinocle at a certain club. He returned to his office, dictated a writ of habeas corpus to Pearl O'Malley, sought out this superior court judge and had the writ signed, returnable immediately. The judge had no hesitancy in signing the writ. He knew that it was a mere formality; and Tinker knew that a return of the writ would not be required.

With the writ in his pocket Tiberius Tinker returned to the Hall of Justice and served it on the chief of police, who thereupon cursed and threatened Tiberius Tinker, and ordered Detective Grogan to go downstairs to the bond-and-warrant clerk's office and swear out a warrant charging one Arthur Spaulding, alias Harold J. Van Beekman, alias Percy the Penman, with a felony—to wit, the crime of forgery. Habeas corpus, as everybody knows, means "Produce the body," and rather than produce the body of Percy the Penman in court and show cause for depriving him of his liberty, Grogan was forced to swear to a complaint.

"Now," said Tiberius Tinker, "I demand for my client, Percy the Penman, his constitutional right to consult with his attorney."

The turnkey led Mr. Tinker down a long row of cells, in one of which he indicated a dapper youth seated on a bench and calmly puffing an excellent cigar. Tiberius Tinker paused outside the grated door.

"Hither, Percy!" he said. "You don't know me, but I'm your attorney, Tiberius Tinker." Percy the Penman advanced to the cell door and Tiberius Tinker showed him a card on which was engraved the name of Mr. Hamilton Grimes Curtis. "Your father sent me," he explained. "If the bulls give you the third degree stick it out until Monday morning; and, whatever you do, don't talk! I'll get you out of this. Leave it to me!"

He nodded and was gone. Back in his private office ten minutes later, he faced the forger's father.

"Mr. Curtis," he began, "this is absolutely the toughest case I have ever tackled—and I have led many a forlorn hope. I cannot clear your boy in court—all the attorneys in Christendom couldn't do that"—he paused a moment, then continued—"but for enough money I'm willing to get him out of the hands of the police without forfeiting any bail, and with at least a five-minute start in a fast automobile. Mr. Curtis, for one thousand dollars and expenses I can deliver your son, free of handcuffs and leg-irons, on the sidewalk in front of the Hall of Justice. After that it's up to him."

"I am agreeable, Mr. Tinker. You will not find me a niggardly client." He smiled sadly.

"I require three hundred dollars now for preliminary expenses. The balance due will be paid by you in this office when I appear here on Monday morning with your son. I shall have carried out my contract when I deliver to you your son Harvey. Be here at ten sharp Monday morning with a change of clothing for the boy; and when you leave this office with him I promise you it'll be quite safe to take him to dinner with the chief of police."

From his vest pocket Mr. Curtis drew three hundred dollars and silently handed it to Tiberius Tinker. The instant he had left the office Tiberius Tinker opened his sectional book cabinet and took down a volume entitled Who's Who in America. He turned to the C's and found Hamilton Grimes Curtis, president of this trust company, vice-president of that, and so on. There lay the Curtis history exposed to Tiberius Tinker.

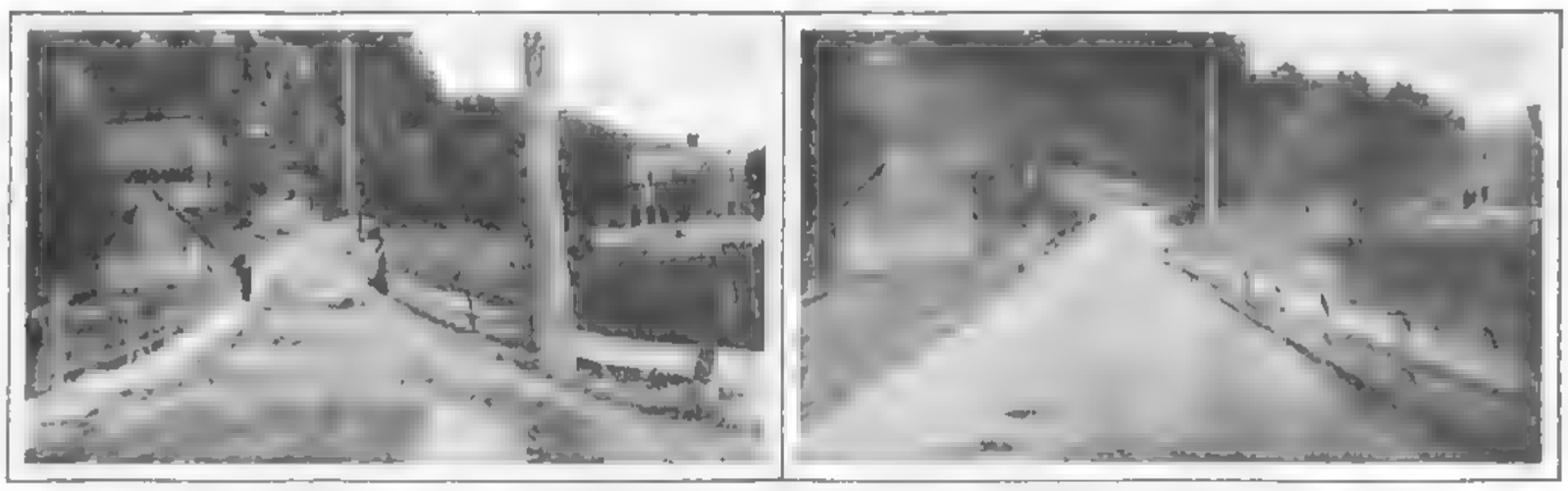
"The fool! The unmitigated chump!" murmured Tinker. "To play into my hands like that! More money than brains, and here I am with more brains than money. Hamilton Grimes Curtis, this job isn't going to cost you a thousand. Oh, no! It's just going to cost you double that; and if I could only deliver the goods and still leave myself in the clear I'd sting you for a roll that'd make you cry."

Filled with the most pleasurable anticipations imaginable Tiberius Tinker set about the further details of his scheme for defeating the due process of the law in the matter of The People versus Percy the Penman. He sought a house in the deserted Tenderloin, climbed three flights of stairs, knocked at a

(Continued on Page 31)

"I'll Make You a Lovely Brunette in Two Minutes"

Gold Dust From Good Roads



A Road Through Paintsville, Kentucky, Before and After Improvement by United States Office of Public Roads

By Jonathan Bourne, Jr.

THREE billion dollars to be expended during a period of fifty years in the construction, improvement and maintenance of wagon roads! The human mind can hardly grasp the magnitude of these figures; but how much more stupendous is our national wealth, which I estimate at one hundred and forty billions! If by the expenditure of three billion dollars in fifty years on construction, improvement and maintenance of good roads we can add a hundred billion dollars to our national wealth, it is certainly good business policy to do so. In 1911 we had two hundred and forty-four thousand miles of railroad, costing, with equipment, according to Poor's Manual, $15,872,000,000. If by the adoption of a good-roads plan we can in fifty years, with the expenditure of three billion dollars, add two million miles of additional and improved highways as feeders to our railroads, that would also be good business, would it not?

On the farms of the United States are twenty-five million horses and mules the cost of feeding which is estimated at two billion dollars annually. Good roads will permit the substitution of cheaper traction power for much of the horse-power on American farms. The continued use of an inferior and more expensive motive power, when a much more efficient, superior and cheaper one exists, is waste. Waste benefits no one.

Given two million miles of good roads in this country, substitute petrol power for horse and mule power, and I believe we could save a billion dollars annually to the people of the country and provide occupation and support for from four to five hundred thousand of our people—and that, too, in the country, thereby minimizing idleness to this extent and checking the centralization of our population in the cities—a most desirable accomplishment.

A New Plan for Federal Aid

THE magnitude of a proposition should not prevent its adoption provided funds are available or securable, the plan desirable and practicable, and very large returns on the investment demonstrable.

The problem, however, is not to be viewed solely from the commercial standpoint. Good roads mean more steady attendance of children at school through a larger portion of the year. Good roads mean denser rural population and hence the maintenance of better rural schools. Good roads add to the comfort and happiness of the people as well as to their financial prosperity, and these first-mentioned considerations have a value not to be measured in dollars.

Road improvement is a wise investment, for the increased value of farm land will many times repay the cost, provided the character of the improvement has been determined by the amount of traffic to be borne by the road.

The cost of a highly improved road is usually greater than the community directly benefited can bear at the time of improvement; hence some form of outside help or some plan of deferred payment must be devised.

I believe in both state and Federal aid to good roads; and after many months of careful study I feel I have evolved a plan for state and Federal cooperation that is comprehensive, desirable and sound. Before explaining my plan I wish to express a few general views regarding the principles that should govern Federal legislation on this subject:

1—State or local authorities, rather than national authorities, are the best judges as to the character of improvement.

2—Though the National Government has some interest in highway improvement and maintenance, its interest is subordinate to that of the state; and consequently control over road improvements should be left chiefly to state and local authorities.

3—No Federal aid should be given until a definite and comprehensive plan has been adopted, assuring that money expended one year will coördinate with money expended ten or twenty years later. The plan should cover not only construction but maintenance, so that a road once built will be kept constantly in repair. The most serious mistake is that of building roads and then neglecting them.

4 Federal aid should be given upon a basis of apportionment among the states that will be fair to all and recognize the needs of the newer and more sparsely settled sections of the country.

5—The plan should be so comprehensive and cover so long a period of time that there will be no pressure upon Congress at each succeeding session to increase the appropriations or make special appropriations for road improvement. Any plan that encourages pressure upon Congress for larger appropriations is likely to degenerate into what is commonly known as a pork barrel.

In my opinion no other economic problem now before the country is so important to the happiness, comfort and prosperity of the people as the development and adoption of a comprehensive plan that will result in extensive wagon-road improvement. After many months' study of the problem I constructed a bill for Congressional consideration which to my mind covers the salient features necessary to be embodied in good-road legislation, and minimizes the dangers and evils incident to all appropriations. Readers interested in the subject can secure copies of my suggested plan by writing to me, care of Senate Office Building, Washington, D. C.

This plan is based upon the well-known fact that the credit of the Government is superior to that of the states. It contemplates that the states shall be permitted to utilize this superior credit to an aggregate amount of one billion dollars, the proportion assigned to each state being determined by consideration of four factors—area, population, assessed valuation and road mileage—each factor being given equal weight.

The Increased Value of Farm Land Will Many Times Repay the Cost of Road Improvement

Up to the limit of its apportionment, each state could deposit with the treasurer of the United States its four per cent fifty-year bonds as collateral, whereupon the United States treasurer would sell an equal amount of Federal three per cent fifty-year bonds at par by popular subscription upon a pro-rata allotment basis and pay over the proceeds to the state. The money should be expended under the supervision of the state highway commission, which each state must have before it can take advantage of the Federal aid. When the states pay the interest on their bonds the United States treasurer would devote three-fourths thereof to payment of the interest on the corresponding Federal bonds and deposit the other fourth in a sinking fund, which the Government would use in its ordinary business, and upon which it would allow interest at three per cent, compounded annually; so that at the end of fifty years the sinking fund would equal the face of the state bonds, and those bonds would be canceled and returned to the state without any further payment of principal.

Good Business for the States

AS A FURTHER aid and incentive to the states, the Government would pay to each state annually an amount equal to two per cent of the amount of state bonds on deposit—this money to be expended, together with an equal amount of state funds, for maintenance of the roads that have been constructed. Experience shows that maintenance of roads requires not less than four per cent of the cost of construction. Failure to expend the maintenance money effectively would result in discontinuance of the Federal payments.

The plan also provides for the establishment of a National Academy of Highway and Bridge Engineering in connection with the Office of Public Roads, with a two-year course, students to be admitted by competitive examination, one from each Congressional District, and each to be paid a specified sum that will cover necessary traveling and living expenses during the course.

Supervision of the Federal interests in the highway expenditures is left to a commission composed of the chairmen of the Senate and House Committees on Post-Offices and Post-Roads, and the director of the Office of Public Roads, who will appoint district engineers to see that the Federal money has been properly expended.

I anticipate there may be some question as to the extent of aid the superior credit of the Government affords. Some of the states may say: "We can sell our bonds at par on a three per cent basis. Why should we pay the Government four per cent?" I greatly doubt the ability of any state to sell bonds at this time on a three per cent basis. Yet if it could it would be better for the state to avail itself of the offered opportunity, if my suggested plan be adopted, and pay the Government four per cent on the amount of money received for a period of fifty years, rather than pay the purchaser of state bonds three per cent for a period of fifty years and then be confronted with the necessity of paying the principal.

For illustration: Iowa, under my plan, would receive twenty-five million dollars and would have to pay the Government four per cent for fifty years—or a total of fifty million dollars—when her own bonds of twenty-five million dollars would be canceled and returned. Thus Iowa would escape direct payment of the principal. But if Iowa sold twenty-five million dollars of three per cent state bonds at par in the open market she would pay thirty-seven million dollars and a half as interest on same during a period of fifty years, and then be confronted with the necessity of repaying the principal, thus making the total

expenditure sixty-two and a half million dollars in fifty years; whereas, under my plan, the total expenditure in fifty years would be fifty million dollars—or a saving to the state of twelve million and a half dollars.

I have proposed apportionment of Federal aid among the states upon a basis of relative area, population, assessed valuation and road mileage, giving equal weight to each factor, because I believe these four factors will form the most equitable and satisfactory basis, while the use of one or two factors alone would be inequitable to some states. Taking area as one factor recognizes the needs of the large, thinly settled states of the West. Taking population as another factor assures that Federal aid will be given approximately in proportion to the amount of traffic, except that the element of area will in a measure counterbalance the population in the large cities. Assessed valuation and road mileage represent approximately the relative extent to which states may undertake road improvement, and also their needs.

At the same time the long stretches of unimproved mileage in thinly settled districts will counterbalance the high property values of the densely settled states. The four-factor plan of apportionment is designed to equalize the aid extended and avoid extremes that would result from the use of any one factor.

Substitute Petrol Power for Horse and Mule Power

How the States Would Share the Fund

THE approximate apportionment to each state under my suggested plan would be as follows:

Alabama	$17,200,000	Nevada	[illegible]
Arizona	11,300,000	New Hampshire	[illegible]
Arkansas	14,400,000	New Jersey	[illegible]
California	[illegible]	New Mexico	[illegible]
Colorado	15,900,000	New York	78,600,000
Connecticut	8,700,000	North Carolina	17,400,000
Delaware	1,400,000	North Dakota	15,600,000
Florida	9,500,000	Ohio	50,200,000
Georgia	24,500,000	Oklahoma	23,300,000
Idaho	11,600,000	Oregon	[illegible]
Illinois	39,400,000	Pennsylvania	[illegible]
Indiana	25,100,000	Rhode Island	[illegible]
Iowa	25,000,000	South Carolina	[illegible]
Kansas	32,800,000	South Dakota	[illegible]
Kentucky	19,800,000	Tennessee	[illegible]
Louisiana	[illegible]	Texas	[illegible]
Maine	[illegible]	Utah	[illegible]
Maryland	[illegible]	Vermont	4,200,000
Massachusetts	[illegible]	Virginia	[illegible]
Michigan	28,800,000	Washington	16,400,000
Minnesota	25,900,000	West Virginia	13,200,000
Mississippi	14,800,000	Wisconsin	[illegible]
Missouri	33,500,000	Wyoming	[illegible]
Montana	17,200,000		
Nebraska	20,500,000	Total	$1,010,100,000

Study of monetary statistics convinces me that the proposed bonds would be readily absorbed by the American people. The issue in any one year is limited to twenty per cent of the total; and since twenty-one states, representing over forty-eight per cent of the apportionment, must amend their constitutions before they can take advantage of the plan, it is certain that not over one hundred million dollars of bonds would be offered for sale in any one year.

There is over four billion dollars on deposit in savings banks, drawing interest at from 3.03 to 3.90 per cent. There is over thirteen billions on deposit in national and state banks and trust companies without interest, or at rates of interest not shown by statistics. Out of the total of three billion and a quarter dollars in coin and currency in the United States, over one billion seven hundred million is in the pockets, tills and stockings of the people. The clearing-house transactions in the United States in 1912 aggregated one hundred and sixty-eight billion dollars.

In view of these figures there is no doubt that three per cent non-taxable Government bonds would be taken at the rate of one hundred million dollars a year. In my opinion they would be several times oversubscribed. The sale of these bonds would not take a hundred million a year out of circulation, but rather put it into circulation—for the money received from the sale of bonds would be immediately expended throughout the country in payment for labor and material used in road construction.

The states whose constitutions now permit them to issue bonds for public works are: Alabama, California, Connecticut, Delaware, Idaho, Illinois, Iowa, Kansas, Kentucky, Maine, Maryland, Massachusetts, Minnesota, Mississippi, Montana, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New Mexico, New York, North Carolina, Oklahoma, Rhode Island, South Carolina, Tennessee, Vermont, Washington and Wyoming. The states that must amend their constitutions before issuing bonds for public works are: Arizona, Arkansas, Colorado, Florida, Georgia, Indiana, Louisiana, Michigan, Missouri, Nebraska, Nevada, North Dakota, Ohio, Oregon, Pennsylvania, South Dakota, Texas, Utah, Virginia, West Virginia and Wisconsin.

Should the nation adopt this plan and the states avail themselves of the opportunities created thereunder, then the states could—if they so desired—offer to their respective counties a similar opportunity for the utilization of the superior credit of the state over that of the county, adopting the same method of apportionment among counties.

Thus the counties themselves could initiate road construction and issue fifty-year four per cent county bonds, provided the total bonded indebtedness of any county, including road bonds, did not exceed ten per cent of the assessed valuation of the property in the county. Then the county bonds would be deposited with the state treasurer as collateral for the fifty-year four per cent state bonds deposited with the treasurer of the United States as collateral for the money the state received from the Federal Government for construction of roads under my suggested bill. The Federal Government would treat only with the states as units; and the states, if they so desired, could treat with their counties as units.

Provision could be made for gradual retirement of the United States highway bonds whenever sinking-fund accumulations permit, if such bonds could be purchased on a three per cent basis or better. Bonds thus purchased would be marked "Non-negotiable" and indorsed "Property of the United States Highway Sinking Fund."

These bonds would be kept alive and continue to bear interest. This interest would be credited to the sinking fund and used to purchase additional bonds, the United States thus getting the benefit of the three per cent paid on these bonds. The secretary of the treasury could be authorized to advertise annually for offers of sufficient United States highway bonds to exhaust the contemporaneous sinking-fund accumulations, and to accept the lowest offers not exceeding par.

The Rebate for Maintenance

THOUGH my plan does not contemplate a direct Federal appropriation for road construction, it does provide for a direct appropriation for aid in maintenance, this aid being contingent upon the states' availing themselves of the aid in construction and limited by the extent to which they utilize the construction feature—that is to say, every year the Government will pay to each state an amount of money equal to two per cent of the amount of bonds such state has on deposit with the United States treasurer, provided the state has paid its interest charges when due.

The state must expend an equal amount of its own funds for maintenance purposes, making a maintenance fund of four per cent of the amount expended for construction, which is the requisite ratio between construction and maintenance costs.

In the suggested plan I have not provided for Federal supervision of construction for the reason that it is desirable to avoid the dangers incident to making the states subservient to a bureau in Washington. The construction fund will eventually be repaid in part by the states in the payment of the interest charge. In the case of the maintenance appropriation there should be inspection by Government engineers to see that the money has been effectively expended, the anticipation of which inspection will make the state authorities more careful to do good construction work.

Construction and maintenance of roads under the plan I have proposed will require the employment of a large number of men. If these men were accountable to a Federal bureau they would constitute a huge organization that could easily be used for political purposes. To avoid such a possibility, my plan contemplates the employment of all labor by the state authorities.

The magnitude of a Federal bureau having control of highway maintenance throughout the United States may be judged by the number of road patrolmen employed in France. That nation, after the expenditure of a billion and a half dollars in a period of one hundred and fifty years, has a system of roads aggregating three hundred and

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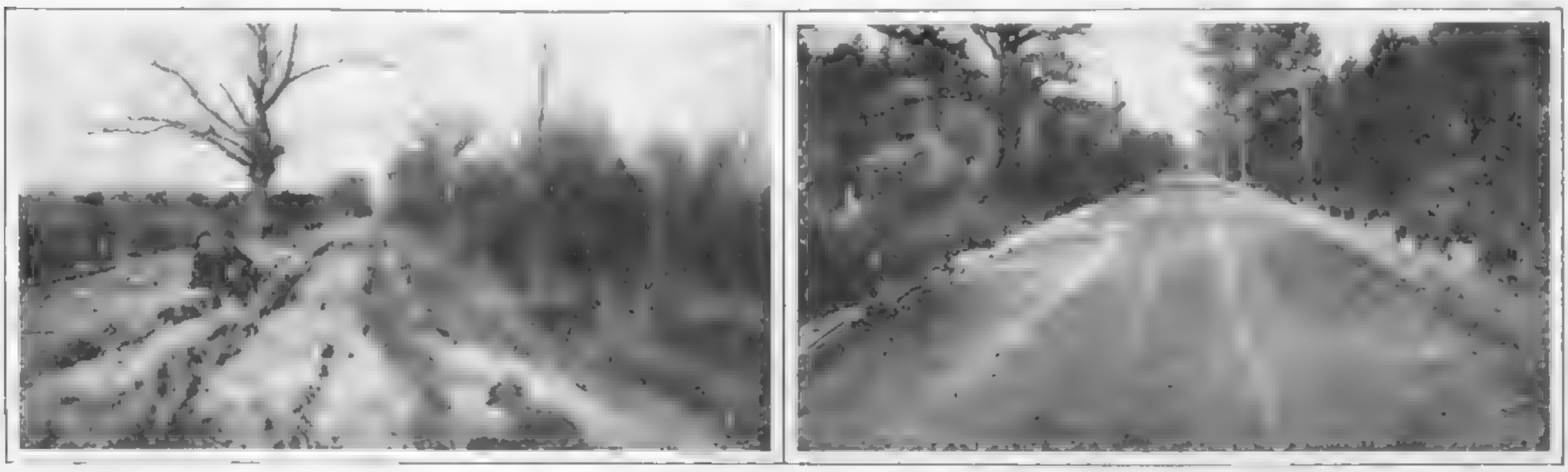


A Road Near Cheraw, South Carolina, Before and After Improvement by United States Office of Public Roads

THE INTERNATIONAL CUP

By CHARLES E. VAN LOAN

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

"Now I Presume I Shall Have to Go to Work—or Something of the Sort"

DAVID SELIGMAN, the vice-president of the Titan Company, with offices on Fifth Avenue, studios in Chicago and Los Angeles, and films at work the wide world over, was more of a sport than a sportsman.

His knowledge of athletics was confined to baseball, as witnessed from a box at the Polo Grounds on a warm Saturday afternoon. What he knew about the national game would not have filled a volume; but what he knew about all other sports and pastimes might have been written in a large round hand upon the back of a postage stamp. Still his reading of the daily papers included a casual survey of the sporting pages; for said he:

"You never know when an idea for a picture is going to hit you or where it is going to come from."

In proof of this statement he laid down his paper one morning and fired a question at his secretary, Marco Lazarus.

"This polo thing—what is it?"

"Polo?" said Marco. "That's a game, Mr. Seligman."

"Sure it's a game! I didn't think it was a business. What I want to know is this: How do they play it?"

"With horses," said Marco, "and long-handled hammers, and a white ball. Once I saw it out at Van Cortlandt Park; and, believe me, there was fine action to it."

"Horses!" said Seligman. "That's right in our line. Send a wire to Montague that he must make a polo picture at once. With all these English lords and dukes coming here next month to play for a cup, and the papers full of it already, everybody is going to be interested in polo. It's new stuff too. A good picture ought to make a mint of money. Tell Montague to rush it!"

"Cert'nly," said Lazarus; "but what if Montague can't get any big league polo players in Los Angeles? You know how hard it is to get anything in them small Western towns, Mr. Seligman. Maybe they don't know what polo is out there."

"A man who lives in Yonkers should know about California!" grunted Dave with withering sarcasm. "Take a trip sometime and go West until you wet your feet in the Pacific Ocean, and everywhere you find skyscrapers and apartment houses, and electric lights and turkey-trotting. And even if Jimmy Montague was sitting on a deserted island in the middle of Salt Lake he would get us what we want. If the fellow falls down on the real stuff he sends us a fake so much better than the original that there is no comparison at all. Wire him at once!"

Jimmy Montague, producing director for the Titan Company and maker of miracles to order, bit hard upon his stubby cigar as he read that telegram.

"Here's a hot one!" said he to Sam Packard, the purchasing agent. "Seligman wants a polo picture and he wants it quick! Now who ever told him there was such a game as that in the world? 'To take advantage of interest in international cup series,' is what he says. Confound Dave! I wish he'd let me alone. Here I'm giving him a picture a week regular as clockwork, and I've got my plans made a month ahead. Next week I wanted to do some water stuff over at Catalina, and here comes this fool telegram—and I have to drop everything. A polo picture! Have we got a polo expert round here?"

"Not that I know of," said Packard. "I tried to stick through one polo match, but it outgamed me. When they began to serve afternoon tea I beat it. Imagine stopping a fellow in the middle of a hot mixup to ask him whether he'd have lemon or cream in his oolong!"

"That's the very thing that is going to make this a tough stunt to get away with," said Montague. "We've got to have the afternoon-tea atmosphere to this picture or it won't get by with the people who know. Polo is a rich man's game—an Englishman's game—and I don't see how we can get any of the real people to fall for us! Our cowpunchers can ride all right enough, but they'd look awful bad in a tea-drinking scene, and they haven't got the right kind of horses either. I know just the sort of men I want, but how the deuce am I going to get 'em? Gee! I wish Dave Seligman would go to Europe again and the boats would quit running for about a year! Every time he horns in with one of his royal commands there's trouble. He put the curse on the jungle stuff, and what happened? Old Duke, the lion, got such a flailing he won't ever be any good in a picture again—and we lost a new camera. I wonder if Ben Leslie knows anything about polo? I'll ask him."

Ben Leslie was the property man—a person of few words and many amazing experiences, each one of which had taught him something worth remembering. He appeared, thoughtfully chewing fine-cut tobacco—an expression of settled melancholy upon his thin features.

"Say, Ben, do you know anything about polo?" asked Montague.

"That horseback croquet?" Leslie shook his head. "I should hope not! Ask Buck Parvin. He claims he invented it."

"I knew I'd get some sort of a tip from Ben," said Montague. "He knows everything in the world—that fellow! Where's Buck?"

Buck was discovered in the extra men's dressing room at work on a new hatband, an intensely patriotic affair, heavy with red, white and blue beads. Parvin was expecting to work in a Western picture; consequently he was attired in full regalia—angora chaps, spurs, leather vest, and a remarkable collection of cheap silver ornaments. A quirt gay with beadwork hung from his wrist as he jingled into the director's office.

"Welcome, little one!" said Montague. "They tell me you know something about polo."

"Whoever told you that sure spoke a mouthful for once," said Buck modestly. "I reckon I ought to know something about polo! Why, say, man—me and old Butch DeVries wrote the game!"

"Quit kidding!" said Montague. "I want to know."

"And I'm telling you," said Buck. "Polo? Didn't I have a job down on the DeVries Ranch, at Saspamco, trainin' polo ponies for the New York market? And didn't our bunch go over to the fort at San Antone and whale the everlasting socks off the best cavalry team in the country? No—I reckon I just fell asleep and dreamed that! You ask them cavalry people if Buck Parvin knows anything about polo. They'll tell you it's my middle name. Why, look here, Jim—I can do stuff with them wooden balls that ain't possible nohow! I can ——"

"Yes, yes!" said Montague. "I'll take your word for it. We want to make a polo picture in a hurry. Can you get the stuff?"

"All but the players," said Buck. "Them Pasadena stables are chock-full of brokendown polo ponies; they rent 'em to tourists for saddle animals. They look all right, but they can't play polo no more—knees busted up mostly. Then we've got to have some of them flat saddles—English postage stamps I call 'em. I know where I can land a few. Gimme five big iron dollars to oil up a friend of mine what works at the Polo Club and he'll come through with pith helmets, mallets and balls for further orders. Gimme ten and I'll make him borrow some boots for us."

"Nothing could be fairer than that," said Montague. "We can fake up something that'll look like a game."

"Don't kid yourself," said Buck. "You can't fake polo strong enough to fool anybody that ever saw the real game. Believe me, the worst-looking thing in the world is a guy tryin' to fourflush on one of them flat English saddles. You can't get by with a fake, Jim; you got to have a few players. Now what you ought to do is to hire some of them skinny Englishmen. They not only play the game to beat the band but, doggone 'em, they look it! There's something about a lean, blond boy with a loose chin and buck teeth that sort of reminds me of polo—just like a dago makes me think of a hand-organ."

"Holy cat!" ejaculated Montague. "If I could only pick up a typical Englishman or two I could put this picture across and call it The International Cup. I wonder if we could get a few of 'em to stand for a movie stunt? Do you know any, Buck?"

"Not no more, I don't. We had one down to the ranch at Saspamco. I sailed in to lick him once for saying that George Washington wasn't so much and that the best he ought to had was a draw. If those oldtime Englishmen that come over here to rough-house us for puttin' salt water in their tea could fight like the bird I tangled up with, my hat is off to George—that's all! He must have been there forty ways from the middle of the deck! Yes, sir; ole Cuthbert sure taught me to appreciate history."

Montague paused for reflection.

"Any polo games coming off round here soon?" he asked.

"Not till next month," said Buck. "The Kanakas are going to play here then."

"Can't wait that long," said Jimmy. "I was thinking we could get permission to put a camera on the field and use the pictures of a real match for cut-ins. We'll have to do the best we can with cowpunchers. If I could only land an Englishman or two! One typical London Johnny would help a lot."

"Why not advertise?" suggested Packard. "You might pick up a remittance man. Those younger sons are always broke."

"And proud as Lucifer!" said Montague. "Still, we might try it though. You never can tell. I'll stick an ad in the morning papers, giving the street address. If you'd say 'moving pictures' to an Englishman he'd drop dead!"

"Lovely billiards!" said Buck. "I hope you get enough for a mess. And lemme give you a million dollars' worth of advice for nothing: If you should happen to gaff a sure-enough Englishman don't go braggin' to him about what a great fighter George Washington was. That's how I come to get showed up that time. Just let George stand pat on the record book. Why, say, that crazy Cuthbert galoot made me stand up in the bunkhouse with nothing on me but a shirt and sing God Save the King! to the tune of My Country, 'Tis of Thee. And if that ain't rubbing it in I don't know what is. Then he made me save the whole royal family—one at a time—with a sawed-off shotgun. You listen to your Uncle Buck! Some of them Englishmen are so plumb ignorant and bigoted that they don't give a damn whether the Revolutionary War is over yet or not."

II

MR. KENNETH CLIFFORD DEVENHAM sat on the edge of the bed in his lilac-silk pajamas and made a mental inventory of his possessions, beginning with the flat pocketbook on the table and ending with the fat wardrobe trunk in the corner. Somewhere between the two he arrived at the conclusion that he was facing a grave crisis in his temporal affairs.

"Silly ass—to spend all that money at the Grand Cañon!" said Kenneth Clifford to himself. "Now I presume I shall have to go to work—or something of the sort. It won't be for long of course; and I dare say I shall find it interesting—as an experience."

Having settled the matter in his own mind, the young man rose, treated himself to a refreshing cold shower and dressed with scrupulous care. He was fortunate in possessing youth, optimism, a sunny disposition and a good appetite. These assets were untouched by temporary financial disaster, and he was not particularly dismayed by the

thought that, for a time, he must depend upon his own resources. This was California, was it not—the land of opportunity?

True, the money that should have lasted for six months had vanished in four, but Kenneth Clifford had enjoyed every day of the vanished period. He had met many charming people in America and had done his best to repay hospitality in kind. The money had taken wings, but it had fluttered gloriously before flying away.

It was also true that he might have sent an urgent cablegram to Battersby, his solicitor; but there were several reasons why it was best that Battersby should know nothing of his predicament. The memory of Kenneth Clifford's last interview with that excellent old gentleman was still green. He recalled it now in painful detail.

"Remember, Mr. Devenham," Battersby had said, "it was your father's express wish that his estate should be so administered that the disbursing periods occur semi annually. His orders were definite—I might almost say positive that under no circumstances should they be shortened. Under no circumstances! I believe it was his idea that these extended periods would teach you to live within your means."

Battersby had looked searchingly at Kenneth Clifford; and the young man, flushing slightly, had replied to the effect that the "guv'nor" had always entertained an entirely erroneous opinion as to his business capacity.

"You shall see," he had remarked with a somewhat lordly air, "that these—er—precautions are quite unnecessary. Quite! I have no intention of making an ass of myself and going beyond my means. I shall get on very comfortably under the present arrangement, I assure you."

"Comfortably is not the word!" Battersby had squeaked. "Luxuriously, my dear sir—luxuriously! The amount you are to receive in a lump sum twice a year is more than ample for one without incumbrances of any sort. I sincerely trust you may find it so."

"You may have no fear." Kenneth Clifford had said this in his most positive manner, striking the floor smartly with his stick to show how much he meant it.

"How long do you expect to remain in America?"

"That I cannot say," the young man had answered. "Possibly I may never return to England at all; in fact I think it is quite likely. I may marry in the States and grow up with the country—and and all that sort of thing, you know."

"That would be a pity!" Battersby had said. "A very great pity!"

Kenneth Clifford had thought so himself and, what was more, had devoutly hoped that Alice Burwell might think so, too, seeing that the hardness of that young woman's heart was driving him to lands afar.

The statement to his solicitor as to matrimonial probabilities did not quite coincide with one he had made the night before, when he had asked a certain young woman a certain question for the ninth time in six months, and had received a certain answer.

"I shall go away," Kenneth Clifford had murmured in broken tones—for at least he had done his best to break them—"I shall go away and not annoy you any more. India or South Africa or the States—somewhere. You will never see me again, Alice. Never!" Then, as the lady had not urged him to reconsider when the cue had been so plainly given, he had added rather hastily: "Unless, of course, you change your mind. One word, dear, and I'll catch the first boat. . . . No; I shall not write. Too much like—er—prolonging the agony. Old Battersby will know my address; I shall keep in touch with him wherever I am. Would you mind if I kissed you just once for goodby? I beg your pardon! I suppose I should have known better. I thought—but it really doesn't matter what I thought, does it? Quite right! Don't forget, Alice, that Battersby will know where I am, and one word from you eh? I assure you, on my honor, that I am quite serious! This time it is really goodby."

Kenneth Clifford thought of all these things as he got into his clothes. In a way it was a bit unfortunate, he reflected, that he had gone so strong with Battersby as to future intentions; but having committed himself there remained nothing but to "play the game," as he would have expressed it.

If pride had been unable to stay his hand from the cablegram blank there was another and more powerful incentive to take his medicine in becoming silence. Battersby was also Miss Burwell's solicitor, and Kenneth Clifford had reason to believe that the old gentleman regarded Alice with a fatherly eye. What if he should so far sink the professional in the paternal as to mention the fact that young Devenham—silly goat!—had squandered two thousand pounds in four months? Kenneth Clifford shuddered at the thought. He happened to be well acquainted with Miss Burwell's views on wasters.

Battersby, then, besides being the disbursing agent, was the last line of communication left open between the young man and the object of what he was sadly pleased to term a hopeless but undying affection. Battersby might even become a friend at court—and Kenneth Clifford knew that he stood in sore need of one.

Certainly there was nothing about the young man's manner of ordering breakfast that suggested mental strain.

"Melon, pot of coffee, rolls, rasher of bacon, three soft-boiled eggs. Oh, I say, waiter! If you were out of a situation what would you do?"

The waiter was Irish and therefore equal to emergencies.

"I should go down to union headquarters, sir."

"Ah!" Then, after a pause: "Quite so. But if there were no union headquarters?"

"In that case, sir," said the intelligent waiter, "I think I should buy a morning paper and look in the Male Help Wanted columns, sir."

"Yes, of course—of course!" said Kenneth Clifford. "I should never have thought of that."

An hour later, newspaper in hand, he approached the desk clerk, his manner a mixture of surprise and mild indignation.

"I say, look here!" said Kenneth Clifford. "Do you really mean to tell me that you have professional polo teams in this country? Upon my word, I never heard of such a thing!"

"Neither did I," said the clerk; "but it's getting so now in this country that everybody's out for the dough. Professional polo? I don't believe it's played round here."

"Read this!" said Kenneth Clifford accusingly. He spread the paper on the desk and indicated a paragraph.

WANTED—Polo players; Englishman preferred. Good money to right parties. Apply to J. Montague, 1525 B_____ Avenue, City. 9 A. M. to 4 P. M.

"Well, what do you know about that!" ejaculated the clerk.

"My dear fellow," expostulated Kenneth Clifford, "I know nothing about it, else I should not have troubled you. Professional polo! It's the most extraordinary thing I ever heard of in my life! Most extraordinary!"

"Only Fancy! They Actually Pay Me a Pound a Day—for This!"

"Why don't you look into it?" suggested the clerk, who was used to providing entertainment for world-worn tourists.

"I shall—this very day. Call me a taxi!"

III

"SAY, Jim! There's a fellow in the front office who looks like seven million dollars! He came out in one of them multiplication tables on wheels, and it's waiting for him. He wants to see you, but he won't say what for."

"Send him in!" said Montague, interrupted in the middle of his polo scenario.

Jimmy Montague had a wonderfully quick eye for detail, as every successful director must have. Even as his thumbnail grated inquiringly over the engraved surface of the card, his trained eye appraised the visitor from the top of his sleek, blond head to the soles of his heavy shoes. "What a type!" he thought. "Oh, what a comedy type!" But aloud he said:

"What can I do for you, Mr.—Devenham?"

"You can give me work, I hope," was the totally unexpected response. Kenneth Clifford, with British bluntness, had gone straight to the heart of the matter.

Even then Jimmy Montague failed to comprehend the situation. He was temporarily dazed by an atmosphere of money, taste—and something else he would have characterized as "heaps of class." Extra men seldom call in taxicabs.

"Work?" said Jimmy. "Are—are you an actor?"

"Eh? I beg pardon. An actor, did you say?"

"Yes. Can you act? Have you had any experience?"

Kenneth Clifford blinked his pale blue eyes and stared vacantly.

"Oh, I say!" he remonstrated. "I'm dashed if I see what acting has to do with it—I am, really! I've done a bit in the way of amateur theatricals and all that sort of thing—every fellow has, you know—but, hang it all, what has acting to do with polo?"

Jimmy Montague took his turn at staring.

"Are you a polo player?" he demanded.

"I am," said Kenneth Clifford. "That is what I came to see you about."

Jimmy Montague leaned back in his chair and roared. Kenneth Clifford rose rather stiffly.

"You will pardon me," he said. "If this is an American joke——"

"Hold on!" said Montague hastily. "Don't go away mad! Sit down! I want to talk with you." Kenneth Clifford seated himself on the extreme edge of a chair and regarded Montague steadily. "Now, then," said the director, "do you know what sort of a place this is?"

The young man shook his head. Politeness kept him from expressing the opinion that it was a private madhouse.

"It's a moving-picture studio," said Montague.

"I've Done a Bit in the Way of Amateur Theatricals—But, Hang It All, What Has Acting to Do With Polo?"

"Oh, I say!" cried Kenneth Clifford. "Is it—really? Where they make the films—eh? I've never seen one before!"

He looked about him with wide-eyed interest.

"Yes, this is where we make the films. And if it's work you're after, you're engaged now."

"Look here," said Kenneth Clifford, "how do you know I'd suit?"

"You'll suit, all right!" said Montague with a grin. "And if you'll only be natural in front of a camera you can't help being a tremendous hit."

Kenneth Clifford bent his cane across his knee and rocked back and forth, laughing until the tears came into his eyes.

"This is ripping!" he gasped at last. "I came here to play polo and now I'm an actor! Haw! Haw! Haw! You do things so fast in this country!"

"We have to in this business," said Jimmy Montague. "You'll have a chance to play polo too. We're going to make a polo picture, and you're exactly the type I've been looking for. I'd have picked you out of a thousand men. How are you fixed for riding clothes?"

"Fixed?" said Kenneth Clifford. "I have them—if that is what you mean."

"Bully!" said Montague. "Got a frock coat and a silk hat?"

"Of—course!" said Kenneth Clifford, feeling very much as if he had been asked whether he owned a change of underwear.

"Move all your junk out to the Marchmont Hotel, in Pasadena," said Jimmy. "Most of the pictures will have to be made out there—the polo scenes and the high-society stuff, you know. We pay all expenses. You'll get five dollars a day clear. How does that strike you?"

"That will do very nicely."

"It's rather more than we pay extra men, as a rule," said the director; "but I'm going to write you a part in this picture. It'll give you a chance to show what you can do."

"That's very kind, I'm sure," said the young man—and he took his whirling brain out into the open air.

"What a lark!" he chuckled. "A moving-picture actor! This is an experience! I wonder what I shall look like in the films?"

This last point was one upon which Jimmy Montague had no doubts.

"Oh, that face!" said the director as he tore a half-finished scenario into bits. "A typical bloody, bloomin' Britisher, don't ye know! You couldn't mistake him for anything else. Write him a part? He's going to be the whole bally show!"

Whereupon Mr. James Montague set about writing a moving-picture drama round his one Heaven-sent Englishman—just as he would have written a scenario round a giraffe or a hippopotamus, or any other queer creature at the animal farm. Canned drama to order was Jimmy Montague's specialty, and he knew his business.

IV

ALL went well with The International Cup.

The manager of the Marchmont Hotel, scenting advertising from afar and esteeming publicity no less than his right eye, was more than willing that porches and lawns should serve as locations for the high-society stuff; and many of the guests entered into the affair so thoroughly that Charlie Dupree complained aloud.

"Never saw so many goats in my life!" said the camera man. "Soon as they see me turn the crank they want to run and get in the picture, and wave their hands and holler: 'Oh, you!' They must think this is a joke and films don't cost anything."

Buck's friend at the Polo Club inclined his ear to reason and disgorged pith helmets, mallets with warped handles, chipped balls and second-hand boots.

The club members themselves—when it was pointed out to them that a moving picture would bring Southern California polo prominently before the eyes of the world—saw no reason why they should refuse the use of the clubhouse and playing field to such a suave gentleman as Mr. Montague.

Buck Parvin collected a noble aggregation of dickey-legged ponies, which looked all the polo they were no longer able to play; and, to Jimmy Montague's great joy, Buck also unearthed three English grooms. When incased in riding breeches, tan boots, silk shirts and pith helmets they came near resembling the real thing—and, with Kenneth Clifford, they were to represent Old England before the camera; while Buck Parvin and three cow-puncher friends were to bear the Stars and Stripes gallantly through countless feet of film.

"It won't be so awfully rotten," said Montague to Buck judicially as he watched Kenneth Clifford Devenham twisting a wiry little red pony in and out between the goal posts, back of which Charlie Dupree was at work focusing his camera.

"Huh!" said Buck, whose bowlegs were painfully apparent in English riding breeches. "It won't be rotten at all. If the ponies don't play out on us we ought to get some darned good action stuff. Take Lord Algy over there he sure is some polo player! The flunkies ain't so worse when you take a quick flash at 'em, and my boys have been workin' out on them postage stamps for three days. They'll get by all right, but a flat English saddle gets a cow-puncher's goat at first. That Lord Algy—say, he's the pure quill in Englishmen, ain't he? Yes, sir—the clear catnip! You won't make any mistake if you shove that mug of his right up against the camera—they won't take him for no Swede—I tell you those, Jim! Now you know what I meant when I said some Englishmen remind me of polo. He's one."

"Yes; he's the type," said Montague. "Did you see him make that backhanded swipe a while ago? Caught the ball right in the air!"

"Oh, he savvies what side of a hawss to get on at!" said Buck. "And he sure does recognize a polo pony when he sees one. Them grooms—they was all for pickin' out the good-lookers; but Algy, he nosed through the bunch, tried out a few, and then froze to that homely little red runt—the best polo pony in the string. That's Brandy—used to belong to a rich guy down at Riverside. If we knew as much polo as that little red trick we could write a book about it. . . . You know, Jim, I kind of like that Englishman! He's so darned wide open and simple, and talks right off his chest. I was askin' him a few questions just to feel him out. He says he started in to buy the Grand Cañon on the installment plan, but there was too much of it and his dough petered. That's why he's working. Didn't make no bones about it at all and takes the whole thing as a joke. Yes, sir; he's all right! I reckon he knows the war is over. How was he in that high-society stuff over at the hotel this morning? Did he deliver?"

"Right square in the camera's eye," said Montague enthusiastically. "Fell into it as if he hadn't done anything else all his life. When it comes to wearing clothes as if they'd been made for him, and doing the little social stunts, he makes the rest of us look like a lot of hackdrivers dressed up."

"Shucks!" said Parvin. "There's a lot in the way you're raised. Now me—I never even seen one of them claw-hammer coats till I was risin' nineteen; and the first one I ever had on my back was when you made me work in that poker scene. I was scairt stiff for fear the darn thing was goin' to come undone somewheres. It sort of made me feel that I had to begin to act and be genteel, and stick my little finger out when I took a drink; but Lord Algy—say, it wouldn't surprise me if he's been dressed up so often that he don't mind it at all! It's come to be second nature with him."

"He's a bully find!" said Montague. "If he sticks long enough I'll have him in a lot of pictures. We could do some Western stuff, with him as the tenderfoot—have him ride a bucker, and all that sort of thing. . . . Buck, how do you score in this fool game?"

"You lam the ball through between the posts!" said Parvin. "Who's got to win, Jim—or does the dope call for a winner?"

"English team wins," said Montague.

"I like your crust," grunted Buck. "I reckon you don't know what an elegant trimming them hands across the sea got the last time they was over here. What's the idea? Algy wins and cops out the swell heiress?"

"Something like that," said the director-author. "He wins Myrtle."

"Why don't you let me win Myrtle once in a while?" demanded Buck. "Fix up a love scene that'll let me hold that leadin' lady's hand for about a thousand feet and you won't have to gimme no dough for it! . . . All right! Pay off on Lord Algy! Put them English flags up on the goal posts, and me and the rest of the American citizens will crowd in and wallop a few hot ones for Algy to stop. That shows him defending the English goal—see? Then we'll stick up the American flags, and Algy and the noble grooms can shoot a few goals through me. That shows 'em winning. I reckon I better whang a few in there myself to make it look like a close game, and don't forget to tell them boneheaded extry people in the automobiles to wave the right flags and yell every time the ball goes between the posts. How about me faking a fall?"

"Go to it!" said Montague. "Only don't forget that Algy is the star. You always were a frightful film-cannibal, Buck."

"Oh, I don't know!" said Parvin. "I ain't got much on you when it comes to bein' a footage-hog. I've seen you eat up sixty or seventy feet just to die in—many's the time."

"But I play the heavies, and the villain always dies hard," grinned Montague.

"Yes; and you write the pieces too," said Buck. "I notice these scenario writer-actors don't take none the worst of it."

"All right, Charlie!" said the director, moving over behind the camera. "I want both the goal posts in."

"You've got 'em," said the camera man.

"Buck, get on a pony and stand there between the posts!" ordered Montague. "We want to get the horse-height. And don't cut any higher over his head than you have to, Charlie. I don't want too much sky in this picture."

Thanks to Buck's vociferous coaching and Kenneth Clifford's clean, sweeping strokes, the polo scenes passed off successfully.

Buck, who would not be cheated out of his specialty, improvised a thrilling bit in which he raced straight at the camera, Kenneth Clifford in pursuit, with orders to turn the ball at the last instant if possible. Just as Devenham thundered alongside, Buck pitched clear out of the saddle; and Kenneth Clifford capped the climax with a slashing backhand stroke, executed so close to the camera that Charlie Dupree heard the swish of the mallet as it descended. Even the blasé Jimmy Montague yelled at this hair-raising bit of action; but, as soon as the camera man ceased to turn, Kenneth Clifford was out of his saddle and bending over the prostrate Buck.

"Charlie, get some of that quick!" cried Montague. "It ain't in the scene, but it's great stuff!"

"My dear fellow!" said Kenneth Clifford. "That was a nasty tumble! I hope you're not hurt?"

Up to this time Buck, with true dramatic instinct, had not moved a muscle. As he felt Kenneth Clifford's arm about him he sat up and spat out a mouthful of dirt.

"Hurt!" he said. "It's worse than that. Here I go and pull one of the swellest falls of my life and you swing in across me and cloak the action. We got to do it over again, Algy; and, for the love of Mike, gimme a chance to register that fall on the film! Let the camera see me do it!"

At last every one was satisfied, including Buck, who got his fall in; and Montague assembled the entire company and the extra people for the final scene on the polo field.

Miss Myrtle Manners, the leading woman, very lovely in a trim-fitting afternoon gown and a picture hat, left the high-wheeled trap in which she had been sitting and approached the sidelines.

"Now, then," said Montague, "here's the blowoff. This is supposed to take place at the end of

(Continued on Page 36)

"Air!" He Murmured. "Gimme Air!"

GETTING A WRONG START

The Story of a Man Who Was "Willing to Do Anything"

ILLUSTRATED BY H. T DUNN

She Worked at Something Every Moment of the Day

YOU may have seen my intelligent features in the public prints here or there, for my publishers are active. Years ago you may have seen my back in the advertising columns devoted to breakfast food and physical culture. Dumbbells night and morning—every night and morning—for four years will give a beautiful back to almost any one who really wants it; and a good back and shoulders make an asset for a man who has not yet cashed in much on his face or his head. They leave him, moreover, of a certain calm when going into mixed company on a dark night. But, alas! people do not come miles to buy a breakfast food advertised by an example who shows a bald spot on the back of his head; nor does even a wig photograph well. Therefore it became necessary for me, in course of time, to turn to some other form of strong-arm employment. I chose literature.

So many have chosen literature as a profession that you will not identify me when I say I have many times found a place in the purely mortal list of the six best sellers; have more than once held the top of that list, and once retained the top place long enough for me to look about and realize—what was rather hard for me to believe—that, in turn, I had written the book which for the time was the best-selling book in America—which means the best-selling book in the world. After that success, if it may be called success, from having a few friends whom I loved I had many for whom I cared little and many enemies whom I rather loved. It is not wholly popular to write a popular book. Indeed, to write a best seller is a thing much condemned among literary folk—more especially those who have not yet been able to do it themselves.

Being a best seller may turn the head of a young man. It never did mine, for it was no longer the head of a young man. Today I would trade my head, slightly bald, on which I cash in a very comfortable income every year, for the corded back and shoulders of an earlier date in my checkered career, on which I could not cash in enough to eat as often as I liked. I am older now—never mind how much older. You would not recognize my back and shoulders now.

There may be some men whose personal vanity makes them like to tell of their own life and adventures. In my own case there is nothing in the world—no possible amount of money—that would induce me to write what I shall write here, did it not seem likely the story would be of use to some man who perhaps has lost heart in the long, hard struggle of getting on in the world. One does not like to open a grave. In order to be of interest herein I must open three graves, and myself look on the features of three different men, each of whom was once myself.

The Handicap of Heredity

MY PARENTS are dead. They were good folk—of good family; of clean and upright personal life. They were brought up in the same village, in the fine old creed of good American family life. I think two more self-sacrificing and conscientious lives than theirs never were lived. They were useful and beloved in their community. They died full of good works. Their lives were unselfish and noble, as I look at it. I got good principles from them. I was taught that all women are good; that strong drink is wrong; that a man should always keep his word; that he should pay all his debts promptly; that he should forgive his enemies—but that he should promptly resent any imputation on his own honor.

I have never allowed any one to impugn my honor, but have never forgiven an enemy any more than I have ever forgotten a friend. I have never been in debt more than a month at a time in my life; have never resorted to the personal "touch"; have paid every debt I ever owed and a good many I did not owe. When I could not pay for something to eat I did not eat, but took dumb-bell exercises instead.

It might be thought that with two such parents one was getting a good start in life. It was not the case with me. The worst start I had was when I was born. I think I may say what I must say—my parents ought not to have married, for they were too much alike. They gave all their children a pronouncedly nervous, morbid temperament—in my own case periods of profound melancholy. Having learned the cause of this, none the less I have been obliged deliberately to fight it all my life. A handicap in heredity is the most fearful handicap with which any man can start!

As an offset to this handicap there is only one other trait that will leave success possible for the man who starts out with no better physical and mental and temperamental equipment than mine. Somewhere, whether by this same heredity or by outside gift later from the immortal gods, I was given will, resolution—what Western men call sand. For some reason, I never would quit. I presume it was this inherited pertinacity which gave me the feeling that some day the line of runners ahead would break apart, and that I would get as far forward as I really belonged. That feeling still remains with me, though I know I have very far to go. Perhaps something of this impression of racing remains from college athletics. I was four years on my college football team, and second fastest sprinter in my college, though not at that time of very powerful build. My sole system of self-education was that of trying to do the things which were hard for me.

A good many things were hard for me when I was a boy. I was pale, slender, delicate, saw things in the dark, and read books instead of playing marbles—whereas marbles are much better than books for boys. While on the topic of handicaps and bad starts, I may add that at sixteen I came down with what we called lung fever in those days—pneumonia now; was in bed six months and came out with a throat that is bad to this day. I often heard the neighbor women asking my mother how much longer she thought I would live. In spite of an old-time doctor, whose medicine I can taste to this day, some sort of a constitutional toughness after all pulled me through.

Since then I have been near death several times, as have most men. I have been shot once; stabbed once; had pneumonia three times and typhoid fever once; have twice suffered modern surgery, and in mountain and wilderness travel have been obliged to take many near chances. As much as this is true in the life of the average man; but these several different handicaps have, in my own case, been overcome by that inheritance that I cannot trace, which has been my sole asset all my life. I never had any money at all, or social station, or influential friends, or genius, or talent, or favoring opportunities so far as I know. I had my education and my "sand"—and that was all.

My people, of a good and very old family, once of means, moved from a Southern state to one in the West before the Civil War. I was born in a small Western town, which has not even yet attained more than a few thousand in population. My father was a frontiersman there. Had he followed the example of others in the time of the early fight over the state capital, and gone thirty miles west he would have landed in the city destined to be the largest and most prosperous in his chosen state. In which case, perhaps, his own life would have been somewhat broader and more successful, and my own start easier. He was a good man God bless him! All his life he was a secret writer of poetry, but he managed to keep it pretty much to himself.

An Old-Fashioned Father

IN THOSE early days each man had to do what he could find to do. My governor taught school, acted as county clerk, was long a county surveyor, sometimes a farmer, later a lumber and grain merchant, and always a Christian gentleman. He was a Quaker and, moreover, naturally mild and of forgiving nature. All his life he believed that all men were honest—poor old dad! For the last ten years of his life I pretty much kept the family—because I knew that a great many men are not honest. In his later business of grain and lumber, my father was as well off as any but two or three of his fellow townsmen. By the rascality of a business partner he was ruined when he was sixty years of age. He never got on his feet again and died fifteen years later.

This business reverse came just about the time I was coming out of college. Obviously the boys of our family could get very little start in business, so far as financial aid was concerned. My sole inheritance was a squirrel rifle and a sheet-iron coffee pot which my governor took up the Platte Valley, with a wagon train of flour and bacon, at the time Denver was called Cherry Creek. That was his great adventure. He always wanted to travel and to kill big game; but the buffalo and Indians of the Great Plains at that time made his sole experience. His family anchored him at home. Poor old dad! I hope he knows happier hunting grounds now than he had here! It has been part of my own religion to do for him all the things he wanted to do and could not. We were strong for family.

My father stood six feet in his stocking feet, had sandy hair and small blue eyes, and was, I think, the most powerful man I ever knew outside of professional athletics. He did not know how strong he was. Once a local doctor, famous for his handgrip, tried to crush the old man's hand and, in return, got his own crushed—until the blood ran from under his fingernails. Once a man called him a liar; and the old Quaker, mild of manner, slapped him with his open hand, with such effect that it took them an hour to bring him to—an affair which caused my father great grief and remorse.

My father never drank in his life and I never heard him swear—though, of course, I did not know him until he was middle-aged; and he always was a deacon. He chewed tobacco all his life and had great remorse over this also. When I was a youth he asked me never to use tobacco, and I promised him never to do so. I have kept that promise all my life—and today I am one of the few men I know who never smoked even a cigarette. The old gentleman was so sure that I never would have any other bad habits that he forgot to exact any promises as to those other matters.

Dear old dad!—with his blue eyes, and his love of duty and fair play, and his belief that all women are good, and that all men are honest and worth while! I am not sure you could call his life a failure after all, for he died absolutely sure of a world hereafter; and he did not take on his belief late in life or for any hedging reasons of safety. If from him I got a bad start at least I got what little offset qualities might avail against that bad start. Few of us ever study our parents, and therefore few of us ever realize how

much trouble our parents very likely knew in their own patient and uncomplaining lives.

My mother was a slave. That is the right word for the woman of the small community and small means in those days. In her earlier days life had been easier for her, but now she had moved to the frontier. We lived about as well as our neighbors. There were six children in the family—three sisters older than myself. Even before these sisters were old enough to help much about the house, as I remember it, we rarely had a servant to help in the housework. No one did in that town at that time. My mother rose while it was yet night and set her house in order. She sewed, knitted, cooked or worked at something every moment of the day while she was awake. In the hard times she made the clothing for myself and brothers out of our father's old clothes—even made us caps, with earmuffs on them. Always she was patching, darning and mending at night.

In those times, before the packing industry was known, nearly all families in our part of the world raised their own hogs and had a general butchering time early in the winter. I can remember the kettles of lard boiling on the kitchen stove, and the days of souse, and pigs' feet, and chine, and cracklings, and jowl, and spareribs—and other pork products that packers of today cannot accomplish half so well. My mother did most of this work outside of the actual quartering and cutting up of the carcasses. She meantime often did the weekly washing also, and the ironing, though we did have a washerwoman occasionally. She worked all her life. I now know that all this was wrong, but we did not know it then; and she only did what most housewives of that time did.

There were few amusements in our village—no luxuries. I never knew my mother to go to a theater—rarely ever to church, except when some big revival was on. On Sunday morning she had to fix her children up for Sunday-school, with nice wide white collars, starched and ironed by herself. She had to stay home to get the Sunday dinner—rather an important weekly repast. If there was a lecture in town she could not go because some one had to stay home with the children. She was rather a short woman, with small blue eyes like my father's. Her fingers, as I now remember them, were rather short and stubby, rough and worn on the ends. I could weep now at the thought of those fingers. She was such a good woman! But we knew no better then; and, as I say, we had small choice otherwise. None the less, my mother was a slave.

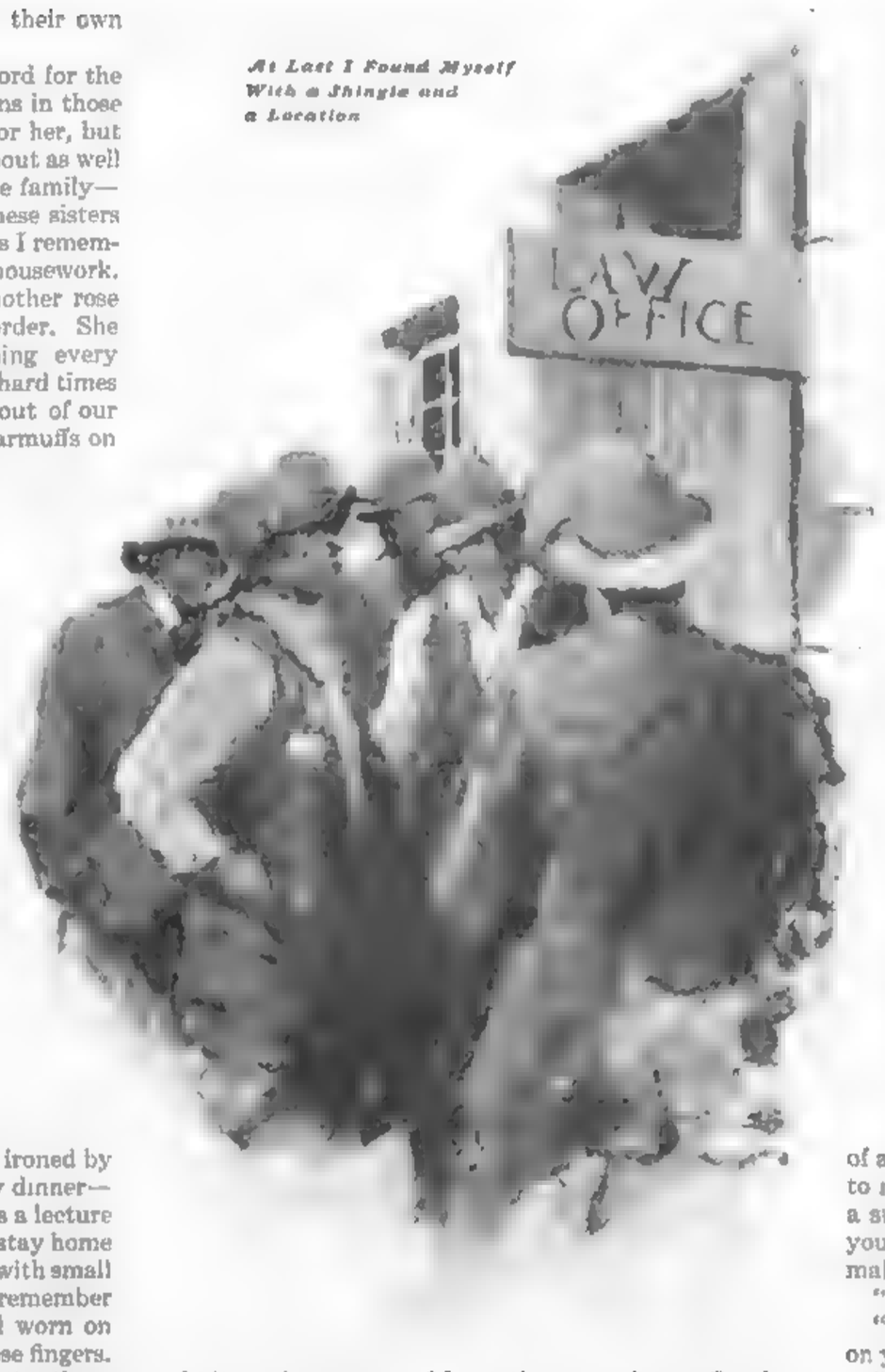
Life was very simple in our little community. I suppose we were what the funny papers today call Rubes. I have never learned to like the term or to see much justice in poking fun at rural communities—because I know how sterling were the people who made up the close-knit society of our little town. We had parties, as we called them—always with something to eat. Sometimes we had picnics out in the woods—always with something to eat. I cannot remember seeing any intoxicating drinks in any home or in any gathering in our town. There was no saloon in the town. One leading lawyer was reputed to keep a jug of whisky in his office, but he was confidently held as certain of damnation. However, much rejoicing attended his conversion very late in life, and his declining years were passed as superintendent of the Sunday-school.

The Parson's Dig at the Deacon

THERE was little of natural beauty in our prairie country, the nearest stream being a muddy and crooked river about six or eight miles distant. In the earlier days small game was abundant in that country. We used it often on our table, for my father was the most famous hunter in the town. I never saw his superior with rifle or shotgun in the field.

In those days a love for field sports, shooting and fishing, was rather looked down upon; and I can recall the gentle chiding of our minister of the Gospel to old Deacon ———, my father, who for once in his life went on a camp-hunt and forgot to come back in time for Thursday-night prayer meeting. "Let me ask your attendance, brethren and sisters," said he, when announcement-time came for the pulpit, "at our Thursday-night prayer meeting. I will be here next Thursday night, and the Lord will be here, and Deacon ——— will be here—if he does not forget and go fishing." My father nearly sank through his seat!

Nearly all families in our town had little gardens that they worked. We lived in a large house, and had two acres of ground—one of the best places in our town at the time. Each winter we had a cellarful of potatoes and turnips and cabbage which we ourselves had raised. Also we raised many small fruits, of which we were very proud, my father being one of the first to plant in that prairie country all sorts of trees and small fruits, as well as apple and pear trees. When the fruits ripened—strawberries, raspberries, blackberries, currants—there was a great season of putting up fruits and preserves. My mother came from a Southern climate, where peaches and honey abounded, to seek her fortune with her young husband in a region of great extremes in heat and cold. I have heard her say that for the first two years of her life in her new home all the fruit she had was half a peck of wild crab-apples.



At Last I Found Myself With a Shingle and a Location

It may be seen that money was not very abundant in our community. Nearly every one worked hard, business hours being from seven o'clock in the morning until bedtime, with the stores open in the evening until nine o'clock. There were very few luxuries, as I have said. I can very well recall the first bunch of grapes my father picked in his vineyard—the first vineyard of his town. They tasted so good that it seemed to me I should be perfectly happy if I could ever have all the grapes I wanted to eat.

We raised a few apples, a few pears, and once in a while a few peaches. We had the only walnut trees in town, thanks to my father's foresight in earlier years. The woods about us afforded hickorynuts, walnuts and hazelnuts. We did not complain of our lot in life; and, indeed, we thought ourselves rather fortunate. I do not know where you could find a community like that today—it would be impossible now.

My father moved to the West from the South in early times for two reasons: First, he knew that the Civil War was coming on and he did not believe in slavery—our family back South freed their slaves some years before the war. In the next place, he wished to educate his children better than he could in his old home, and he did not want his children to grow up believing in slavery from the example of other families. We had rather good schools in our little town and all the children of our family started in early.

By the time I was just preparing to leave high school I can remember that my father was becoming a trifle older and more gray. I can remember, too, when first my mother began to be just a little fretful—goodness knows she had full right to be all her life; but she was not. I never heard my father speak a harsh word to her in all my life. I presume he had a sort of chivalry, after all; and no man at that time thought it was a crime for his wife to help in the battle of living. But, after all, life was beginning to have its way with them.

So we began to scatter, all more or less ignorant and unequipped for life. The busy, simple life—all we knew—went on at home. The educated sister went to California; taught school there; married badly there—at length died there and was buried there. Her mother never saw her after she left home. The eldest sister also married badly and moved to North Dakota. She died there, and my mother never saw her again until she was brought home to be buried. My brothers-in-law are dead, for which I thank Heaven exceedingly. They were a bad lot.

And now life began to set yet more against my good parents. Business did not pay so well. At the time my father settled in our town there was no railroad west of the Mississippi River; and when he opened his lumberyard he hauled his lumber by wagon forty miles or more. At that time the pineries of Wisconsin were in full blast. The great rafts of sawed timber and boards came down the Wisconsin River to the river towns, to be broken up and shipped to the West by rail or wagon. Of course the country was new; many houses were being built and many farms had to be fenced. Before the invention of the barbed-wire fence we did a great business in board fencing. The barbed wire cut off a great deal of that. This was not until my father and his partner had attained a very good position in their community, there being but few—if any—of better means or better way of life. But now, I say, just as I was reaching adolescence my father's business began to fall off.

A Victim of Rebating

THERE was a competitor in his business, located across the street from him; and this competitor, for some inscrutable reason, was able to sell all the lumber and buy all the grain of the farmers who made the sole support of our little city—there being no factories of any sort located there. He advertised openly that he would undersell his competitors—and he did so. The farmers my father had trusted and carried along to the extent of many thousands of dollars, which he never could collect, began to take their lumber bills to be figured on by this competitor, who almost always sold them—why, my father could not tell. I did not know of this, but I can remember the time when little by little my father's face grew graver—that of my mother more worried.

This was about the time I was starting out for college myself. At about that time a young lawyer, son of a local banker, just back from an Eastern college, went to my father and said: "Deacon, if you will let me bring a suit against the Blank & Blank Railroad I will make you a lot of money, and put you where you will be able to make a living much easier than you now can."

"What do you mean?" inquired my father.

"Well, old ———, across the street from you, is rebating on you," said the young lawyer.

"Rebating? What is that?" asked my poor old blue-eyed Quaker dad.

"Well, he's getting a better freight rate over the Blank & Blank Railroad than you are. This enables him to sell lumber four dollars a thousand cheaper than you can, and to buy grain of the farmers two or three cents a bushel higher than you can."

At that time rebating was not well known—I hardly think the young lawyer even understood the word. But those were days when a railroad was a thing of awe. My father could not bring himself to think of a lawsuit against a railroad. He thought it would mean his ruin. It meant his ruin not to do so! In a few years, through the machinations of a dishonest partner, his failing business was at an end. He never could believe the truth about it.

Many years after this time, when I was a grown man, this same railroad sold me a ticket to our old town, and admitted me through the gate and on the train without any opposition. I had a telegram calling me to the death-bed of my mother. After the train had started I learned that, through some change on the timecard, this train no longer stopped at our town. I told the conductor my situation and asked him at least to slow down so that I could jump. He refused to do so, but went through the town with everything wide open; so I dared not jump. At the first stopping place west of our town I took a freight train back. I reached home at sundown. My mother had been dead just twenty minutes. "She waited for you," said my sister. "She waited as long as she could."

I never brought any suit against this road, but it did much toward making me a muckraker and a Progressive. In ways of which I am fully cognizant I have taken toll of that road's business—many times over the toll it took from my father in his business. I hate that road with all my soul, and always will. I cannot see why other families of America have allowed themselves to be victims so long of crooked corporation rule in this country.

As may be seen, it was difficult for my father in the days of his failing business to keep me in college, but by much skimping at home they kept me at the university until graduation. My father was proud of my standing, for I was good in my books. I had class honors; and I think I was third in standing, as I remember it, in a rather large class. None too strong physically, afflicted at times by the horrible brooding melancholy that came as a sort of family curse, I drove into the things difficult for me, and so got standing in athletics as well as in my classes—the ridiculous system of percentage markings in scholarship obtained there as it does in many colleges today.

When I think of the pitiful sacrifices made by my family to put me through college, I regret half the time I spent there. French and German, history, the history of literature—these things were useful to me; my Latin was also useful—but the waste of time was enormous. Our university still held to the classical idea of education. We were excellently fitted to have been members of the British Parliament a hundred and fifty years ago; excellently equipped to deliver orations abounding in classical allusion; excellently equipped to take on the rôles of Fox, or Burke, or Pitt—but not that of the simple American business man, with no capital to give him a start in life.

Indeed I think a great many of our graduates—and we were all hardworking young men, taught by hardworking and underpaid professors—came out with a rather bad start in life, so far as practical business equipment was concerned.

When I came out of college I had absolutely no idea of any business whatever. I had taught a term or so of country school, but had never sold a dollar's worth of goods over a counter; never kept a set of books; had never seen a lawsuit tried in my life. In short, I had the very slightest idea of the way in which life and business are carried on in the great and busy world. I was a slim, rather pale young man, of considerable nervous force and an almighty good opinion of myself—something of a prig, I now know. As I look at it, my start had not been good up to this time; but now I proceeded to make one of the most prominent bad starts of all my life.

I have said that my father was a Southerner and of a good family. Therefore he had always had an ambition of his own to be a lawyer; and, failing in that ambition, he had destined at least one of his boys for that profession. No secret was made of the fact that my education was given to me as a prelude to my becoming a lawyer; but I did not want to be a lawyer. I knew nothing of the profession; had no longing for it—indeed, shrank from it.

We were now poor—our case was soon to reach almost the point of desperation. There was much sickness still in the family. The two sisters who had left home sent back no happy news. My father and mother were now getting older, sadder, habitually more grave. And here was one more child—one more fruit of their ambition for the education of their children—come back from college to disappoint them! The eldest son of the family, who had been given his education at great cost and self-denial, now did not want to be a lawyer!

The First Great Turning Point

THIS was a turning point of my life. How much happier we all should be could we realize these turning points as they arise and pass upon them wisely! As I analyze the situation I cannot now tell what then was right for me to do. Today I think I could make a pretty good lawyer—think that perhaps in those days my reluctance to undertake the profession was a sort of nervous shrinking from it, since I knew so little about it.

I have said my father sneakingly wrote poetry. In those days, let me confess, I sneakingly wrote stories for the wholly horrible story papers of that day—but never got one of them into print. There was no profession of letters in that day such as exists in America today. To be a writer meant starvation. I must have had some sort of vague longing for the inky trade, however, for I sneakingly tried to get newspaper work in Omaha and elsewhere. Happily or unhappily, I failed. Once in an unhappy moment I told my father that I had a wish to be a journalist.

"Journalist!" said he; and for one of the few times in his life I saw him fully angered. I do not blame him now. No doubt he had in mind his lifelong ambition—the lifelong self-sacrifice of himself and my mother. I presume his disappointment cut him bitterly. Poor old Dad! He tried so very hard for his family and got so little satisfaction out of any of them. But I did not become a journalist, because that only meant in those days being a country editor an ignoble situation in life, as by chance then evidenced in our town. And our town was our world—pretty much.

My father still had his grain and lumber business going after a fashion; and my first business experience after my college graduation was in sewing up sacks of flaxseed for shipment to Chicago. I presume I did it as well as the workman who has never been to college and studied differential calculus.

My next experience in life was a situation, first as rodman and later as levelman, on an engineering party then running a line from our town to the Mississippi River. All of our family had a certain amount of mental alertness and a nervous physical activity. I made a good levelman, they told me; and I saved something of my salary; but this employment did not last very long. Once more I must face the problem of life and answer in some fashion the question of what I was going to do with myself. Whether rightly or wrongly, I now concluded to take up the study of law.

By this time I had spent all my life in school and had done nothing practical. I was twenty-three years of age and it was out of the question for me to attend a law school now. But, under a roof that had always been hospitable and which always had offered a home, and at a table that had always been free to all the world, I settled down once more in our little town, living on at home—I fancy as unhappy and discontented a young man as ever started out in the world. I was admitted as a student in a private law firm in our town, made up of two friends of my father—the leading legal firm of the town. This year I found my certificate of admission to the bar among some old papers. I had it framed and it is now on my library wall. I read law six months; and was admitted to the bar, I presume, knowing less law than any member of the bar ever admitted at any stage of the world's history.

If this was a wrong start at least now I was to make the most of it. I looked about me in our village and it did not seem to me that I could settle there—not that I knew much of any other world, for our college town had much the same flavor as our village, but from some sort of feeling that I was not going to be happy or successful there. There was not much law business, and that was all divided out among old firms. And all this time my own people were knowing bitter reverses in business. It did not seem to me that I could endure the long, slow wait of trying to get a practice.

In college I had met a young law student who by this time had gone out to a little frontier town in the Rocky Mountains to protect certain mining investments into which he had inveigled some of his friends—those were the days of the early mining crazes in which so much Eastern money was sunk in Western mines. The young man—why, I cannot say—wrote back to me and asked me to come out to the mining camp and join him in a law practice. Here was where I made a very bad start—perhaps one of the worst in my life. It is more than a quarter of a century since I first saw the community—half mining camp, half cowcamp—where I hung out my shingle; and in that time it has never grown to over a few hundred in population—never yet has had a thousand, even in its wildest real-estate booms! Can you beat that as a selection for a young lawyer starting out in life?

Why did I go West? Why did I become one of the derelict, half-desperate, ill-assorted wreckage of a womanless mining camp? The answer ought to be fairly obvious. There was a woman somewhere back in the life of almost every one of the men in our camp. It really was a woman who sent me West. Our university was a coeducational school—perhaps I need say no more.

With a couple of hundred dollars or so of my salary saved as a levelman, I started out to seek my fortune in the West as a lawyer. For the first time I began to see what life is. I was out of the nest now and on my own wings for the first time in my life—more is the shame for me to say it! But such had been my unfortunate training.

It is no pleasure for one to write in brutal frankness of oneself, or to uncover the unhappiness that at one time one has known. Brutal frankness compels me now to face the picture of myself in those days—badly equipped, horribly handicapped, shrinking, troubled, proud, sensitive, shy, a little morbid, prone to melancholia, unfit for success—and bound not to succeed.

Like a Blinking Pointer

OUT of all my recollections of those early and horrible times I retain only a few pleasant reflections—of thankfulness and appreciation of my hardworking parents, who ended their own lives so unhappily after so game a struggle as theirs was; a thankfulness that, after all, I had my education given me, and a gratitude that, along with all my bad starts in life, along with all the handicaps I have never been able to evade, I had given me, in some mysterious fashion I cannot understand, my one asset—not of cheerfulness, but of willingness to take punishment and to keep on trying.

In this I take no pride. Nor, as I have said, should I have written any of these words except for the sake of some other fellow who perhaps thinks he has made a bad start and can never again make a better. Many years of continued failure were to intervene before I was to make a good start.

All sportsmen know of the peculiar fault some dogs have that is known as blinking. The dog is afraid to do precisely what he is there to do, which is to point the birds. As to my own attitude toward the learned profession of the law, when at last I found myself with a shingle and a location, it resembled not remotely the attitude of such a bird dog when he has found his birds. I had liked some of the theories of the law—most of its basic principles; in fact all my life I have liked the subjective and theoretical side of things rather than the concrete and the practical, I fear. I was now there to receive clients—but there was nothing in the world I desired so little as a client!

To some extent the matter of my law practice determined itself. My fear that I might have a client remained largely unjustified. I often think of the start many young lawyers made at that time in our country. I doubt if I had two hundred dollars to my name when I started out by freight wagon for my two-hundred-mile passage to the mountain community I was to grace with my learning. I did not really need a whole freight wagon to

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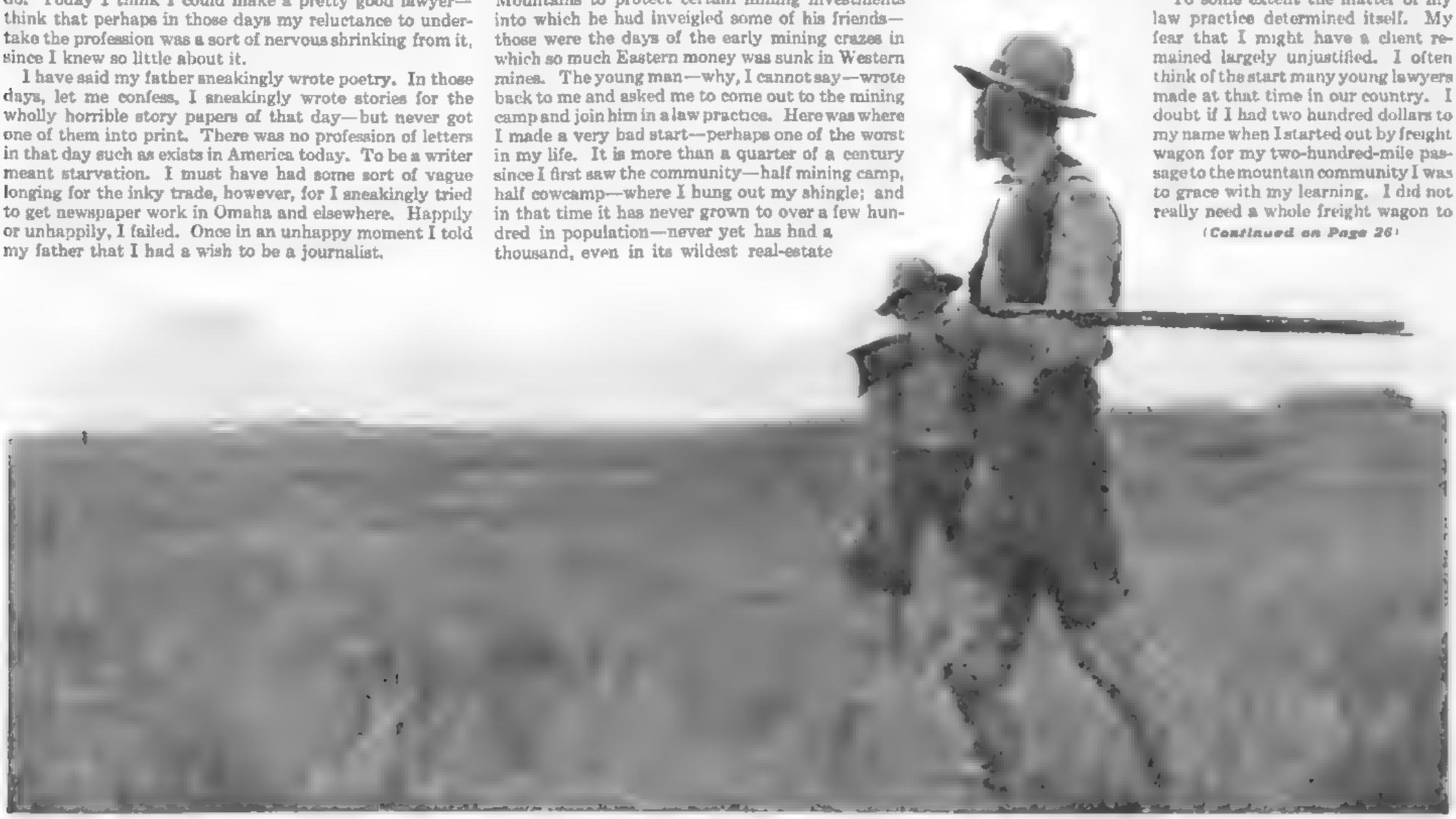

My Father Was the Most Famous Hunter in the Town

THE FIGHTING SIX

Fitting the Market—By Edward Mott Woolley

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

JUST about the time my father was ready to take me into partnership the Stony Bend Exchange Bank attached his store for debt and closed him out. This made me pretty sore at Hen Hogan, who worked in the bank; for in boyhood Hen had belonged to our band of imaginary buccaneers—the Fighting Six. We six boys had sworn to stand by each other until death—or at least until we found the hidden treasure, which we made believe was hidden in or near Stony Bend.

Of course the Fighting Six had long since been relegated, like our toys, to the realms of memory; but the ties of friendship were still strong, and it seemed as if Henshaw Hogan were really a party to the downfall of my father's fortunes. One day, soon after the failure, I met Hen on the street.

"Horace," said he, "I hope you don't blame me personally for what's happened."

"By working for Loren Rixey in the Stony Bend Exchange Bank," I retorted, "you put yourself on a plane with the old skinflint himself. He might have given my father more time; then the firm would have been James Ewell & Son. But now it's too late! I've got to leave town to get a job—and any man who's a friend of old Rixey is no friend of mine!"

"I couldn't help the failure," Hen insisted; "but if you need a little money personally, Horace ——"

I interrupted him by turning my back and walking away. I did not see Hen again for fifteen years, and I have always regretted my boorish, unreasonable conduct. A better fellow never lived than Henshaw Hogan.

Besides, I did need money very badly; I did not have enough even to pay my railroad fare to Cincinnati, where I had prospects of a job with a wholesale grocery house—one of the concerns of which father had long bought goods for his general merchandise store at Stony Bend.

In order to get to Cincinnati I traveled the major part of the distance down the Ohio River by boat; and when I disembarked on a floating dock and climbed the sloping shore at Front Street I had not more than two dollars in my pocket. I well remember how the lofty bluffs oppressed me as I looked up them. They seemed to symbolize the impossible hills of endeavor confronting me. I had always been a pampered boy. Among the members of the Fighting Six I was the only one who had gone to college, and the only one who had looked forward to prospects, except perhaps Fred Hastings, whose father kept the little Stony Bend Hotel. Hen Hogan's father was a laborer; Bob Hotchkiss was the son of a harness-maker; Buf Southern was an orphan living with an uncle and Don Randall was the son of a poor widow.

The Plug Hat Campaign

HOWEVER, one turn of the wheel had changed all the settings; and here I was, at the age of twenty-two, a mere supplicant for a livelihood, with my classical education not even reckoned in my favor. I inquired my way along one of the bottom streets to the grocery concern on which I based my hopes. These hopes were quickly destroyed.

"Just at present," said the sales manager, "we have no vacancy. I did think when your father wrote me that I might put you out on the road, but crop developments don't seem to justify an increase. But, now that I think of it, you might run up on Vine Street and see Herman Gassaway; he's the manager of a publishing house, and he told me he wanted quite a lot of young hustlers."

I hurried to Gassaway's office.

"Did you ever sell books?" he asked.

"Only in my father's store," I admitted; "we kept a little of everything."

Some Boys Cannonaded Our Silk Hats

"Well," he said, "you look like a chap who could do it, and if your references prove good I'll try you. I've got the best cyclopedia proposition ever put out—and the best selling scheme too. I send my men out in pairs, wearing Prince Albert coats and silk hats. You see I want swell lookers and glib talkers, and that sort of thing. We're engaged in a whirlwind campaign that's going to clean up the country!"

I did not fancy this line of goods, but it was a groundhog case with me. In two or three days I was duly inspected and bonded; and then for a week Gassaway drilled me in his form of salesmanship. Meanwhile I borrowed ten dollars from a former Stony Bend man and thus managed to live.

When I was ripe for the road Gassaway equipped me with coat and hat, and advanced my expense money. My compensation was to be in the form of commission only. My traveling associate was a young man named Willoughby Calhoun, who had been in this cyclopedia campaign for some months and had made good after a fashion.

"A fellow can make a living at it," he told me, "provided he gets a territory where folks want cyclopedias. I did fairly well up in Ohio, but I shouldn't want to bet on the game down in Arkansas."

Arkansas was the territory assigned to us. We crossed the Mississippi at Memphis and started in to clean up the northern part of the state first. From the very beginning we created quite a commotion; the children followed us about the streets in droves, and our distinguished attire made us the cynosure of every village we struck. Of course that was what Gassaway wanted.

I have nothing against the Arkansas of today. A lot of people down there have bought cyclopedias since those days, I do not doubt, and read all the volumes through from Aristag to Zyri; but twenty-odd years ago Arkansas was not much interested in the systematic pursuit of technical knowledge. The market had not been created; the whole thing was up to us.

One very good axiom of salesmanship is this: There is more real cash in selling stuff the people want than in trying to educate them to buy things they do not want. Of course, when a concern has a lot of capital back of it missionary work is sometimes all right—but the salesman never should do this missionary work on commission. That is pie for the house, but persimmons for the fellow out in the field.

Arkansas has more towns with pretty names than any other state I know. Bright Star, Mabelvale, Good Luck, Dove Park, Sunshine—they are all in Arkansas. But when you're out to sell goods you've got to get into a territory before you really learn the insides of it. Some sales managers simply go by the looks of the map.

I got the real insides of the cyclopedia business in Arkansas. Up in Sharp County is a town named Evening Shade—the county-seat. Willoughby and I arrived there in a livery rig one day and made our first sale. We had been on the road two weeks at the time. But in the evening shades some boys cannonaded our silk hats with mud and ruined them. There was no more headgear of that sort to be had in the town, so we fitted ourselves out with caps and went over to Yellville. Willoughby remarked that the poet must have had the toothache when he named this town.

Five hundred people lived in Yellville, and Willoughby closed a sale; but before we could get out of town the purchaser got cold feet and insisted on canceling. That was the last business we did until we struck Fort Smith, a week or two later. Here the population was three thousand, and we took heart when each of us sold a set of books the first day.

We put in a week of hard work without further results, and then Willoughby and I had a slight falling out.

"I'm going to get me another silk hat," he declared. "It's part of Gassaway's game, you know, to make a swell front. A fellow in a Prince Albert coat and a cap looks like a bobtail flush. I'm going to wire Gassaway, collect, to rush me a plug from Cincinnati."

I was sick of cyclopedias anyway, and I did not care what kind of flush I looked like.

"If these people down here don't want cyclopedias," I observed, "I don't believe a silk hat will hypnotize them into buying. I'll stick to my cap."

From Literature to Hog Medicine

WILLOUGHBY made it plain that he wouldn't appreciate my company under the circumstances; he had been well drilled in the Gassaway school of salesmanship. Therefore I said to him:

"Go ahead and do what you please—I'm through!"

And I still believe I was right. Bluster and pomp in the selling game don't count as much as the goods themselves. You do not need a plug hat in order to sell a hungry man bread.

So Willoughby headed down the Arkansas River alone; and a few weeks later I got a letter from him, dated at the Village of Sweet Home, South of Little Rock. A bulldog had eaten the tails of his Prince Albert, and if he did not get money from Gassaway mighty quick he meant to start for Cincinnati afoot.

Thrown on my own resources in Fort Smith, I hustled round on the stimulus of an empty stomach and got acquainted with Ike Biggam, who was manufacturing a patent cholera food for hogs.

"If you want to start out and work for me," he said, "I'll give you fifty per cent on all you sell. You can make more money selling my hog mixture than you can with cyclopedias—and I'll bet on it!"

I did not just fancy this line of goods either, but I accepted Ike's proposition. Before I started out he gave me a square meal, which cheered me.

I toured several counties, traveling on foot; and for three months I sold the Biggam hog mixture. I now had a product which appealed to the markets down there, and the first month I sold ninety dollars' worth. This netted me forty-five dollars. The second and third months I did slightly better. I traded off my Prince Albert for a rather rusty sack coat, and this enabled me to get closer to the hearts of the people.

This experience down in Arkansas taught me a lesson I have never forgotten. No matter how hopeless a business

may be in any one line, there's always something doing in some other line. If you get skunked at the game you are playing it will not avail you to sit down by the roadside and let the world count you out. The thing to do is to find the market and then sell it the particular stuff it wants to buy. If you cannot sell cyclopedias sell them hog food.

Moreover, it does not pay to follow up a poor selling game until a bulldog eats up your coattails. Willoughby Calhoun had more persistence than discernment. I don't know what became of him finally; the last I heard of Willoughby he was trying to sell picture frames to the poverty-stricken mountaineers of Tennessee.

Selling hog food, however, did not seem just the broad and dignified calling suitable for a young man with a college education and quite a bit of training in the merchandise field. My work for Ike Biggam had developed my selling powers very much and fortified my self-confidence. I knew I could sell goods if I had a fair show.

"I'm going up to Kansas City," I said to Ike, "to look for a job on the road. Groceries is the line I'd like best—but, of course, there are other things! You taught me that, Mr. Biggam. If groceries don't go I don't mean to give up. I'm cut out for selling goods and I reckon that'll be my lifework."

He gave me another square meal and we parted. If ever you get discouraged remember Ike Biggam and his hog food! Rustle up a new market.

I had just left the train at Kansas City, and stood looking up the ragged bluffs beyond which the major part of the city lay, when some one touched me on the shoulder. Turning, I recognized Charlie Tufts, a traveling salesman I had known back in Stony Bend.

Charlie was now on the road for a Chicago specialty house. He was hurrying to catch a train and had time for only a word with me.

"Go up and see Jim Foxcroft," he said, when I explained that I wanted a job. "Jim and I used to travel for the same house out of Buffalo, but now he's just starting a little wholesale grocery here in Kansas City. He saved a bit of money while he was on the road, and his wife inherited ten thousand or more. Jim's a good fellow and a hustler, but I'm afraid he's got a hard row to hoe down here among all these big jobbing houses. He needs some live salesmen, and if you can't do any better you might tie up to him."

I boarded a cable car and went up the Ninth Street incline; and then, down on Delaware Avenue, I saw the Foxcroft establishment. It was tucked in among a lot of pretentious concerns, and was so tiny that at first I did not bother my head with it. After a fruitless day among the big houses, however, I came back to see Jim Foxcroft a short, stout man of forty, with a round face and friendly blue eyes.

He seemed nervous and worried.

"I can't pay you much of a salary," he said; "but if you want to go out on twenty dollars a week and commission you can tackle Kansas tomorrow. I'll allow you five dollars a day expense money, and if you work hard you ought to put over a living at least. But I'll tell you right now that you'll have to get down and dig!"

I started in next day at Atchison, and worked southwest until I struck Newton. I have forgotten just how much stuff I sold, but it was not more than enough to pay my salary and expenses. With a dozen big grocery houses combing Kansas, it did not look as if Jim Foxcroft's house stood the ghost of a show. I came near getting discouraged; but I had not forgotten my Arkansas lesson. It was plain enough that if I worked for Foxcroft much longer I must strike some new angle. I knew, too, that Jim himself could not hold out a great while on the present lines.

At Newton I went into a Main Street grocery in my quest of orders, but found the place half dismantled.

"You can't sell me any groceries," the proprietor told me; "I'm going to Oklahoma to get into real estate. If you want to make money fast and easy that's the place. Thousands of families are getting in there every month."

I wasn't so sanguine as to real estate, but an idea flashed upon me. I went back to the depot hotel and wrote this telegram to Foxcroft:

"Can you give me the Oklahoma territory instead of Kansas? Special reasons for wanting it."

He wired back his consent, but his telegram was not exactly encouraging:

"Have just fired my Oklahoma man. You can try it."

I took the train that night for Oklahoma City; and who should I see when I boarded the sleeping car but Don Randall, one of our old Fighting Six boys from Stony Bend! Don was a Pullman conductor on the run between Chicago and Galveston.

I sat up most of the night talking old times with Don in the smoking compartment; and, just at the time, I envied him his soft, easy job. Compared with my own job it seemed like floating along on a golden cloud! In the midst of luxury he spent his days and nights gliding smoothly through the hard, workaday world about him—an aristocrat of labor! At least that was how it looked to me at the time.

Don is going to tell you his own story later on; so I will only say here that men who achieve things do not commonly ride into their financial harbor on golden clouds. Most of them get down on the earth and tramp up the hill in the mud.

There was certainly mud enough at Oklahoma City in those days! It was shortly after the territory had been opened for settlement, and people had not done more than dream about the little asphalted metropolis of today. Dreams were plentiful enough, and men were speculating recklessly in the red-clay banks along Grand Avenue, Main Street and Broadway. Already the town had four or five thousand people, most of whom lived in shacks or tents; and every day a long procession of prairie schooners toiled through the mire bearing farmers and their families to new homes. And grocery salesmen—swarms of them! Up in Kansas there had been plenty, but down in Oklahoma they fairly stepped on each other!

Investigations in Oklahoma

I HAD not come down there with the idea of selling groceries and I did not try to sell any. This may sound strange when you remember that I was working for the wholesale grocery house of J. Foxcroft; but even a man who works for another sometimes gets an idea with originality back of it. Indeed, ideas that depart from the routine and humdrum of business often mean bigger things than the boss himself ever contemplated.

So I spent a week in Oklahoma City and its vicinity, and never once tried to close a sale. All I did was to walk round and look at things. Then I took a train back to Kansas City and hustled up to Jim's office.

"Mr. Foxcroft," I said, not giving him a chance to roast me for my failure to turn in any Oklahoma orders—"Mr. Foxcroft, I can put you next to a lot of money without half the effort we've been putting into groceries."

"What have you been doing all this time?" he began. "Do you think I can afford to pay a salesman ——"

Results Proved the Accuracy of My Observations and Researches in Oklahoma

"You needn't pay me for the week I've spent there," I interrupted. "And, of course, you don't have to take up my proposition if you don't want to. But if you don't, Mr. Foxcroft, I wish you'd send another grocery salesman into the Oklahoma territory, for I'm going to tackle the other proposition myself—if I can raise a little capital to swing it with."

"What proposition?" he asked. "You haven't told me what it is."

I drew a chair close to his desk and sat down.

"First," I said, "I'd like an understanding. You see, I believe I have discovered a way to make money down in that country—money for you and money for myself. But I want more than a salary out of it. Mr. Foxcroft, I want an interest in the business."

"You've certainly got your nerve with you!" said he.

"Yes," I agreed; "but you can't really blame me. Every man is out for himself, Foxcroft—or ought to be—in all honorable ways. If I'd had the capital to swing the thing I shouldn't have come to you at all. But since I haven't any capital whatever, it becomes necessary to interest somebody. Knowing how rotten your business is in groceries, I thought perhaps you'd like to finance me in a profitable game."

Foxcroft leaned back in his chair and looked me over. He was a pretty level-headed chap, was Foxcroft, and too wise to overlook an opportunity that might be worth seizing.

(Continued on Page 28)

I Now Had a Product Which Appealed to the Markets Down There

BACK-FIRE

By HENRY C. ROWLAND

ILLUSTRATED BY LESTER RALPH

"I Thought That You Were Lost in That Terrible Swamp. Oh, Malcolm, Malcolm!"

IX

FOR a long time Edna sat with her forehead resting on her crossed arms and the hot tears trickling down on the smooth pine table. On the well-scrubbed floor was a widening pool from her watersoaked clothes, but she was oblivious to any physical discomfort. To think that Penfold should have treated her so, he who had aroused in her emotions which no man of all those she had ever known had been able to awaken. To think that these last few hours of mutual strain and hardship and fatigue should have such an ending. Edna, to whom tears were entirely unaccustomed, poured out her soul through her eyes.

This flow was suddenly arrested by sounds outside the cabin. A small, thin voice was dimly audible, and then came the barking of a dog. Edna roused herself and went to the door. For a moment she stood listening. Suddenly a mangy dog of nondescript race and tender age came flying round the corner of the cabin, sighted her with wild alarm, gave a puppy bark or two, then decided to fling himself upon her generosity, which he did with due humbleness, head to earth and spiked tail describing nervous circles.

Edna passed round the cabin and saw a shock-headed boy of about fourteen standing by the shed. At sight of her he looked first frightened, then relieved. In fact, his maneuvers were somewhat similar to those of the pup, for after the first glance toward the underbrush he came forward confidently.

"Who are you?" Edna asked.

"I'm Dee."

"Where is the keeper?"

"He done gone look for some furr'ners lost in the woods." He gazed at her with wide-eyed interest. "Is you they?"

"Yes. Where do you live?"

"Me 'n' Jim live down the creek a spell."

"What are you doing here?"

The boy scratched a bare shin with the instep of his other foot.

"I come up to see if Mr. Rutherford 'd len' me some co'n-meal. We done run out."

Edna looked at him doubtfully. The boy was meager, undersized, with a shock of sun-bleached hair; and he was apparently clad in two garments, a shirt and a pair of ragged trousers. But his freckled little face was full of intelligence and his eyes bright and alert. Seeing Edna's doubt, he volunteered:

"This gentleman yere is mighty po'ly."

"Indeed?"

"Yas'm. He done got a bad attack of fever 'n' ager." He scratched his shin again and looked up at Edna. "He's plumb outen he's haid."

"Perhaps he's been drinking," Edna suggested, looking intently at the boy.

"No'm; 'tain't licker. Hit's fever 'n' ager."

"How do you know?"

"He don' smell none o' licker. I reckon he gwine die."

"What?"

"Yas'm. I done see folks sick like that. He's sho t' be mighty po'ly. Whaffo' he lyin' out yere?"

Edna knit her brows and stood for a moment in silence. The boy reached down to caress the pup. Edna stepped past him and looked into the shed. Penfold was lying on a heap of pine straw, his head pillowed on his arms. Edna leaned down and placed her hand on his shoulder.

"What?" said Penfold drowsily.

"You must come into the cabin," Edna said gently.

"What?" Penfold struggled up and looked at her for a moment. "What do you want?" he asked.

"I want you to come into the cabin and go to bed."

"All right." He struggled to his feet and walked unsteadily past her. Edna followed. Penfold looked back over his shoulder and laughed. It was not a pleasant laugh.

"Glad they've come," he said jerkily. "Glad somebody has put some sense into your head. Tell 'em to get me some drinking water."

He passed round the corner of the cabin and disappeared. Edna looked at the boy, who stood with the pup at his heel, staring at her with interest.

"Yo'-all f'm the No'th?" he asked.

"Yes. Suppose you help the gentleman to get in bed. Take off his wet clothes and wrap him up in blankets. If you do it nicely I'll give you a dollar."

"What, ma'am?" The bright alert eyes looked up at her like those of a hunting dog watching its master during the midday halt.

"Yes," said Edna; "I'll give you a dollar if you will put that gentleman to bed. Help him to take off his clothes and rub him good and dry. Then come out here and tell me how he's getting along."

"Yas'm." The boy looked at her curiously. "He some kin o' yo'-all."

"No," Edna answered shortly. "Now hurry and do as I tell you."

"Yas'm." The boy seemed to reflect for an instant. "Women folks 'r' better 'n boys when it comes to he'pin' sick people," he suggested; "and mebbe if yo'-all was to come in and show me what to do—and I don' keer if you don' give me no dollar."

"Go in and do as I tell you," said Edna imperiously.

The boy's eyes narrowed.

"Yas'm," he answered, and turned to the cabin.

Edna reseated herself on the woodpile and waited. A flight of wood duck poured up the creek and plunged into the water, immediately to commence their plaintive, flutelike cries. Almost as suddenly as they had alighted half of them were in flight, as a great tarpon, hunting mullet in the shadows, broke from the surface and flung its heavy bulk across a school. Near the banks came a ripple as the frightened bait sought sanctuary in the shallow water, when a pair of snake-birds darted from a tangle of water-hyacinths to collect their tithe.

"Everything's for itself in this world," said Edna bitterly to herself; "but how are you to know when you've got what you want?"

She was pondering this important question when Dee came out.

"That gentleman ain' had no licker," said he abruptly.

"How do you know?" asked Edna sullenly.

The boy gave her a sidelong glance; then said indifferently:

"He ain't." He whistled to the pup and began to rub its lean stomach.

Edna drew out her purse and handed him a dollar bill. He looked at it suspiciously.

"Yo'-all are mighty rich, I reckon."

Edna did not answer.

"Kain't eat money," said the boy.

Edna looked at him curiously. "Are you hungry?"

"Co'se I am; I'm allus hungry."

"Don't your people give you enough to eat?"

"How yo'-all talk! I ain' got no people." He gave her a contemptuous stare. "When I lost Unc Willum ——" he choked slightly.

"What about Uncle William?" Edna asked.

"He was mighty good to me, Unc Willum was," said the boy. "When he went ov'bo'd me and Jim was down below cookin' us up a mess o' pork and taters. Jim he was slicin' the po'k an' laughin' like a nigger does when it's mos' time to eat. That was up in the Chesapeake and we-all had been dredgin' out in the deep water. It was pow'ful cold, and the spray freezin' and a hard no'wester hammerin' into them icy sails. We wouldn't ha' been out, on'y Unc Willum was pow'ful po' and workin' hard to pay the next installment, or Mr. Raborg would have took her back to sell agin, like he done so many times. She balanced nice, without luffin' none to speak of, and anyhow we was too tired to reef; and the halliards froze in the blocks and Unc Willum was at the wheel, and I was feedin' pine splinters into the stove and watchin' the fryin' pan when we hit that yere net "

"What net?"

"'Twas the prop'ty of Mr. Raborg. When we come up we was all hove down and fouled up, and that hard nor'-wester tryin' ter flap them icy sails, on'y she couldn't, they bein' froze. This yere net was all over us and under us and roun' us and Unc Willum was gone. Yes, ma'am; it was mighty dis'gree'ble."

"What happened then?" asked Edna.

"We done lit out in the canoe. Jim took Unc Willum's new gun and the money Unc Willum had to pay to Mr. Raborg; they wa'n't nothin' else to do. We'd 'a' been jailed sho' fo' bustin' Mr. Raborg's new poun' net, becus the lantern was burnin' bright on the channel pole. So we done left her in the net, and I guess Mr. Raborg's done sold her 'bout seven times since. That was his business, ma'am. He sold stuff to niggers on the 'stallment plan, and the niggers never got 'em."

"And what did you do then?" Edna asked.

"We come back down the beach."

"In the canoe?"

"Yas'm."

"Then you live down here?"

"No, sir; we don' live no place, me 'n' Jim don't. We're just stoppin' yere. I' like t' know when Mr. Rutherford cal'lates to git back."

Edna looked at the pinched, hungry little face. The bright intelligent eyes of the boy were fastened expectantly on the creek.

"What are you looking for?" Edna asked.

"Nothin'," he answered.

Edna rose suddenly. "Come into the cabin," said she, "and we'll see what we can find to eat. But tell me first"—she looked at him intently—"what makes you think that the gentleman has had nothing to drink."

"Huh, I reckon I done seed enough drunk folks and enough down with fever 'n' ager to know the difference. That gentleman ain't had a drap."

The child was so positive that Edna was impressed.

"But when I asked him about it he said that he was drunk," she insisted.

The boy gave her a contemptuous look.

"He's drunk with fever," he answered snortly. "'Sides, he was likely mad at yo'-all for talkin' about licker that-a-way. Folks 'fflicted does 'spise ter be pestered."

"This Gentleman Yere is Mighty Po'ly"

Edna was startled at this bit of childish philosophy. Could it be possible that she had been utterly mistaken—cruelly unjust? She had no knowledge of swift, violent fevers, and it was incomprehensible to her that a man who had appeared so strong and cheerful throughout the morning could in a few short minutes be stricken to a point where he staggered on his feet and was unable to speak clearly. Then there were the glazed eyes, blotched face and his apology for getting in such a condition.

"But he was well and strong all of the morning," she persisted. "It was only when we reached here that he collapsed."

The boy shrugged. "That's how fever takes a man," he answered. "'Sides, maybe he wasn't feelin' so peart as he looked. Yo'-all better go see for yerself. That gentleman's sho ter be plumb low."

Edna hurried into the cabin, the youngster at her heels. Penfold was lying on one of the bunks, his face to the wall, either asleep or in a sort of coma. Edna went to his side, leaned over and laid her hand upon his forehead. It was dry and scorching. He stirred uneasily, but did not rouse himself.

"Oh, Doctor Penfold," she murmured, "I'm so sorry—so sorry."

"'S all right," he muttered thickly.

Edna turned her distressed face to the boy. "What shall we do?" she asked helplessly. "How far is this place from the nearest town?"

"Hit's right smart away, ma'am ten mile, I reckon."

"I wonder if there's any quinine in the cabin?"

"Quinine ain' no 'count when the fever's scorchin' that-a-way. What he needs is some yarb tea to bring on the sweat. If yo'-all kin start a fire, I'll done git us some yarbs and we'll bile 'em up." He looked longingly at a box of biscuit on one of the shelves, and Edna, following his glance, remembered what the little waif had said about being hungry. Crossing the cabin, she opened one of the cupboards and found inside it the remains of a ham and two loaves of cornbread. Picking up a knife she cut a large chunk from the ham and gave it to the boy with half of one of the loaves. The child's eyes glistened as he took the food.

"Now hurry off and see if you can find your yarbs," said Edna. "You can eat as you go."

"Yas'm," he answered, and started for the door. As he crossed the threshold he took a tremendous bite from his piece of ham.

x

MRS. DUANE was walking up and down her terrace with the general expression of a woman whose nerves are stretched to the snapping point. Her face was white and drawn, and from time to time she wrung her delicate hands. The day was soft and balmy and the air laden with aromatic perfumes, spicy and sweet.

There came a rustle behind her and she turned in a quick, startled way. On the threshold of the long French window stood Lucia. She also was pale, and there were dark shadows under her eyes.

"How is he now, dear?" Mrs. Duane asked.

"About the same, Aunt Nell. His mind is perfectly clear and his last temperature was only 101, but he is terribly weak. Doctor Mills says that he has arrested the action of the plas—plas——"

"Plasmodia."

"Yes. He says that he'll have him up in a week."

"Now if we could only hear from Malcolm." Mrs. Duane's face quivered and she turned away. Lucia tiptoed over to where she stood and slipped her hand into that of her aunt.

"Don't worry so about dad, auntie dear. He's a good woodsman and as strong as iron. I know precisely what's happened. You see he loaded a haversack with food and camp gear and went into the woods prepared to hunt until he found Edna and Doctor Penfold, and he won't come out until his supplies give out. He has no way of learning that they've been found."

"But it's been four days!" Mrs. Duane's voice broke and she raised her handkerchief to her eyes.

"What if it has?" asked Lucia comfortingly, and seated herself on an ottoman at the side of her aunt. "The weather's been fine, and dad always says that there's no danger of getting lost as long as you can see the sun. Besides he's got his compass."

"But he might have got hurt in some way—broken his leg or twisted his ankle."

"Not a bit of it; dad's too old a hand for that! Then you must remember that some of the searching parties have not come in yet. No doubt he's fallen in with one of them. We'll get some news tomorrow, you'll see."

Mrs. Duane squeezed her niece's hand. "You're a great comfort to me, Lucia dear. Don't you really feel alarmed?"

"Not a bit." Lucia's voice carried a note of sincerity. She really had unlimited confidence in her parent's ability to take care of himself on either land or sea. "The person that I'm worried about is Edna."

Mrs. Duane glanced at her in surprise. "But why Edna?" she asked.

"I don't know, but she acts so oddly. She's nervous and silent, and last night after she'd gone to bed I heard

"Oh, Doctor Penfold," She Murmured, "I'm So Sorry—So Sorry"

her crying as if her heart would break—and you know Edna never cries unless there's a good reason."

"Perhaps she is anxious about Malcolm?"

Lucia patted the back of the slender hand. "You are the only person that is anxious about dad, Aunt Nell; we girls give him credit for his due amount of strength and resource. Dad's all right; though, of course, he must be in an awful state of mind. You know dad never shows his feelings much, but late that afternoon, when Edna and Penfold failed to show up, his face was positively gray. He was quiet enough, but I don't believe he's got any mustache left. I think he must have pulled it all out. Then he took the boys outside and told them to take what food they could carry and go into the woods with the dogs and stay there until their food gave out. He promised a horse and a shotgun to the man who found them. Dad understands negroes; he knew that that would keep them going longer than a money prize. But you see, Aunt Nelly, if he told them to stay in the woods until they found Edna and Penfold he would do the same thing himself."

Mrs. Duane's shoulders shook slightly and she touched her eyes again with her handkerchief.

"I'm afraid I never really appreciated Malcolm," she said unsteadily.

"No," Lucia answered; "I'm afraid you never have."

"What?" Mrs. Duane looked up quickly.

"To appreciate dad," said Lucia sententiously, "you've got to know him; and to know him you've got to love him. That's a bit rough on dad, because it's rather hard to love a person on faith. Some creatures have an instinct for it, like dogs and horses and negroes. Did you ever notice, Aunt Nelly, how dogs and horses and negroes love dad?"

"Y yes," answered Mrs. Duane rather faintly.

"Of course," Lucia continued, with the naïveté of age-old youth, "Dad has his faults like all the rest of us. Sometimes, when I have stopped to consider, I have wondered why everybody is so fond of him."

"Why?" Mrs. Duane's voice held a challenging note.

"Because he's so—so—well, such an idle, careless member of society. In many ways he's such a kid!"

"Lucia!" Mrs. Duane looked at her niece sharply. "Do you think that a respectful way to speak of your father?"

"N no," Lucia admitted slowly, "but then nobody really has a tremendous amount of respect for dad."

"Why, you silly child, *everybody* respects him." A flame of color spread over Mrs. Duane's soft cheeks. "What do you mean by saying such a thing?"

Lucia shrugged her pretty shoulders. "They like him and admire him," she answered thoughtfully, "but people haven't really much respect for a person who is kind and generous and easy-going. You've got to have a streak of cruelty to make people respect you; or if not actual cruelty, then selfishness. Dad is rather feudal. He gives what he's got, without stopping to think that we are no longer living in the Middle Ages, and can't turn round and take what we need from some public enemy or infidel or disagreeable neighbor. Dad's a back number. He ought to have lived a few hundred years ago. He knows that—or at least he feels it. Really, Aunt Nell, I don't think that dad would care much if he were to walk into a quicksand or get hopelessly lost in a cypress swamp or ——"

"Lucia!" Mrs. Duane's voice broke. "How c-can you talk so, you insane child! Are there any quicksands in those swamps?"

"It's full of them," Lucia answered gloomily. "My tukki bogged down to his withers one day. We had to haul him out with a lariat, and it nearly cut his head off. But you needn't think that dad is going to be fool enough to march into a quicksand—unless it happened to be at night," she added thoughtfully.

Mrs. Duane sprang to her feet and began to pace up and down the terrace again. Lucia hauled her ottoman to the railing, rested her bare elbows on the rail and stared down into the sunken garden. After two or three turns Mrs. Duane paused.

"What are you thinking about?" she demanded shortly, and touched her eyes with her handkerchief again.

"I'm thinking about Edna, Aunt Nelly."

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself, thinking about Edna when your father is in those quicksands!"

"There are worse quicksands than those in the Florida swamps," Lucia retorted. "I'm wondering why she cried."

"Pshaw—just nerves! Of course it was a frightful ordeal for a girl like Edna, who has never given a thought to the tragedies of life." She looked questioningly at Lucia, who retorted without looking up:

"I don't see any great ordeal about getting lost with a man like Penfold. He certainly could take care of one."

"But he was ill," said Mrs. Duane impatiently. "I asked him down here to rest and recuperate. He was only partially recovered from the malarial fever he caught in teaching his mission folk how to lay out their paddies."

"All the same," said Lucia obstinately, "he managed to stave off his fever until he'd got Edna out of the woods. It didn't strike him until they reached the cabin on the Little Sandy." She knit her white forehead and stared down at the Persian fountain.

Mrs. Duane did not appear to have been following her discourse with any noteworthy attention. She had been walking slowly up and down the terrace, twisting her moist handkerchief between her fingers.

"Are there many quicksands in those woods round the camp?" she asked abruptly.

"Lots." Lucia answered absently and without really thinking of what she said. Her violet eyes were fastened

(Continued on Page 45)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

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PHILADELPHIA, JULY 12, 1913

The Tariff Lobby

IT SHOULD not be forgotten, by the way, that the Democratic party deliberately invited the "numerous, powerful and insidious" tariff lobby, of which President Wilson complained not long ago. Not even triumphant Democracy can legislate in a vacuum.

To form an intelligent opinion as to what duties should be levied on cotton, for example, something must be known about conditions in the cotton trade; and the only way that information can be obtained is to inquire among persons familiar with the trade. Naturally a majority of persons most familiar with the trade are interested in having duties as high as possible. They swarm to Washington in order to instruct uninformed legislators.

The only possible alternative to a numerous and insidious lobby is a permanent non-partisan tariff commission, which will collect through its own experts the technical information that Congress must have. With such a commission there would be no excuse for a lobby. Without it a lobby is not only excusable but inevitable. A great quantity of expert technical knowledge is necessary for the framing of any tariff bill that recognizes the protective principle, as the Underwood Bill frankly does.

When the Government has no independent commission to acquire this knowledge interested manufacturers will volunteer it. So long as there is protective tariff legislation without a tariff commission there will be a tariff lobby.

A State Constitution

WE LEARN from an incidental item in the metropolitan press that the New York legislature at its last session passed one hundred and forty-five bills affecting cities, of which Governor Sulzer vetoed eighty-five. So far as we remember, this is the only news item from Albany this year that was of such nature as to provoke pleasurable emotion. It naturally suggests the score of a game and so appeals to a healthy sporting instinct. One pictures the governor, bat in hand, manfully swatting at a bewildering flock of wild balls. Only three out of seven got by him.

And in its last days the Illinois legislature measurably redeemed itself by a knockdown fist fight on the floor of the House. The comparatively rare occasions upon which a legislature rises to the height of furnishing even good amusement are worth recording.

One other thing the Illinois legislature did was to consider a resolution for a constitutional convention; but we doubt whether it is profitable for Illinois to make a new constitution just yet. Probably the state has not quite reached the point where it will abolish its archaic, absurd, incompetent, hopeless legislature of two houses and more than two hundred members, and substitute a very small, efficient, responsible, continuous lawmaking body, after the general pattern of commission government for cities.

Minnesota's Suggestions

MR. NELSON presented to the United States Senate a joint resolution of the Minnesota legislature, reciting that the Standard Oil concern has absolute control of the nation's if not the world's supply of crude petroleum and its products; has unlimited power to dictate the market prices of said commodities; and that said commodities have become a common necessity of life everywhere; that it is impossible for private capital to cope with or curb this gigantic monopoly. Wherefore Congress is requested to enact a law providing for Government ownership and control of the oil-producing industries.

Now that is an incomparably more sensible suggestion than Attorney-General McReynolds' notion of imposing a penal tax upon tobacco products for the purpose of crushing the alleged monopoly of the duly dissolved and legally non-existent Tobacco Trust.

For all those who see the United States laboriously panting out its last gasps under the strangle-hold of numberless insatiable trusts, the logical remedy is immediate state socialism. Clearly the Sherman Law and the Supreme Court will not help, for they have expended their curative powers upon the Oil and Tobacco Trusts in vain.

We have no fault to find with the Minnesota legislature; but we wonder how many members in voting for the resolution were actuated by a reflection that the juice for their automobiles is costing them seventeen cents a gallon this year, whereas two years ago they got it for twelve!

An Example in Statecraft

EVER since Catharine's time statesmanship has eagerly speculated upon the termination of Turkish rule in Europe. It was sixty years ago that Nicholas I laid before the British ambassador his polite little plan for dividing the estate of the "sick man of Europe." And among all possible ways of ousting the Turk the only one that statesmanship never dreamed of was the one that was actually employed.

The Balkan states had spent their troubled existence largely in quarreling among themselves. The well-informed correspondent of the London Times reports that the alliance among them had its practical beginning about three years ago.

In the spring of 1910 Turkey crushed a revolt in Albania by military methods such as were common enough in religious wars of the Middle Ages, but which modern nerves can scarcely endure, even in print. Macedonia had not revolted—but might; so the Turkish troops proceeded thither. And it was the abominations practiced upon their coreligionists near at hand that raised the Balkan temperature to the fusing and fighting point.

Turkey then suffered the experience that amazed the monarchical alliance which sought to invade disorganized, revolutionary France—the onslaught of a people mad clear through.

The job that had baffled statesmanship for a century proved surprisingly simple the moment a sufficient volume of genuine human passion got behind it. If we were running the world we would swap a ton of statesmanship for a single pound of passionate conviction.

A-B-C in Legislation

GOVERNMENTS do debatable things and foolish things. When a beet-sugar grower says he ought to have protection so long as cotton and woolen mills have any, there is a fair chance for argument. When railroads complain that forty-eight separate and independent bodies vested with power to make freight rates mean much trouble for them, they are not beyond the light of reason.

When the Department of Justice says a manufacturer operating under free, wide-open competition should not be permitted to fix the price at which his goods are sold to the consumer, it plainly speaks nonsense; but when a government gets down to bedrock and attempts to do something that, by modern lights, belongs in the very A-B-C of legislation, it has exactly as much trouble as though it were attempting the most dubious experiment.

For example, Pennsylvania has been trying again to get a good child-labor law. The chief feature is that no child under sixteen shall be permitted to work more than eight hours a day, or at all at night. And the glass and textile interests are up in arms as usual, vociferating that ruin stares them in the face if they cannot work children under sixteen more than eight hours a day, and at night.

To hear them, you would suppose the Pennsylvania legislature was about to embark upon a most radical and dangerous experiment. Undoubtedly the white-slavers, if they had the courage of their convictions, would solemnly memorialize Congress against the Mann Act as a deadly upas tree that was sure to devastate the nation.

That Farm You Want

A GREAT many city men who had little or no practical experience in farming before they tried it are succeeding at it. A great many others are failing. Others, more numerous than both these classes combined, are honing to make the venture. For them here is a simple recipe:

Take the price of a farm in the rural district you have selected and carefully deposit it in a sound bank at the best interest you can get for six months. If possible find an up-to-date, progressive farmer and hire yourself to him for the summer. Probably he will entertain so low an idea of your value as a farmhand that he will not even give you board for your labor; but, if you have no practical experience in farming and propose to make that your business, you can afford to pay him board and work a few months for nothing.

In the course of the summer you will discover many valuable things—as that following a furrow in loose dirt all day affects the feet in a way quite different from walking on a pavement, that the eighty you were on the point of buying because the view from the front porch is so lovely runs back into a sour, cold clay, which resists all known methods of cultivation in a wet season.

You will also discover that poor farmers work like galley slaves if they keep their heads above water at all, though good farmers work no more than a healthy man should; in fact the best farmer we happen to know frankly confesses that he has not done a lick of hard work in ten years. But he knows how every bit of work on his farm ought to be done and personally sees that it is done that way—which would be out of the question if he had not had practical experience.

At the end of a summer on the farm you will know what to buy and what to do with it afterward. If your progressive farmer will not let you work for him on any terms, at least sit on the fences a while, get acquainted with real farmers, and learn the locality before you buy.

When to Mend the Roof

"NO USE mending the roof in dry weather!" said the immortal citizen of Arkansas, because then it did not leak; and to mend it in a rainstorm was out of the question. That delectable precedent comes to mind upon noting how the country received Secretary McAdoo's announcement that the Treasury Department was prepared to issue to the banks half a billion dollars of emergency currency under the Aldrich-Vreeland Act.

That act was passed five years ago for the express purpose of coping with a panic. It provides that national banks which have complied with certain preliminary conditions may take out emergency currency, which shall be taxed at the rate of five per cent a year for the first month, and at the rate of one per cent additional for each succeeding month until the tax reaches ten per cent.

Of course no bank would take out circulation on such terms except to meet a most urgent necessity. To mention Aldrich-Vreeland circulation inevitably raises the suggestion of panic, which is always the last suggestion that bankers or business men generally wish to see raised. When Secretary McAdoo's announcement was published, banks all over the country began busily explaining that it had no reference to present conditions; that there was small likelihood of any actual resort to the law.

The law, in short, is so clearly designed to meet panic conditions that it can never be evoked without raising a presumption that panic conditions are imminent—which is the last presumption anybody wishes to be raised. Yet some representatives and senators are said to regard the Aldrich-Vreeland Act as a sufficient reason why there should be no further banking legislation. They cannot see the use of mending the roof in dry weather—because then the roof does not leak.

Who Gets the Money?

THE largest bank in the United States did two things the other day that attracted much attention. For months it had held to a minimum rate of three per cent for call loans on Stock Exchange collateral; but it suspended that rule and, as a result, call loans dropped below two per cent. Also, for a good while, in order to strengthen cash reserves, it had been out of the market for commercial paper—that is, had ceased buying merchants' and manufacturers' notes; but, at the same time the call rate was lowered, the bank bought several million dollars of commercial paper on a six per cent basis. At least one other very large bank is said to have followed its example.

So there you have the typical situation under conditions like the present—money plentiful and cheap for Stock Exchange speculation; money scarce and dear for legitimate business. For this the banks are not in the least to blame. The condition is forced upon them by our bad banking system. In a time of some stress the big city banks—holding the reserves of the country banks—must keep strong in cash or in paper immediately convertible into cash. Call loans on the Stock Exchange can be immediately converted into cash; but the notes of merchants and manufacturers, running from three to six months, cannot be realized upon until they mature.

Hence—inevitably—the city banks are chary of tying up their funds in commercial paper, but are free to lend on the Stock Exchange. There is no remedy for this except in a central organization that will always rediscount commercial paper, as the central banks of Europe do. Whether that organization is called a central bank or a regional reserve association is immaterial.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

A Broad and Able Citizen

BEING a Democrat—with a large D—is a trade, an inheritance, a protest, a conviction and, in these times, if one can get a political job, an inspiration, according to how you look at it; but being a democrat—with a small d—always is an obsession and in many cases a pose.

The democrats with the small d ordinarily have long hair, mostly have whiskers, never fail of being possessed of a mission, and, as they themselves admit, are gifted with a breadth of vision and a clarity of the same that entitles them to go lower case when the proofreader takes his hack at their designations in print. Democracy—with the large D—is a condition of frantically desiring to undo something or everything their political opponents have done, in order that in due time these selfsame political opponents shall be given a chance by our restless people to do over the things that have been undone. Whereas democracy with the small d—is largely a state of mind. The usual non-capitalized democrat thinks he is a democrat, theorizes his democracy, and in effect is about as democratic as our former fellow citizen, William Waldorf Astor, for example.

Occasionally, however, the sociological tides cast up a real one; and it so happened recently that, while Woodrow Wilson—at the present moment the Democrat of this country who is entitled not only to a large D but to all such extra capitalization as the types will admit—was walking along the shore pondering on the mutability of politics and the immutability of a political system that allows only one patriot for each office simultaneously, the ramifications of free sugar and the insidiousness of the lobby, and other pressing topics—it so happened that W. Wilson observed a real democrat and promptly annexed him.

I refer, of course, to Louis Freeland Post, concerning whom it is claimed by all who know him that he is not only a democrat but a fundamental democrat, whose career and character and convictions certainly give color to the claim. Mr. Wilson invited Mr. Post to become Assistant Secretary of Labor and Mr. Post accepted the invitation. The consequence is that among the shoals of Democrats we have in our possession a democrat; and there is more to the differentiation than casual consideration will discover.

Post has been the editor of a paper called The Public for the past fifteen years or so. It is a weekly paper and has no very extensive circulation as circulations go; but it has served to crystallize Post in a way, to define him, and to establish the claims his friends make for his fundamental democracy. Post, if I understand him at all, makes no particular concern of what his position may be considered or called. He is a short, whiskered, stocky, intense person, with views, and his mediums for the expression of those views have been his paper, his lecturing and his pamphleteering.

There is nothing political about his appointment, for Post is not political. He is an ably sincere propagandist, who has the great advantage of understanding—in a workable measure, at least—both sides of the most important economic problem in this country—the problem of labor and capital. It is quite possible—indeed, easy—to disagree with his views and his conclusions; but it is quite impossible to disregard his sincerity and his vigor. Moreover, he has what so many propagandists lack—the habit of consecutive thought and the practice of continuity of attack. He is a methodical democrat as well as a fundamental one, and uses the index and the ax with equal facility.

How Henry George Made a Convert

HE WAS born in New Jersey in 1849 and learned the trade of a printer in a country printing shop. After a few years of work as a compositor in Hackettstown, New Jersey, and in Brooklyn, he went to New York, studied law and was admitted to the bar in 1870. He was an assistant United States attorney for two years, with a leaning toward sociological and similar problems; and the smell of the ink of the printing office was always in his nostrils. So, in 1879, when one of his clients came to him and asked him what he thought about helping start a penny daily newspaper in New York—there was no such thing then—he thought very well of it, indeed, and put what money he had in the enterprise and became the chief editorial writer for it. His law business became a side issue.

One night in 1881, when he was making up his editorial page in the composing room, the make-up man—a printer named McCabe—told Post of a book he had read. It was a book called Progress and Poverty, written by another printer, named Henry George.

"I've heard of him," said Post. "He has no stability. He's a dreamer!"

Not long afterward Post read George's book on the Irish land question; and he wrote an editorial for his paper in which he proved incontestably that Henry George did not know what he was talking about. Other and pressing matter for editorial comment came along and editorial space was limited; so Post's editorial demolishing Henry George went over from day to day. There came a night when type was needed to fill the editorial space, and the make-up man lifted the editorial article on Henry George from the standing galley and put the type in the form. That was about a month later.

Next morning Post read his article. After a month it seemed a rather cocksure performance. He wasn't certain he had really demolished Henry George; so he sent the article to George and asked him what he thought about it. "In your opinion," wrote Post, "does this editorial of mine put you entirely out of business, or have you still enough vitality left to show me where I may be wrong?"

Henry George sent Post his book, Progress and Poverty. He advised Post: "Read this carefully; it is a linked argument." So Post read it; after he had finished reading it he was a convert to the tax theories of George and has preached those theories ever since. Being an intense and sincere person he began advocating the George theory immediately and took up the study of the allied economic subjects. He ran for Congress on a single-tax platform; for attorney-general of New York on a greenback platform, and for district attorney of the city of New York on a labor platform. He was editor of the George paper in New York in the campaign of 1886, and also edited for a time the Henry George magazine in the early nineties. In 1890 he definitely abandoned the practice of the law.

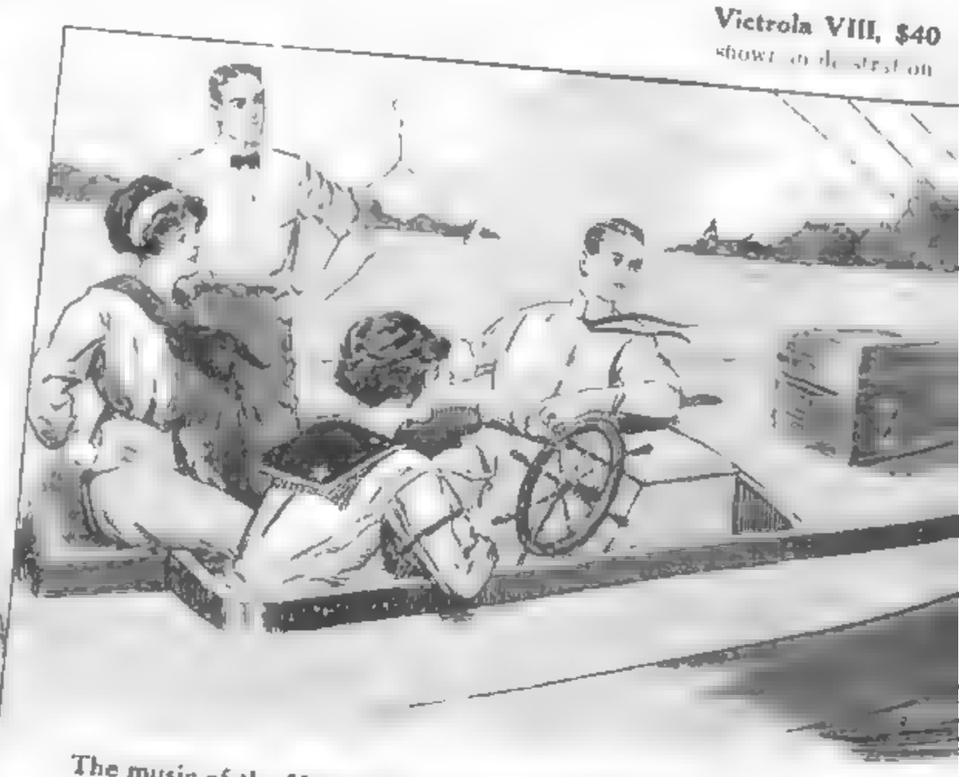
Then he edited a Tom Johnson paper in Cleveland and traveled over the country lecturing on the single tax and similar subjects. In 1898 the weekly Public was established in Chicago and Post has been its editor since that time. He has been a member of the Chicago Board of Education and of the Chicago Charter Convention.

Post differs from a great many men who urge reforms similar to those that engage his attention. Usually a propagandist knows nothing, sees nothing and believes nothing but the theory he advocates. Post has a singularly clear, efficient and broad view; and though, for example, he is thoroughly conversant with the needs of labor and in sympathy with much that labor demands, he also understands and appreciates the other side of the question, and has no illusions about the real causes of the friction—to say nothing of constructive ideas as to the remedies to be applied. He is a broad and able citizen, is Louis Freeland Post; and it is quite likely he will be of service to the country in his new position.

Victrola X, $75
shown in illustration
With Victor record albums, $85

On the porch with your friends and a Victor-Victrola

Victrola VIII, $40
shown in illustration



The music of the Victor-Victrola is particularly enjoyable on the water

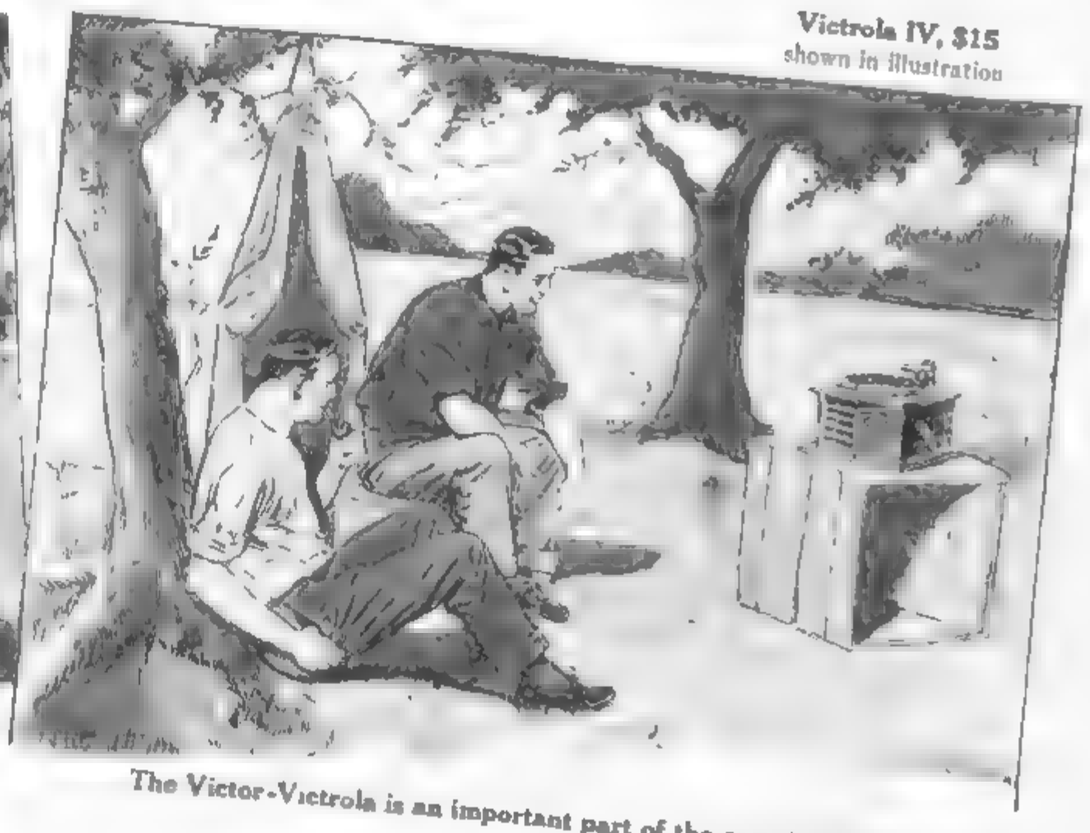
Take a Victrola you go away

Whether you go to the country, mountains, or sea-shore for the summer, or just camp out for a week or so, you'll be glad of the companionship of the Victrola.

This wonderful instrument enables you to take with you wherever you go the most celebrated bands, the greatest opera artists, the most famous instrumentalists, and the cleverest comedians—to play and sing for you at your leisure, to provide music for your dances, to make your vacation thoroughly enjoyable.

Victrola XI, $100
shown in illustration

An impromptu dance with a Victor-Victrola



Victrola IV, $15
shown in illustration

The Victor-Victrola is an important part of the camping outfit

with you when y this summer

And even if you don't go away, a Victrola will entertain you and give you a delightful "vacation" right at home.

There are Victors and Victrolas in great variety of styles from $10 to $500.

Any Victor dealer in any city in the world will gladly play your favorite music and demonstrate the Victrola to you.

Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J., U. S. A.
Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal, Canadian Distributors

Always use Victor Machines with Victor Records and Victor Needles—*the combination*. There is no other way to get the unequaled Victor tone.

Victor Steel Needles, 5 cents per 100
Victor Fibre Needles, 50 cents per 100 (can be repointed and used eight times)

New Victor Records are on sale at all dealers on the 28th of each month

Now $35
Buys This Competent ADDER
The "American"

The Latest

This is the latest of adding machines, built by one of the world's largest metal workers and perfected by men who know.

It is swift, full-size and competent. It adds, subtracts and multiplies. Its work is infallible.

Anyone can use it, and a little practice develops high speed – a hundred figures a minute.

It is a portable machine, designed for use at one's desk. The weight is but 17 pounds.

It is more convenient than the big central machine. No expert is needed. And the machine can be placed where you want it.

It does all the work possible with any non-lister—all that $150 machines can do. It is accurate, competent, rapid. It checks the user against mistakes in copying.

It is utterly simple. Seven keys take the place of dozens heretofore employed. This fact, plus our enormous output made by automatic machinery, makes possible this amazing price.

This machine is now used in hundreds of offices, to place an adder on every desk where computing must be done.

It is used in countless stores and offices which never before have afforded an adder. Any office, small or large, will welcome this machine. Let us send it for a test.

Ask for Trial

Send us this coupon and one of these machines will be placed with you on trial. There will be no obligation, and all charges will be prepaid.

We simply ask you to judge it, then keep it or return it as you wish.

Dealers Wanted

We seek dealers in every city with facilities for handling this Adder. Exclusive agency given. This is a rare business opportunity. (9)

AMERICAN CAN COMPANY
1202 Monroe Bldg.
Adding Machine Division—Chicago

You may place with me an American Adder for 10 days' trial, without cost to me or any obligation.

_____

_____

GETTING A WRONG START

(Continued from Page 17)

carry either my legal knowledge or my legal library. I had one lawbook, a copy of Chitty on Pleading, which my father had given me. I shiver at the thought of that book today! I had no one to back me—no friends; no influence.

Back home in the bank in the little village where I was born I had about ninety dollars left of my savings. That was my total cash reserve.

Many a young chap calmly has done well with a worse start than this; but I was not mentally calm. Why? *Cherchez la femme!* And let us allow it to go at that, since all this happened so very long ago. I have said it was some woman who sent almost all of us derelicts out into that country; so now I was going to take my place with derelicts and adventurers—morose, erratic, shiftless, idle, and sometimes touchy. Poker playing, drinking, carelessness of business as business, indifference to success as success, were to offer me my first actual training in the business world! Not that I drank or played, for I did neither.

I became a member in one of the most trifling law firms, I presume, ever organized. There was some need for legal assistance in the case of my friend's mining company. This was the only concern actually bringing any money into town, the payroll—paid with money from the East, which presently became difficult to extract—making pretty much all the currency then in circulation. The mill, when I arrived there, had not been completed; and it never to my knowledge was completed to the extent of making a paying mill run and cleanup. The laboring men were truculent, two-fisted chaps, who sometimes threw such a scare into the esteemed member of our firm who owed them money that he was fain to compromise by giving them checks on a Las Vegas bank where he had no money. Once I had occasion to stop a little lynching party of these laboring men, who were going to hang one of my partners. I have always regretted that I stopped them.

The district court was then just beginning to hold sessions in our county, which was about as large as Pennsylvania. Ours was not even a county-seat town and I had to ride fifty miles on horseback to get to the courthouse, which was located in a community as primitive and as tough as ours. We were in the center of one of the bloodiest frontier wars ever waged, in which lawyers were not much admired and human life was none too safe. There has never been any very great legal success made by any one in that country from then until now.

I recall very well my first visit to the county-seat of our county, where I was to be "called to the bar"—if I had luck. There was never any very warm welcome for a new lawyer in that country on the part of the old pirates who had held down the legal business in that territory for so many years. Hence I was warned that, if they could find any good excuse, they might oppose my admission to the bar. This sent cold chills down my spine, for I certainly did not know anything about the law. I did, however, have one friend in the profession who gave me some useful advice before I went up for my examination before the red-nosed assemblage that adorned our bar.

Pulled Through by Shelly

"I'll tell you," said he; "they won't ask you any very hard questions, because there are not many of them who know very much law themselves. You'll have to know the names of the different actions at law under the old common law. We practice under that down here and our forms follow Chitty on Pleadings. Then they'll ask you some questions about contracts and the like probably not very hard ones. And then, before the end of the examination, old man ———, from up at Vegas, will be sure to pull his hard question in the hope you can't answer. He will look wise and ask you: 'What was the rule in Shelly's case?' He'll swell all up when he asks you that question. He has blocked off I don't know how many applicants down here with that question."

Now I had not the slightest idea in the world what was the rule in Shelly's case, and did not even know who or when Shelly was; but my friend loaned me a lawbook with a marked page in it, and in the course of an hour or so I knew as much about Mr. Shelly and his case as anybody else at our bar—though I have no more recollection now about Shelly's case than I have of spherical trigonometry or differential calculus, in which I got marks of ninety-nine and five-tenths per cent pure in my university.

Sure enough they gave me a mighty uncomfortable time of it—two or three hours before the Court and the full bar. It was not what I would call a sociable time at all; but I suppose I made some kind of a showing. At last, as my friend had told me, old man ———, the most formidable figure at our bar, bent his piercing gaze upon me and said: "Young man, can you tell me what was the rule in Shelly's case?"

Now, as I sat there, the rule in Shelly's case was the one single, solitary thing I did know; but I artfully assumed a puzzled and troubled look of countenance. "Your Honor," said I, "if the Court please, my memory perhaps does not recall absolutely the full wording of that rule. I may perhaps not give the exact words, but as nearly as I bring it to mind it was this way ——" And so I gave it. For obvious reasons I will not attempt to give it here, for the book with the marked page did not belong to me. I presume Shelly's case still goes rattling down the grooves of time. Peace go with it! I do not know what it was, but it got me my admission to the bar of ——— County as a barrister, solicitor and attorney-at-law of good and regular standing. I have my framed certificate now on my wall, with that of my earlier admission back home. One is in pink, the other in black. Peace go with them!

Some Reflections on the Law

Of law, as I have said, there was in this town but little of the sort a good practitioner would care for. We had quite a docket of criminal cases and I was appointed by the court at that term as counsel for a prisoner charged with a serious offense, who had no money with which to employ a lawyer. The court, after some thought, concluded it might be safer for the prisoner if he also appointed another lawyer to help me defend him. We took our client and an interpreter out into the middle of the street after our straw bond had been accepted, and pointed south, in the general direction of Old Mexico. "Go!" we said to him. "Keep on going—and don't ever come back!" He obeyed. And that ended my first case which taught me a great deal more of law than I ever knew before.

I had no other case in that term when I was "called to the bar"; so I sat and watched the operations of the law in all its majesty. Our juries were mostly Mexicans or so much so that all proceedings had to be passed out second-hand by an interpreter. The Lord only knows what the interpreter said. A member of the bar frankly told me that in that country the man often won his case who had the most money to purchase Mexican testimony. It needed little observation on my part to show me the accuracy of this statement. It sat very heavily upon my conscience.

I know now that the real principles that were ingrained in my character by my father and my early associations were not those of the law, but those of sportsmanship, honor and fair play. The practice of the profession of the law is the most unsportsmanlike of all callings and the most unfair of all businesses. As seen with us, it was also the most corrupt. I went away from my first term at court with the conviction that the profession of the law as carried on in that country was not a noble profession, but a disgraceful one. I had never lived in this way and I did not want to make a living in this way. Ought I to have stuck to the law? I do not pretend to answer, for I do not know. I do know, however, that any one who had intended to elevate the bar of that country at that time would have had a difficult undertaking on his hands. So far as my later experiences were concerned, I have seen some good men engaged in the practice of the law, and very many who were not good men. I think many great corporation lawyers in the Northern cities are not a whit more honest than those who met in the little adobe courthouse in our county. Nor do I think they care any more for justice or fair play. To my mind the legal profession has been one of the great agencies of injustice in this country. It is costing us the principle of democracy in America. I left it, and from that day to this I have never regretted that decision.

I say I had few friends in our little mountain town. Gradually I made more, and it is in such a place as this that one makes lasting friendships. Much as I hated the practice of the law, there was something wholly admirable in the code of manhood and honor in that country. Though the courts had small principles, the men had large ones. Every man had to stand certain hard tests before he could be received into that society. If he stood the acid, as the saying went, he was accepted. To be a citizen, admitted to the councils of those men, meant that the newcomer had to have certain qualities worth while. A man's word was his word. Theft was unknown. Every man carried a discreet tongue in his head. It was supposed that every man would shoot on a point of honor. We all went armed. In some ways it was a hard training school, in other ways an excellent one. Even today the manner of life in that far-off little town seems large as compared to the standards of the civilization in which I have lived so long.

We tried a few murder cases at our court, but I never knew of a legal hanging. I knew of other hangings not so legal but more effective. We had in our country some notoriously bad men—desperadoes who one by one disappeared permanently. Sometimes the sheriff killed one; sometimes one was lynched; or sometimes one killed another. It is quite a peaceable country down there now. At no time was a man there in danger from footpads of the sneaking sort. That sort of danger exists in the great cities, where we spend millions in defense and millions more in tribute. There was a general charity of thought toward the personal preference of any gentleman, and a man might do about as he liked—up to a certain point. The property and the personal rights of others he was obliged to respect.

The peace officers of that country were men of splendid courage. To that extent there is some warrant in the blood-and-thunder Western stories mostly written by Eastern men. Most city desperadoes are cheap and dirty little cowards. They do not class with the bad men of that early day, who simply were running amuck, careless of their own finish. I would rather have a few of those old-time sheriffs than all the police force of the city where I live. In a couple of months they would found a large graveyard—and that would end a lot of the holdup business very quickly.

A Midnight Encounter

So it may be seen that there was much fascination but not much law practice in the life of our little mountain town, where the sun nearly always shone and where no one was in a hurry—even though under the outward calm human passions ran hot and swift.

Sometimes I have been asked whether that border country of long ago was a dangerous place for one to live, and whether I ever got into any trouble there. Outside of the chance of picking up a stray bullet, I don't think I was ever in a situation with very much definite danger but once. That was one night in a little place in the Southwest, when I was returning from a *baile*, or dance. The moon was shining quite brightly in the street when all at once I was confronted by two men, who came from I know not where. Neither do I know their exact errand—though sometimes trouble arose over dances at those places where Americans and Mexicans mingled, and where the ladies were mostly Mexican. In any case these two gentlemen were undoubtedly Mexicans and undoubtedly hostile. Their plan seemed to be to approach one on each side—the one on the right to do the holding, the one on the left to do the required business with a narrow-bladed knife.

It amuses me to hear men tell what they would do in this or that sudden situation of danger. I do not believe any man can tell in advance. I have never been able to tell just why my own conduct was such as it was. According to the creed of the country I should have killed both these men, and I wonder yet why I did not kill one of them. Instead of shooting from the hip as an Eastern writer of Wild West literature would have had it, I did not shoot at all;

but, jerking my heavy gun from its holster, I took all the time required to make a strong side-swipe at the head of the man on my left. It was an excellent shot—had the weapon been a rock in a stocking it would have been just as good—and the man went down very promptly. Still, I fear I did not play the game according to the rules. I entirely forgot the other man—who seemed to have disappeared into thin air, for I never saw him go—and dropped on the bosom of my fallen foe.

With something in my mind—I do not know what I shoved the muzzle of the gun into his face. I think if he had moved or even batted an eyelash I would surely have blown off all or part of his head; but, mercifully for him, the blow had knocked him quite senseless and he did not move. Wherefore I rose, and seeing none left to detain me, absented myself very swiftly. I hope the poor chap has come to by this time; but I never heard, for I left the town soon after without leaving cards of inquiry. He cut me a trifle on the arm; but as I have his knife to this day—I use it as a paper cutter—and as certainly I must have given him a headache in exchange, I presume we may call the score even.

At that time there was a little game left in the mountains thereabout and I fear I hunted grizzlies more than I did clients. The two together did not spell business success as we understand that phrase now. No period of my life ever had more effect on me than that of my stay in this mountain community, among these strong and independent characters. Then and ever since then, I fear, I have violated most of the rules for success in business.

It gradually became apparent, even to all of us lotus-eaters, that our camp was going downhill very fast. One after another of our men left the town, not to return. Of law business there was little or none, since we lawyers had tied up the one active mill with an injunction. Our little community—half mining town and half cow-camp—showed signs of folding its hands and going to sleep more or less permanently. Without much plan, I was approaching another parting of the ways. The determining factor in that was a purely accidental circumstance, and I cannot see where judgment had much to do with it.

When I was reading law in my little native town some one had shown me, by mere chance, copies of two different sporting journals. Those were the days of the railroad pass. When I determined to go to the Southwest I wrote the editor of one of these sporting papers and asked him if he could give me transportation in return for some stories I could write from the Southwestern country. He complied. I rode thither on my pass very proudly; and when I was not hunting bears or reading up on Shelly's case I used to put in some time doing some sketches about men and affairs as I found them about me. Fatal circumstance! My success in this seemed as easy as success in the law was hard. No blinking in regard to this—I returned eagerly time and again to the game. I had found what I enjoyed doing—found it by accident. The paper came back to our town and soon I was famous in a mild way.

The Story That Came Too Late

We had two newspapers in our Western mining town, one of them owned by two brothers. One of these brothers is now the mayor of a thriving Illinois town and a successful business man. I presume he also may look back with amusement to the early days when he was running a little paper in our half-wild community. The only profit was from the cowmen's advertising of registered brands and the occasional legal printing of mining locations, and so on. There was not very much news. This gentleman, however, for reasons satisfactory to himself, came to me one day and offered me five dollars a week to act as editor of his paper. I doubted if there was as much money in the world as five dollars a week, but accepted his offer. I presume this might be called my first step from the learned profession of the law into the learned profession of letters. I recall now some of the editorials I wrote in those days, trying to convince Eastern capital as to what chances it was overlooking in not coming to our country. Of course Eastern capital never saw our paper and would have paid no attention to it if it had; but we had done our duty.

Not so very long ago I was talking with the owner of this old paper and he told me of something which happened soon after I left that country, which will show very well the journalistic ideas of that time.

"We moved the paper down to the county-seat, you know," said he. "That was a few miles below the settlement on the Bonito. One time I was pulling off our edition on the good old Washington hand-press, and talking once in a while to a chap who had come down from Bonito and had been sitting round the office all day reading exchanges. I was about half through when all at once he sat up, spat at the stove, and said:

"'Say, would you like an item for your paper?'

"'What is it?' I asked him.

"'Why, there were thirteen people killed up in our town last night! I forgot to tell you.'

"'Were there?' said I. 'Why didn't you tell me sooner and I'd have put it in the paper. I've got her about printed now. Wait till I've got done and then tell me about it—I'll make a note of it for next week!'

"Now what he told me was true. There had been a big killing up there. A sort of crazy Easterner had sold a mining claim and got fifteen hundred dollars, and he had a notion everybody was going to rob him. He had this money in his clothes and was on his way out of town, but had to stop over night at this place. There was a sort of sawmill camp there and no hotel—only a boarding-house. There was only one room—or maybe two—in the house; and maybe twenty people were sleeping there all round the floor in all sorts of bunks."

The Doings of a Lunatic

"There was a woman there, with a baby in a cradle. Now in the night either this woman got up—or some one else got up—and moved round; that woke up this crazy Easterner, who saw some one standing near him and thought he was going to be robbed. He grabbed his gun and began to shoot, killing the woman. Then everybody began to shoot; and a good many were hurt, not knowing what it was all about.

"This half-crazy fellow, scared full crazy now, went outside, got on a horse and rode up the cañon. He could not find the way out; and at daybreak he came back, running his horse through the town and down the trail. He shot one or two people then. An old justice of the peace took a rest over a log with a big needle-gun and killed him.

"Now you would think," said my informant, "that was quite a story—wouldn't you? Well, we let it lie over a week, and as I remember it, we explained to inquiring friends that this fellow from Bonito had not told us anything about it until it was too late!"

Such also was my journalistic training in its early stages. I now had a sort of grounding in two professions, and in respect of which I had the worst preparation it would be hard to say; but, at least, my friend managed to pay me five dollars a week for a little while and professed to believe in my future—if I would pursue that future somewhere else and not on his payroll, for times were very hard. The owner of my paper said he would give me a pass back to the States. When I went away I promised him that in all likelihood I would come back; but I never did go back—at least, not for twenty-five years. What I saw then convinced me that, had I with scientific accuracy endeavored to select a location either for the practice of the law or the practice of journalism, I could not possibly have found a worse one than that in which I passed this stage of my career.

Ought I to have remained in that town? Was it strength or weakness that decided me not to do so? Ought I to have clung to the law? Ought I to have hung to local newspaper work? Nice questions—but I cannot answer them today.

One day, then, I took the mule stage bound to the railroad, a railroad pass in my pocket. At the cañon entrance I turned to look back at the little lotus land, lying in its encircling mountains, with the cloudless sky above it. I have never forgotten that place. We never forget the place where we have buried our dead; and when I looked behind me from the stage what I mostly saw there was the grave of a nice, shy, slender, sensitive, ragged sergeant in an army of derelicts, twenty-four years of age, dead broke and a failure!

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of three articles on Getting a Wrong Start. The second will appear in an early issue.

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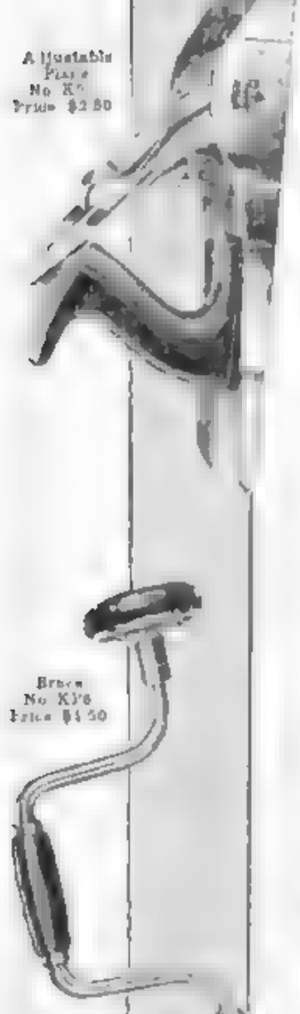

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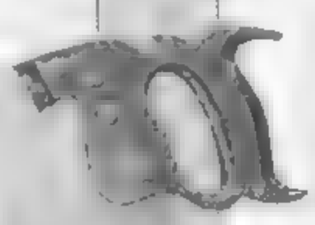

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THE FIGHTING SIX

(Continued from Page 19)

"If you've got a sure moneymaker up your sleeve," he agreed cautiously, "and can really deliver the goods, of course I am willing to make any reasonable arrangement—but don't talk to me about corner lots that are going to increase a thousand times in value before Christmas!"

"There are even more fellows in the real-estate business down there than in groceries," I said. "Though there may be a chance to make money in land, Foxcroft, I'll not ask you to invest a cent in that line of business. My proposition has several angles to it; but, first, I propose to sell mattresses."

"Mattresses!" Jim Foxcroft exclaimed. "What do I know about mattresses? I've always been in the grocery business; brought up in it from a boy!"

"In my father's store at Stony Bend," I told him, "we used to handle mattresses and I know something about them. However I don't claim any special knowledge on the subject—I don't think that will be necessary. The main thing, Foxcroft, is this: The people down in Oklahoma want mattresses. They can get groceries by the carload; but a lot of those chaps who've gone there are sleeping on unpadded bunks, and the women and children, too, because you merchants have been so busy feeding them that you haven't seen your real chance. I could sell a trainload of mattresses in Oklahoma today if I had them, and it wouldn't make any difference whether they were stuffed with wool, cotton, hair, moss or husks. If they were cheap nobody would stop to examine the insides."

I saw I had scored with Foxcroft. The tinge of excitement came into his cheeks and his eyes sparkled.

"What else could you sell?" he demanded.

"Overalls, for one thing! Why, the market is howling for them! Every pair that gets in there is snapped up with a swoop!"

"Anything else?" he asked.

"Yes; cooking utensils of various sorts; restaurant supplies of selected varieties; store appliances ——"

"We can't handle 'em all," he broke in; "we haven't the capital. I might be able to swing the mattresses for a starter. You'd better go up to Chicago tonight and see what sort of goods you can get in a rush. Then wait there until you hear from me before you buy."

"The firm name will be Foxcroft & Ewell?" I hinted.

He laughed.

"All right; that suits me if it does you. Foxcroft & Ewell, Dealers in Mattresses and General Supplies, won't be bad."

"And we don't need to confine ourselves to Oklahoma," I said. "Kansas needs mattresses, too, and probably Texas."

The Invasion of Oklahoma

"Ewell," said Jim Foxcroft, "go ahead and put this thing through. I've seen for months that I was in too deep, so far as groceries were concerned. I've seen ruin hanging over me; but I didn't know how to dodge out from under it. I've been saturated with groceries all my life and I couldn't see anything else; yet sometimes I have thought that perhaps there might be opportunities in other goods if only I could make just the right turn. Now I'll take the chance with you, Ewell—not because I prefer mattresses to groceries, but because I've got to get hold of something else or sink."

"You're not taking a big risk," I said, "when you buy stuff the people want; you are sure of selling it again at a profit, Foxcroft, if you work the thing with ordinary horse sense. The risk comes when you try to hammer goods into markets that are already surfeited. There's no use trying to make one sponge absorb a whole bucket of water; there are usually dry sponges to be had in abundance."

Of course the risk he took lay in the soundness of my judgment, but this he verified by going down to Oklahoma himself that night, while I went to Chicago. He wired me next day to go ahead.

In this way Jim and I established the firm of Foxcroft & Ewell, while the house of J. Foxcroft, Wholesale Grocer, retired from the field. And results proved the accuracy of my observations and researches down in Oklahoma. From the day we founded our wholesale and retail mattress business we made money. We did it simply by fitting ourselves to the market instead of attempting to pour goods into a non-absorbent, or into a commercial vascular system already full.

I do not say it is always easy to do this, or always possible—but I believe that most men in business could adapt the principle in numerous ways with vast benefit. In fact it is the very principle on which many houses have grown to big proportions. I know an old man who owns a small locksmith shop. A generation ago he invented a lock and has been manufacturing it ever since; he never invented anything else. Of course the demand for it today is small.

I know another lock concern, that started at the same time and on about the same scale. But this latter concern watched the market to see what the people would buy. Every year it has put out from ten to twenty new products—special locks, door-springs, double hinges, and so on, until it employs thousands of workmen and has paid out fortunes in dividends. Yet somehow the houses with original ideas in market-feeding seem amazingly rare.

For a number of years we had our headquarters in Oklahoma, and by degrees we took on new products until we handled, or represented as manufacturers' agents or brokers, a good many items of stock, from washtubs to wagons. One particular phase of my individual duties was to keep analyzing the markets continually to discover additional ways of making money with the minimum outgo of salesmanship and expense. In short, we became distributing agents for other concerns, as well as manufacturers of mattresses on our own account.

When Success Is Certain

Thousands of men down there in those early days tried to get rich dealing in boom real estate; but of that whole original batch of fellows I can count on my fingers the ones who succeeded, despite the undeniable fact that land values increased tremendously. One of the men who lost all he possessed was the Newton grocer I have mentioned. He went back to Kansas broke, reëntered the grocery business with the backing of friends, and made money. Up there the people wanted groceries, you see. He finally became a county commissioner and died respected, in good circumstances. The trouble down in Oklahoma had been that he entered to his imagination rather than the actual market.

That is the trouble with most men who go in for real estate of the unstable kind. When a man buys six or eight pieces of property, for which he pays chiefly in mortgages, he imagines that other fellows are going to fall over themselves to take the parcels off his hands at a profit. This is not an analysis of markets, but a bet pure and simple.

I kept out of boom real estate, though I could have bought for two hundred dollars a piece of land near Robinson and Main Streets that sold ten years afterward for fifty thousand. I never regretted my failure to buy, for I do not believe I should have been the one to make the profit. I'd have sold the land again and spread out, and eventually entangled myself in the net that got all those thousands of fellows.

Meanwhile, however, I made a lot of money out of those chaps in legitimate trade. Our goods very nearly sold themselves. While the boomers were chasing mythical fortunes over the rolling hills of Oklahoma, Jim Foxcroft and I were quietly following them and supplying the beds they needed to sleep on, and so on. There was no myth about the profits they supplied us.

In a decade about a million people came to Oklahoma to live—you see the food on which a sane business may grow. And remember that this food is not indigenous to Oklahoma. The state of New York in ten years increased its population nearly two millions, Illinois a million, and Texas more than eight hundred thousand!

So the time came when I said to Foxcroft:

"We're too big for Oklahoma, Jim—or, rather, the rest of the country is too big for us to stay here. Let's move up to Chicago and reach out for more people who want mattresses and things."

We now had a capital of fifty thousand dollars, and we moved to Chicago. After we got settled up there I sent for Charlie Tufts, who had become general manager for a big house in St. Louis.

"Charlie," I said, "we want a man to represent us as manager of our Western headquarters—we're going after general merchandise business in a broader way. How would you like the job?"

"How much?" Charlie inquired.

"We can start you on five thousand, and expenses when you travel."

For a few minutes he did not answer, but sat in a pensive attitude, looking out of the window at the trains on the L loop. Finally he spoke:

"The firm name would look mighty well as Foxcroft, Ewell & Tufts."

In short, we fixed it that way; and Charlie became as lively a partner as any house could wish. He had an amazing faculty about him—Charlie did—for finding out what the people wanted to buy. One of the first things he did was to wire us that shovels would sell in Texas like red lemonade at a country circus; later he wrote that clothes-wringers would make a hit in Arizona, and that baby go-carts were exceedingly popular up in Washington.

Then, after a while we began to look for markets in the East; and, sure enough, we found them—though not always easily or in every place we looked. But in a lot of states and counties and towns we found people who wanted stuff we could sell them at a profit. It did not really make much difference to us what it was, so long as the people really wanted it and were satisfied when they got it. No matter whether you are in the general merchandise business or just selling a single product like doorknobs or pickles, your goods must benefit the customer if you want to make your house grow.

Today it would be hard to tell whether our headquarters is in Chicago or New York. Our partnership has been changed to a corporation and we are still finding new markets—some of them over the seas.

A number of years ago I was down in Oklahoma City on a business trip, when I ran across Henshaw Hogan in the lobby of a Broadway hotel. He and his wife were on a pleasure jaunt to the Coast. I had been back in Stony Bend a number of times, but somehow my flying stops had always happened to be when Hen was away. He was the only one of the Fighting Six, you know, who had stuck to the old town. Right there in that little old burg he had found markets that had made him independent; and he was president of the Stony Bend Exchange Bank as well as a stockholder in various factories.

"Hen," I said as we shook hands in the hotel, "I've always wanted to apologize for those remarks I made to you just before I left home. And if old Loren Rixey were living today I should like to thank him for closing out my father's little store and turning me into the world. I've done pretty well, Hen, and I think the world is a mighty good place to be put in."

"How much are you worth?" he inquired.

"I don't want to boast," I returned; "I'll be modest and say about a million."

"Horace," said Hen, "you'd have got along all right even if you had stayed in poor old Stony Bend. You had it in you. Of course it isn't likely you'd have made a million—I haven't done anywhere near that myself. But you wouldn't have become a charge on the county!"

Hen laughed and we had some rootbeer together. He was a prohibitionist in principle and I seldom took anything myself. We talked a long time and Hen told me his story about as he has told it to you in his Fighting Six narrative. Then he asked me rather abruptly:

"Horace, what's the best and shortest recipe you know for getting rich?"

This was easy to answer, for I had been working it out for fifteen years.

"Sell the people what they want," I said.

Editor's Note—This is the fifth in a series of six articles by Edward Mott Woolley. The sixth will appear in an early issue.

GOLD DUST FROM GOOD ROADS

(Concluded from Page 11)

seventy-one thousand miles, and employs eighty thousand patrolmen to keep them in repair. The United States has some two million two hundred thousand miles of road; if we had a Federal patrolman to maintain every five miles of road we should have an organization of over four hundred thousand men directly responsible to a bureau in Washington, and the tendency would be toward its centralization as a political machine, which, under our system of government, would absolutely control the political machinery of the country.

This danger would be minimized by making these men employees of the state and providing only Government inspection to determine the efficiency of the maintenance. In my opinion the country should be divided into districts containing approximately fifty thousand miles of road each, with an engineer in charge of each district.

The establishment of a National Academy of Highway and Bridge Engineering I deem of no less importance than the maintenance of military and naval academies.

Though it is true that state institutions can give instruction in highway engineering, few if any are or will be equipped to give the extent and character of instruction requisite to qualify a man for supervision of large undertakings in highway construction.

Moreover, a national institution is needed to equip men for the work of giving instruction in the state institutions. A national academy will bring together the best experts to be had, will provide the best possible equipment for testing road material according to the most approved methods, and will establish a desirable *esprit de corps* among the highway engineers, insuring higher standards of efficiency. Such an institution will be a means for the collection of the best information on road building from all the world and serve as a means of dissemination of such information throughout the United States.

Such is the plan I have suggested for consideration. It comprises: Utilization of the superior credit of the Government in raising a billion-dollar construction fund; direct appropriation of two billion dollars in fifty years by the Federal Government and the states in coöperative maintenance of roads after permanent improvements have been made; and educational work that will insure an adequate supply of qualified supervision.

The importance and value of road improvement must be conceded. I submit that I have suggested a plan of Federal and state coöperation in road construction and maintenance which will bring desired results without establishing a pork barrel or leading to bureaucracy or unlimited expenditures.

Vanishing Beavers

OVER wide areas the beaver is already exterminated and he is rapidly diminishing elsewhere. Though more than twenty states have recently passed laws for the protection of this animal, these laws will give this useful creature but little protection until a greater interest is awakened in his works. Beaver fur is temptingly valuable. Beavers multiply rapidly where protected. Man is their worst enemy. All others are easily outwitted, and where man keeps hands off the beaver readily maintains populous colonies along the streams where his ancestors long held dominion.

A beaver colony is one of the most alluring attractions of the outdoors. The gnawed stump, the picturesque dam, the strange canal, the crude, primitive house and autumn's harvest home for long winter, all form an endless source of interest for the old and the young. Increase the number of beaver colonies and this will lead to a large increase of people out beneath the open sky.

Children are ever interested in the beaver, and this animal might be helpfully used to promote thought and to push education. If boys and girls became thoroughly acquainted with the beaver, with his adventures, labors and accomplishments, they would thereby acquire interesting information concerning our natural resources. Aroused by the fascinating information concerning the beaver, these children would perhaps desire to know more about the practical things in the lively University of Nature.

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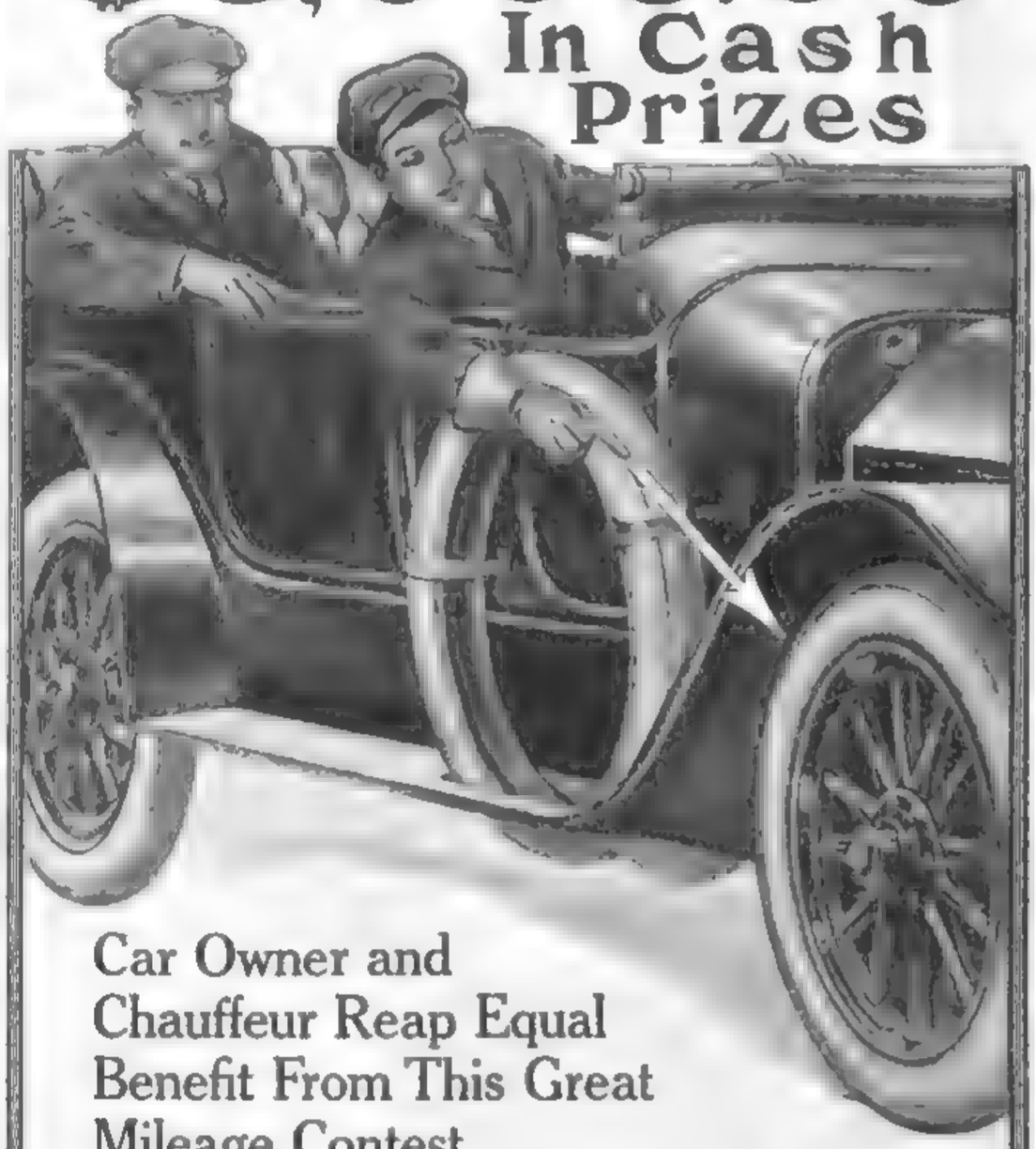

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It is easy to enter the Ajax Mileage Contest. See that your car is equipped with one or more Ajax Tires, and fill out a separate regulation entry blank, signed by your employer, obtainable from any Ajax Branch or Dealer, for each individual Ajax Tire. *Enter now and take advantage of the remaining time allotted to the Contest.*

AJAX-GRIEB RUBBER CO.

Contest Department Broadway and 58th Street, New York

AJAX BRANCHES

Brooklyn—1181 Bedford Ave., Boston—1084 Boylston St., Philadelphia—316 No. Broad St.; Atlanta—48 Auburn Ave., Dallas—1513 Jackson St., Detroit—507 Woodward Ave., Chicago—1507 Michigan Ave.; Cleveland—18th St. and Euclid Ave.; Kansas City—1606 Grand Ave.; Minneapolis—905 First Ave. So.; Seattle—917 East Pike St.; Denver—1518 Broadway; San Francisco—Golden Gate and Van Ness Ave.; Los Angeles—1229 So. Olive St.; Portland, Ore.—329 Auburn St.

DEALERS IN PRINCIPAL CITIES

CUT OUT AND MAIL AT ONCE

AJAX-GRIEB RUBBER CO., Broadway and 58th Street, New York

I wish to enter the Ajax Mileage Contest. Please send me name of nearest branch or dealer so that my entry may be properly made

Name _____

Address _____

FISK Tubes

Fisk Inner Tubes Are Not *Simply* Tubes

They Are Dollars in Your Pocket Because They Greatly Reduce Your Tube Expense

FISK TUBES ARE PERFECT. There is no guess work, no chance about them. We have doubled the service and halved the expense for thousands of tube buyers. *We can do it for you.* Our confidence is based on a long record of actual accomplishment.

Fisk Tubes are pure gum tubes, made of the finest Pure Para Rubber vulcanized by the aid of sulphur to exactly the right degree to produce long life. You cannot take one of them in your hand without appreciating its quality from the texture.

Fisk Tubes have an original splicing which makes thin spots impossible. They are never porous. The construction is such that no imperfection can be present to develop a slow, but constant leak of air.

Using Fisk Tubes Three Years Old

Thousands of Fisk Pure Para Tubes purchased three years ago are in service today. On the shelf or in the casing Fisk Tubes do not deteriorate. They do not harden, nor do they stretch out of shape. They stand double the number of puncture repairs that the ordinary tube will stand.

Send for Sample Section of Fisk Tube
It Tells the Story of Fisk Quality

Fisk Tubes are built regardless of cost. The only economy which is recognized is that which we can ultimately offer YOU as a tire user. Only a tube built like the Fisk can give FISK SERVICE.

THE FISK RUBBER COMPANY

Factory and Home Office Chicopee Falls, Mass.

THE FISK RUBBER COMPANY OF N.Y.— BRANCHES

ATLANTA BALTIMORE BOSTON BROOKLYN BUFFALO BUTTE CHICAGO CINCINNATI CLEVELAND DETROIT DES MOINES DENVER FARGO FRESNO HARTFORD INDIANAPOLIS KANSAS CITY LOS ANGELES MILWAUKEE MINNEAPOLIS NEW ORLEANS NEW YORK OAKLAND OMAHA PHILADELPHIA PITTSBURGH PORTLAND PROVIDENCE ROCHESTER SACRAMENTO SAN FRANCISCO SEATTLE SPRINGFIELD ST. LOUIS ST. PAUL SYRACUSE WINNIPEG

THE FISK COMPANY OF TEXAS - DALLAS, SAN ANTONIO, HOUSTON

THE BLIND GODDESS

Continued from Page 9.

door in a certain manner and was admitted to a private gambling club. However, Tiberius Tinker had not come here to gamble. He sought four young gentlemen of his acquaintance, gave them certain instructions and a ten-dollar bill each, and departed—calling it a day's work.

Early Sunday morning he dropped in at the city prison for a peep at the prison register and the report in process of preparation for the Monday morning harvest of the Saturday and Sunday crop of miscreants. Apparently satisfied he engaged a motor car and about half-past ten drew up in front of the humble home of Officer Timothy Muldowney, bailiff in Judge Porter's Police Court, Department Four. Officer Muldowney happened to be hosing down his front lawn.

"You're a fine Christian!" taunted Tiberius Tinker. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself—working on Sunday! Come along with me, Mul, and bring the missus and the kids. I've got this car for the day."

Officer Muldowney accepted with alacrity. He and Mrs. Muldowney changed into their Sunday finery and departed with Mr. Tinker.

Assuming several miles of film to have been consumed by this time, suppose we insert another reel.

"Call the morning calendar!" growled Police Judge Porter, and glowered at the prisoners in the dock. "You might begin, Mr. Clerk, by asking Officer Muldowney to come into court. We can't do such a large Monday morning business without our bailiff."

"May it please Your Honor," piped the clerk of the court, "Officer Muldowney was taken violently ill about ten o'clock last night and was unable to report this morning. Officer Kerrigan has been detailed in his stead."

Whereupon Officer Kerrigan, a stolid, muttonheaded individual, came forward and placed his broad back against the iron gate of the dock.

"Proceed!" ordered His Honor.

One by one the culprits came forth, stood fidgeting beside Judge Porter's desk, and lied or told the truth about themselves according to their cosmopolitan natures and inclinations. Finally:

"Gilbert de Grancourt!" called the clerk. "Drunk and disorderly, and resisting an officer."

Officer Kerrigan unlocked the gate of the dock and Gilbert de Grancourt stepped forth. He was a mild, neat young man, the very last person one would suspect of the crimes charged against him.

"Well, Gilbert," began the judge, waxing facetious after the time-honored custom of police judges, who feel it incumbent upon them to crack jokes in an atmosphere of misery and woe, "why such a cut-up?"

"Please, judge," quavered the prisoner, "don't be hard on me. I don't know why I got drunk. It was an accident. I'm not a drinking man, judge. Why, look at my face and you can tell I'm temperate. It was a horrible accident, Your Honor; and I don't remember resisting the officer. If I struck him or abused him I'm awfully sorry, and I'll be glad to apologize to him."

"Where are you employed, Gilbert?"

"I'm the cashier of the Sun Insurance Company, sir. Please let me go, Your Honor! I've never been in trouble before; and if this gets out"—here his voice grew husky with fright—"I'll lose my job, and then I don't know what's going to become of my poor mother! Judge, I'm guilty, I guess; but for God's sake don't be hard on me! Fine me and let me go. This thing'll never happen again, Your Honor. I promise you, judge—on my word of honor ——"

From the corridor the sound of a rich, unctuous curse floated into Department Four. "You're a dirty liar!" and "Take that, you cheap dip!" resounded above the subdued babble of the spectators. There was the sound of a hearty slap and a body crashed against the courtroom door.

"Stop that fight!" the judge ordered. "Bailiff, arrest those rowdies in the corridor and bring them into court!"

Officer Kerrigan dashed out into the corridor and the sounds of conflict gradually died out. The battle drifted down the corridor. The judge turned to the unhappy Gilbert de Grancourt.

"Well, Gilbert, I don't think you were designed by Nature for a life of crime. You've been sufficiently punished by a night in jail; so I'll overlook your first offense. There will be no fine. You may go now, Gilbert de Grancourt—and don't let me see you here again."

"Oh, thank you, judge!" the prisoner murmured tremulously. He clasped a handkerchief to his face and walked swiftly out of court. Tiberius Tinker softly rose and pussy-footed after him.

In front of the Hall of Justice a taxi stood throbbing. Gilbert de Grancourt stepped into it. Tiberius Tinker cast a quick glance up and down street, saw that he was not observed, and leaped in after Gilbert de Grancourt. The taxi proceeded round the block and paused at the rear entrance of the building where Tiberius Tinker had his office. He led his companion up the stairs and into his private office, where Hamilton Grimes Curtis sat awaiting their arrival.

"My boy!" he cried, and the tears started into his old eyes. He crossed the room and folded Mr. Tinker's companion in a fatherly embrace.

"Father!" cried the young man. He, too, broke down and commenced to snivel, like the graceless young whelp that he was.

"There, there, sonny!" soothed the old man. "It's all too bad, but I'm not going to preach now. It doesn't seem to do any good. With Mr. Tinker's help we've gotten you out of the hands of the police, and all that now remains is to get you out of the country. Come, come, Harvey! Buck up now! We'll talk it over later on, boy. Now is the time for action."

He unlocked a suitcase and tossed a change of garments on the table, while Tiberius Tinker drew from his desk a bottle of brownish fluid.

"You're easily fixed, Percy the Penman," he said, with the greatest good nature in the world. "You have dark hair providentially. Hold over your head and your arms, and I'll make you a lovely brunette in two minutes."

Five minutes later Percy the Penman's father declared that, had he not been a witness to the transformation, he would have failed to recognize his own son.

"Mr. Tinker, sir," he declared earnestly, "you're a positive genius! Before we part do tell me how you worked this affair."

Tiberius Tinker smiled the arch, contented smile of one who knows his is an art beyond imitation.

"I don't mind, Mr. Curtis. The recipe may come in handy some day for our young friend here. It was simplicity itself. I merely took advantage of certain circumstances and provided for certain contingencies.

"Now, in the first place, the police had your son held in detinue, which means that no charge had been preferred against him. This is unlawful, but the police do it just the same. I got out a writ of habeas corpus and the police were then forced to swear to a formal complaint or produce him in court immediately, if I insisted. They swore to the complaint, which made it unnecessary to press the habeas corpus proceedings and made it likely that your son would have his preliminary examination in the police court this morning and be bound over for trial before the Superior Court.

"Now it is one of the rules of the police department that a bailiff must familiarize himself with the faces of the prisoners in his charge. Officer Muldowney has been a bailiff in Department Four so long that it has become second nature with him to see to it that the right prisoners answer to the right names. Officer Muldowney is a smart Irishman. Officer Kerrigan is not. Consequently Officer Muldowney had to be removed and Officer Kerrigan substituted. I took Officer Muldowney for a spin in a hired automobile yesterday and fed him a French dinner afterward. It cost me twenty-five dollars for the rental of the car and fifty dollars for that dinner. Officer Muldowney has a hollow leg. He downed six quarts of champagne—and he is a sick man this morning. In order to provide for emergencies, however, I gave the waiter five dollars to slip Officer Muldowney a pompano that wasn't quite as young as it used to be.

"I gave four young men ten dollars each and posted them in the corridor, with instructions to pick a fight with the detective from the Bankers' Mutual Protective Association when he should appear on his way to court. He would have recognized our

Lost power means worn metal

"X" indicates the motor where your power develops. But:

A great deal of the power developed in combustion chambers never gets to the rear axles.

Most of the power lost on the way is taken up by friction.

If motorists understood better the costly results of unnecessary friction they would select their lubricating oil with the greatest care.

Only oil of the very highest lubricating **quality** *can properly protect the moving parts.*

Only oil whose **"body,"** *or thickness, is suited to your feed system can properly reach the friction points.*

Correct "*body*" is quite as important as correct *quality*.

And correct "body" cannot be determined by guess.

Motor-constructions differ widely. Before the correct "body" for your feed requirements can be determined, the construction of your motor *must* be known and carefully considered.

To this end, every year we analyze the motor-construction of each of the season's models. Guided by this analysis and by practical experience we determine the correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil for each make of car.

The correct oil for each car we then specify in a lubricating chart (printed, *in part*, on the right).

The oils specified have extraordinary wearing qualities and will retain an efficient lubricating "body" under the most exacting service demands. Their "body" suits the feed requirements of each car they are recommended for.

The lubricating chart on the right represents the professional advice of a company whose authority on scientific lubrication is unquestioned the world over—The Vacuum Oil Company.

If you use oil of lower lubricating **quality** *or of less-correct* **"body"** *than that specified for your car, your motor must face loss of power, unnecessary friction, and ultimate serious damage.*

In buying Gargoyle Mobiloil from dealers it is safest to order either a full barrel, half-barrel, or a **sealed** five-gallon or one-gallon can.

See the name and our red Gargoyle on the container.

A booklet, containing our complete lubricating chart and points on lubrication, will be mailed you on request.

GARGOYLE

Mobiloil

A grade for each type of motor

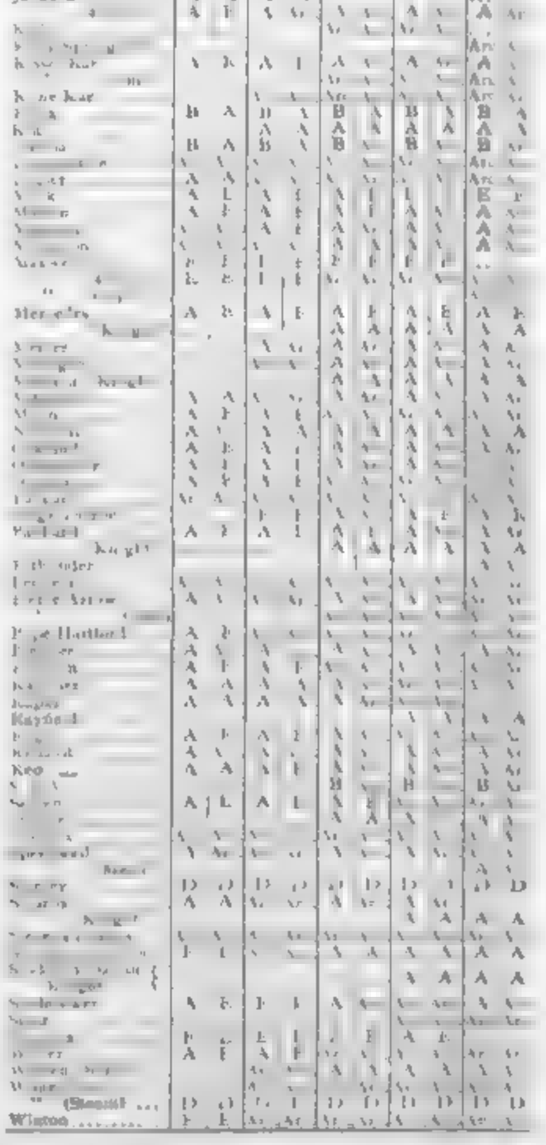
The various grades, refined and filtered to remove free carbon, are:

Gargoyle Mobiloil "A"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "B"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "D"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "Arctic"

They are put up in 1 and 5 gallon *sealed cans*, in barrels and half barrels. *All are branded with the Gargoyle which is our mark of manufacture.* They can be secured from all reliable garages, automobile supply stores and others who supply lubricants.

Correct Lubrication

Explanation: In the schedule, the letter opposite the car indicates the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil that should be used. For example "A" means "Gargoyle Mobiloil A." "Arc" means "Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic." For all electric vehicles use Gargoyle Mobiloil A. The recommendations cover both pleasure and commercial vehicles unless otherwise noted.



VACUUM OIL CO., Rochester, U. S. A.

Distributing warehouses in the principal cities of the world. Branches in United States:

DETROIT Ford Bldg. · BOSTON 49 Federal St. · NEW YORK 29 Broadway · CHICAGO Fisher Bldg. · PHILADELPHIA 4th and Chestnut Sts. · INDIANAPOLIS Indiana Pythian Bldg. · MINNEAPOLIS Plymouth Bldg.

Try this treatment for whitening the skin tonight, just before you retire.

Sallow, Freckled Skins

How to whiten them

Summer suns bring to many women a new complexion problem. Skins which at other times seem flawless, during this period often develop freckles or other unsightly spots. Any natural tendency toward sallowness seems to be increased. Prolonged exposure often brings about an undue tanning which, if not corrected, may become permanent. Something must be done to whiten the skin without injuring its texture.

Try this simple, natural method tonight

Just before you retire, cleanse the skin thoroughly by washing in your usual way with Woodbury's Facial Soap and lukewarm water. Wipe off the surplus moisture, but leave the skin slightly damp. Now dip the cake of Woodbury's in a bowl of water and go over your face and throat several times *with the cake itself*. Let its lather remain on over night, and wash again with Woodbury's in your usual way next morning.

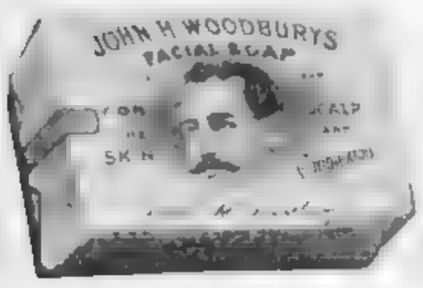
Woodbury's Facial Soap is the work of an authority on the skin and its needs. This treatment with Woodbury's is just what your skin needs to whiten it. Use it every night—unless your skin should become too sensitive, in which case discontinue until this sensitive feeling disappears. A marked improvement will be seen after a few applications, and your skin will soon become just what you want it to be. Use Woodbury's regularly thereafter in your daily toilet and *keep* your skin *in perfect health*.

Woodbury's Facial Soap costs 25c a cake. No one hesitates at the price after their first cake. As a matter of fact it is not expensive, for it is solid soap—all soap. It wears from two to three times as long as the ordinary soap.

Go to your dealer's today and get a cake. Tear off the illustration of the cake below and put it in your purse as a reminder.

Woodbury's Facial Soap

For sale by dealers throughout the United States and Canada



Write today for Samples

For 4c we will send a sample cake. For 10c, samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Powder. For 50c, a copy of the Woodbury Book and samples of the Woodbury preparations. Write today to the Andrew Jergens Co., Dept B-6, Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

young hopeful here. He arrived while Percy was on the carpet; and before the battle in the corridor was over your son and heir was a free man. Previously I had also taken the precaution to impersonate an upper-office man, and over the phone I told the president of the Marine National Bank that he and the paying teller would not be needed in court to testify until eleven-thirty. I explained that Judge Porter had an unusually heavy calendar on Monday mornings, and felony cases were not taken up until the misdemeanor cases were disposed of. I told Grigsby I realized how valuable his time was and desired to save as much of it for him as possible. He thanked me kindly.

"Having advance information to the effect that Officer Muldowney would be *hors de combat*, I gave a certain higher-up fifty dollars to detail Officer Kerrigan as temporary bailiff in Judge Porter's court. Officer Kerrigan was invaluable to the success of my scheme. He is a delightful bonehead and has been on the force just ten days.

"Now there are four police courts in this city, and until Monday morning I did not know to which one your son's case would be assigned. I was forced to engage four young men at ten dollars each to feign drunkenness and assault a policeman. Gilbert de Grancourt—so called because the name would appeal to the judge as being quite in harmony with your son's personality—was one of these young men, all four of whom followed my instructions and contrived to get themselves arrested.

"When Gilbert de Grancourt's name was called in Judge Porter's court this morning, acting under previous instructions from me, Gilbert remained discreetly in his seat, but the moment Bonehead Kerrigan opened the gate of the dock out popped our youthful hero. There was not a soul in court to dispute his identity; and how he pleaded the case of Gilbert de Grancourt and melted the judge's hard heart is now or shortly will be a matter of police-court history. Suffice the fact that he is here with us now. In a moment he will leave us. Nothing now remains except settlement of the damages, which is as follows:

Entertainment of Officer Muldowney . .	$50.00
Hire of four gangsters at $10.00 each . .	40.00
Probable fines of four gangsters, say . .	100.00
Hire of four chappies to assault officers . .	40.00
Probable fines of four chappies, say . . .	30.00
Purchase of Officer Kerrigan for one day .	50.00
Telephone, taxicab, and so on, say . . .	10.00
Total overhead expense	$350.00

Mr. Curtis nodded approvingly.

"Marvelous! Marvelous! I should have called it cheap at a thousand, Mr. Tinker."

Tiberius Tinker smiled a little sheepishly.

"I'm glad to hear you say that, Mr. Curtis. I want to do the fair thing by you; but considering the circumstances, it has occurred to me upon further consideration that my fee of one thousand dollars is rather modest."

"Modest! My dear Mr. Tinker, it's beggarly. It has been a rule of my business career, sir, to pay well for brains—and, by gad, sir, you have them! If you will permit me to sit down at your desk I shall take the liberty of auditing your accounts to suit myself."

He smiled painfully at the shyster, drew a checkbook and a gold fountain pen from his pocket, and sat in at the desk. He wrote two checks for five thousand dollars each.

"Mr. Tinker," he continued, "you will never, I fear, be a rich man. You set too low an estimate upon your remarkable talent; and I should feel myself an ingrate did I take you at your word and pay you the insignificant fee you have requested. You have overlooked the extremely delicate situation in which I am placed in this matter, and like a true gentleman you have refrained from demanding all the traffic will bear. You shall hear from me again, Mr. Tinker. Your remarkable abilities require a larger and more profitable field, and I have some interests that require the guiding hand of the only legal genius I have ever met. This check for five thousand is to cover your fee and expenses in this case, in addition to the three hundred and fifty dollars I have already advanced you. This second check I desire you to cash and send the money anonymously, by messenger or otherwise, to the Marine National Bank. Tut, tut, Mr. Tinker! No argument, now, if you please! I like to do things to please myself. I am a very wealthy man and I can afford it."

Tiberius Tinker, mudcat and shyster that he was, for the moment was overcome by the man's munificence. That his services were really worth this princely fee to old Curtis he knew to be true; nevertheless, in the wildest flights of his imagination he had never dreamed that the world contained so much money.

"You are more than kind, Mr. Curtis," he stammered. "I thank you more than I can say. But what is to prevent me from retaining the proceeds of this second five-thousand-dollar check for my own use and benefit? How can you be certain the Marine National Bank will ever see this money?"

Hamilton Grimes Curtis bowed with old-fashioned courtesy.

"Between gentlemen, Mr. Tinker, such an assumption is impossible!"

Tiberius Tinker returned the bow and extended his hand. He had never felt more like a gentleman in his life.

"Thank you, Mr. Curtis! To a lawyer in police-court practice, a meeting with such a man serves to revive a badly shattered faith in human nature." He turned to Percy the Penman. "Young man, though I'd like your trade as a steady thing I hope you will in the future endeavor to prove halfway worthy of your noble sire. I would advise you to hustle right along now, gentlemen. In about fifteen minutes forty-seven different brands of particular hell will commence popping in Judge Porter's court, and I want to hurry back and see the fun. You will find the taxi waiting for you at the rear entrance. Good-by, gentlemen—good-by and good luck to you both!"

"You will hear from me again, Mr. Tinker," Curtis promised him.

Two days are assumed to have passed. Officer Kerrigan has been fined fifty dollars for neglect of duty, and the newspapers are denouncing graft in the Police Department and in Department Four of the Police Court.

Thomas Dodge is out of his steel cage forever, with a free pardon and a salary of eight thousand a year as assistant cashier of the Marine National Bank. After twenty years of servility he has at length learned this lesson: If one would get along well in life one requires nerve. Thomas Dodge has purchased the beautiful white roadster with the gold striping, which Percy the Penman bought with a worthless check and abandoned, with his chauffeur, in front of the Union Depot. Thomas Dodge is learning to drive with one hand and play ragtime with the other.

Last of all, let us return to the office of Tiberius Tinker. Mr. Tinker is seated at his desk and on his alert countenance there beams a smile indigenous to the cherubim. The door from the general office opens and Miss Pearl O'Malley trips in with the first delivery of mail. One of the letters contains two checks, and attached to them is a small printed slip that says:

MR. TIBERIUS TINKER:

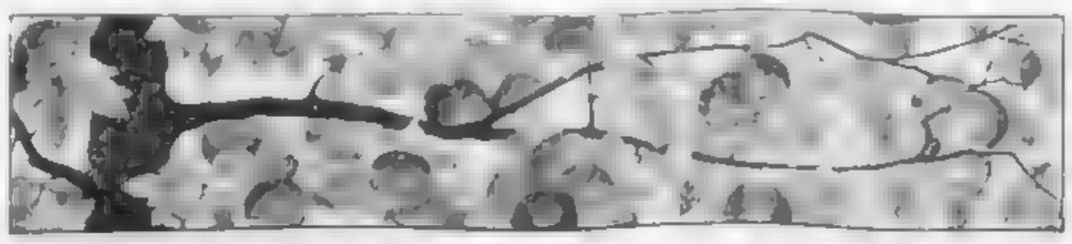
We charge your account ten thousand dollars—checks on City National Bank returned to us marked "No account." We look to you to make overdraft good at once.

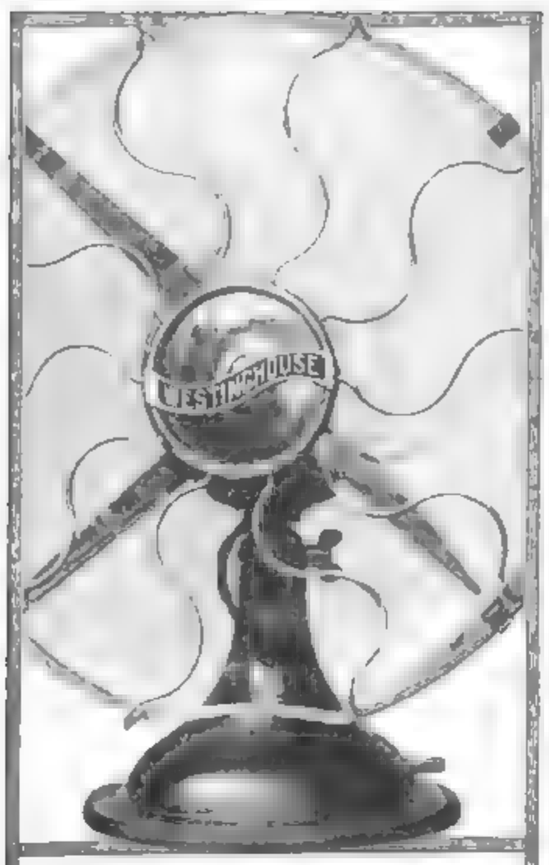
Very truly yours,

TRADERS' NATIONAL BANK—Z.

The scene switches to Miss Pearl O'Malley's office. Miss O'Malley is busy pounding the typewriter. Suddenly she pauses and listens. She whirls in her swivel chair, with an expression indicative of fright. She opens her mouth. She screams! Then she rushes into Mr. Tinker's private office. Again she screams—ugh!

Tiberius Tinker has fainted!





Electric Fans Made By Westinghouse

WHEN the thermometer is in the nineties—the assurance of a breeze may be cheap at any price.

But **you can have a breeze all day for a nickel** if your office is furnished with a Westinghouse electric fan.

You want BREEZE and SERVICE when you buy a fan. You get both, **the best you CAN get,** in the Westinghouse fan.

A well-designed and perfectly balanced motor makes the fan unusually economical of current. Drawn steel frame, worked out to its present perfection by the Westinghouse designers, lighter and stronger than any previous type. Special felt base on all fans protects fine desks.

The blade guard is so strongly built that we recommend its use as a handle when carrying the fan from place to place.

Remember, if you want a **fan investment,** the Westinghouse is worth your insistence.

Buy from any good dealer or from your electric light company.

Write for fan booklet, showing various styles for all purposes.

Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Co.
East Pittsburgh, Penna.

THE LESSON OF THE ROOSEVELT TRIAL

(Continued from Page 6)

thing the people had, and that they would not permit it to be insulted in the persons of the judges; that it was the magic of this garment, and not any arrogated power, which engendered the commanding dignity the courts enjoy. When this fact was realized, then our judicial system would rest upon a base as broad as that of democracy itself.

The whole people, in the advance of civilization, were laboring to work together in some manner for the welfare of all. A larger distribution of the perils and of the benefits of life, wider opportunity to all, a greater freedom to the individual and a closer protection of those under disabilities, were coming to be demanded. Laws had to be made to guarantee these benefits; and it became evident that if the will of the people, laboring to solve these difficulties, could be annulled by officials having different economic ideas, then the advancement of civilization as a whole was seriously threatened.

This was the backbone of the Roosevelt doctrine. His demands that justice should be humanized, and that the people should have some method by which they could expeditiously rid themselves of an unfit official, were not so productive of a steady pressure of opposition. They provoked ebullient opposition aplenty; but the steady, ceaseless pressure was from those interests in the country that took an advantage by the retention of economic ideas held by conservative judges rather than by the whole people.

Mr. Roosevelt was pointed out, then, by the adherents of these interests as the enemy of the courts. His utterances were characterized as attacks on the courts. He was declared to be destroying the confidence of the people in our judicial system. This was cogent invective. Confidence in the courts is a prime postulate in the theory of our administration of justice. The faith of the people in the wisdom and justice of their tribunals is essential. If that confidence were destroyed the courts would fall into contempt.

A great student of human affairs tells us that in order to destroy a public leader it is necessary only to bring him personally into contempt. No matter what the standard of morals of the individual may be, the standard of a whole people is always exactingly high. The maker of the cheapest melodrama knows this. Virtue must triumph; vice must be punished, and the hero must be spotless. The further one descends in the literature of this country, the more pronounced these features appear.

The people demand the highest character in their popular heroes. They cannot endure to believe that their great leaders possess even the common weaknesses and frailties of mankind. It is a sort of hero worship—this demand for perfection in the leader. To convince the people, then, that a great man is addicted to some vicious habit is to destroy him.

Perhaps we do not know, in fact, how the rumor that Mr. Roosevelt's new doctrines were inspired by the intemperate use of liquor had its origin. It may have grown out of the deliberations of some conference.

Or it may have been complacently determined upon by some individual who set about it with a calculating venom:

I'll devise some honest slanders
To stain my cousin with.

The hideous virility of defaming rumor is everywhere historically established. Christianity suffered from it for more than two centuries. Christians were reported in the Roman Empire to be persons who practiced the darkest rites, the sacrifice of virgins and the drinking of human blood.

On account of this virility in slander we are hardly certain today of the actual character of any person of antiquity. We do not know whether Cæsar was debauched or Tiberius a monster. We do know, perhaps—because he tells us himself—that Saint Augustine was a rather gay dog in his youth, having seen what is commonly called life "in the arms of the frail beauties of Carthage."

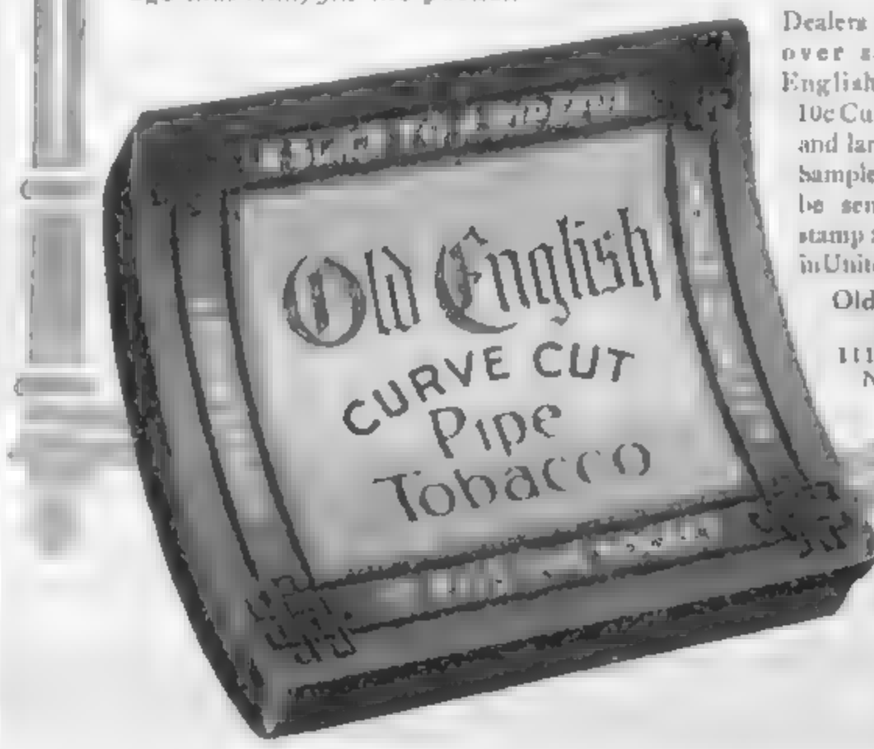
We are not, in fact, precisely certain of the private characters of Washington, Jefferson or Benjamin Franklin; of Poe, Webster, Grant or Andrew Johnson. And if the matter had been permitted to remain *in statu quo* the generation to follow us—in fact this very generation now living—would not have known the habits of Theodore Roosevelt.

AFIELD with the Old English Squire. The riding was hard and the sport was keen, but no less thorough and satisfying was the pipeful of cool, fragrant tobacco smoked at the end of the morning's ride to the hounds.

The famous Old English ideals of solid comfort and complete enjoyment are realized in Old English Curve Cut—the soundest, solidest, most lovable pipe-tobacco in the world today! Old English is made up into fresh, moist, hard-pressed thin slices of only the most fully matured, ripe, long leaves of the choicest Kentucky Burley.

This is the *only proper way* to prepare a *pipe* tobacco. Loose-cut, two-purpose, "combination" tobaccos *cannot* give true pipe satisfaction, because they are made for different uses and smoke too hot and tindery in a pipe. Old English is made for the *pipe only*.

Try Old English today, and you will see at once why it is the world-wide selection of men who really *know* pipe-tobacco. Note the *convenience* of the famous Curved Tin—the only package that *really fits* the pocket.



Dealers the world over sell Old English in the 10c Curved Tins and larger sizes. Sample Tin will be sent for 2c stamp anywhere in United States.

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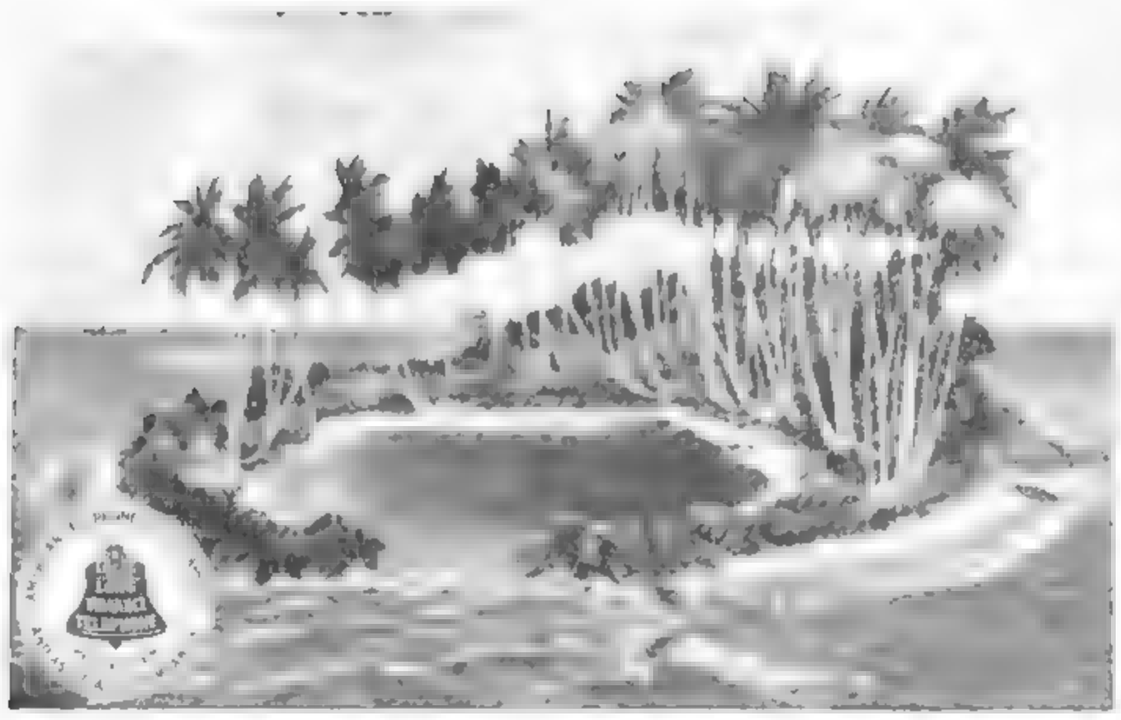

Coral Builders and the Bell System

In the depths of tropical seas the coral polyps are at work. They are nourished by the ocean, and they grow and multiply because they cannot help it.

Finally a coral island emerges from the ocean. It collects sand and seeds, until it becomes a fit home for birds, beasts and men.

In the same way the telephone system has grown, gradually at first, but steadily and irresistibly. It could not stop growing. To stop would mean disaster.

The Bell System, starting with a few scattered exchanges, was carried forward by an increasing public demand.

Each new connection disclosed a need for other new connections, and millions of dollars had to be poured into the business to provide the 7,500,000 telephones now connected.

And the end is not yet, for the growth of the Bell System is still irresistible, because the needs of the people will not be satisfied except by universal communication. The system is large because the country is large.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
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One Policy *One System* *Universal Service*

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Oldest and Best NIGHT SCHOOL in existence. You can work in the day time and study medicine at night. Four years' course. 33rd annual session begins Sept. 3. For catalog—address Dr. J. D. MacKellar, Sec., Box 80, 225 W Washington St., Chicago, Ill.

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Shir-Gar—the connecting link between shirt and socks—thus the socks hold the shirt down and the shirt holds the socks up. Yet there's no drag—no hindrance—

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is to leg-bind garters what the coat shirt is to the old, over-the-head shirt. Comfort—looks—freedom of motion. Get a pair.
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It used to be held that personal attacks by word or through the public prints could be met only with the dueling pistol. After that it was the common opinion that there was no remedy. The Virginia lawyers used to advise that the courts were the last places in which to establish character, and that the only remedy was "to go after the fellow with a butcher's cleaver."

This method was, no doubt, the one that would most naturally suggest itself to a person of the temperament of Mr. Roosevelt. The great significant fact to be remarked is that he chose the method so commonly held to be inadequate—he resorted to the agency of the law! And by that act he presented the very greatest example of confidence in the courts—a confidence so great that he was willing to submit the issue of his whole career to a small, obscure tribunal in a distant state, as though his faith in the courts as institutions of common justice and fair dealing, as institutions of honor and integrity, was so complete that he was willing to trust himself to any one of them at a hazard. By this act he silenced all the clamor raised against him as an enemy of the court, as one who was against that institution, and as one who would destroy the confidence of the people in it.

This is the great lesson of the Roosevelt trial. It will stand in history as the most striking example of a complete and unquestioned confidence in the integrity of our scheme of justice; the example of one who had been the greatest executive—perhaps the greatest public leader living—going, like any common man, into a distant courtroom in order to submit the most important thing in his life to its arbitrament.

It has been said the first lesson of this trial is that the people shall be no longer governed by false sentiment maliciously created. If this is so it is, in truth, a great gain. The whole country has been controlled—even governed—more than once by such a sentiment so deliberately created. The present secretary of state—a great popular leader—was defeated for the presidency at least once by this method. It hurried the country into a civil war. It nearly removed Washington from the command of the Colonial army; and elsewhere in innumerable examples the effect of it has been seen.

If this trial means the end of such a method it is, in truth, an inestimable gain in our civilization. And it may perhaps mean that.

The great, certain lesson in this trial, however, is presented by the confidence in the courts that Mr. Roosevelt has hereby shown. Is it not a confidence superior to that shown by the very men and interests that have commonly accused him of wishing to destroy the faith of the people in our judicial system? Is it not a staggering answer to them? Has not Mr. Roosevelt by this act shown a telling comparison between his confidence in the courts and the confidence of many of the men and great interests that have criticized him? What is the example that many of these interests present? What confidence have they shown in the courts? Is not the confidence they so loudly assert rather a confidence in the inadequacy of the courts—a confidence in being able to use the law to their own ends? Is it not a confidence shown by evading the court's writs and by pleading statutes of limitation?

There is more than one sort of glory, the apostle said—and there is more than one sort of confidence. There is the confidence of the family in the watch-dog, and the confidence of the burglar in him. There is the confidence that lives a gospel, and the confidence that supports it only with adulatory words. It is said that the Emperor Hadrian admired Epictetus and believed that he understood him—without, however, feeling himself obliged to order his life according to his maxims.

Is not this confidence which these assailants of Mr. Roosevelt so loudly assert, in fact, somewhat a confidence like that? If a humble citizen endeavors to compel one of them to answer him in the courts, is it not the common practice of these great interests to resort to every delay and subterfuge—to resist with tooth and claw? Do they not avail themselves of every technicality of pleading; do they not seize upon every pretended error; and do they not appeal from court to court?

Will one say, then, that this is the sort of example which discloses a high and abiding confidence in the virtue and integrity of our judicial system, as against that of Theodore Roosevelt at Marquette?

What is a burglar? A degenerate—a cowardly, sick-minded degenerate who prowls at night like a rat—in bedrooms of women and children—tense, cringing, always a deadly menace—as deadly as a poisonous snake or a mad dog.

The weakest sentimentalist attempts no defence of the burglar—he is outside the law—to destroy him is a *stern duty to society.*

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Safety Automatic **REVOLVER**

Peculiarly the weapon for home defence, for it is accident proof. You can "Hammer the Hammer." Because of its permanent-tension wire springs, it is absolutely dependable—can lie for years inactive with no loss of efficiency.

It is accurate, hard hitting and smooth in action.

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Protects the Building

Looks Automatic

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or a new one; simply cut opening in wall 24 i... body and cement in the same as a window. *PRICE $10.00*

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You Can Bank on Every Car Equipped with a Warner

HAS it ever occurred to you that one of the best ways to judge the value of an automobile is by the speedometer with which it is equipped? If you are considering an automobile that costs considerably more than others are quoted at, you should get considerably more value for the extra money you pay. The car and every item of its equipment should be of a higher grade.

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Do not misunderstand this statement. The Warner does not individually establish or create the value of a car. But it's a safe guide, from which you can size up the value of the car and its equipment. And, what's more important, it gives you confidence in the manufacturer, because you immediately recognize his intention to give you more value for the more money you pay.

You can always depend on any part of any car that is equipped with a Warner. No manufacturer uses it unless everything else on his car is up to the high Warner standards of accuracy, efficiency and durability.

Remember, 97% of all the higher priced car manufacturers have selected the Warner Magnetic Auto-Meter in preference to all others.

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A smile is only as good as the teeth. Pebeco is scientifically made to preserve the teeth as well as to clean them.

With 19 people out of 20, the enamel of the teeth is gradually weakened by contact with the acids formed in the mouth by fermenting particles of food. If left alone, these mouth-acids finally "eat through" the not very thick shell of enamel, which permits the decay-germs to enter and quickly decay the softer interior dentine, until your dentist fills the cavity or the tooth is completely destroyed.

From this all but universal process of decay, Pebeco preserves your teeth in two ways—by rendering the acids harmless and destroying the decay-germs. Besides this, it beautifully cleans and polishes them, purifies the breath, and pleases you with its refreshing sensation.

Send for FREE 10-Day Trial Tube and Acid Test Papers

and see by an interesting little test how Pebeco not only *saves* your teeth but *proves* it. You will realize it is more than a mere toilet preparation when we tell you that it originated in the hygienic laboratories of P. Beiersdorf & Co., Hamburg, Germany, and is sold all over the world. Your dealer has it in extra-large tubes, that are very economical because so little is used at a time.

LEHN & FINK, Manufacturing Chemists, 106 William St., New York

Producers of Lehn & Fink's Rieeris Talcum

THE INTERNATIONAL CUP

(Continued from Page 14)

the game. Devenham, what's the customary thing to do just at the finish?"

Kenneth Clifford blinked.

"Why," said he, "every one has a brandy and soda."

"Good idea!" said Montague. "I don't know whether the censors will stand for that, but we'll try to put it over on 'em. But what do they do on the field?"

"Oh!" said Kenneth Clifford. "The losers cheer the winners—swing their mallets, and all that sort of thing. Then the winners cheer and everybody shakes hands."

"That's what I want!" said Montague. "Now here's the action: Myrtle, you stand here on the sidelines. The players will bunch up on the field and cheer. When they do that, Myrtle, you register joy and pride. Then, Devenham, you break away from the bunch and ride over here as fast as you can. See this little piece of paper on the ground? That's where you dismount. Then you cross over this way, toward the camera, and take Miss Manners in your arms ——"

"Oh, I say!" expostulated Kenneth Clifford. "It's not done on the polo field—that sort of thing! Really it isn't!"

"It is in this case," said Montague. "You're supposed to be in love with this lady and she's supposed to be in love with you."

"Oh, I say!" murmured Kenneth Clifford again, staring at Miss Manners.

"That's the action," said Montague. "Better rehearse it a few times. . . . Not at all like it!" said the director after the first attempt. "You're too stiff, Devenham! Watch me once!"

Montague embraced the lady fervently, much to Kenneth Clifford's amazement; but he profited by the lesson, and after the third rehearsal the director signaled the camera man to make the picture.

"Say, Jimmy," said Miss Manners, "don't you think it would be better if he kissed me? That would be the natural thing to do, you know."

Kenneth Clifford gasped.

"Sure!" said Montague. "As soon as you put your arms round her, Devenham, kiss her—and don't cloak the action when you do it."

"Do I really kiss her—or just make believe?" asked Kenneth Clifford. "It seems such a cheeky thing to do—rather."

"Use your own judgment," said Buck. "If it was me I'd give that lady a real good smack and take a chance on a bawl-out afterward. Jimmy Montague, he always kisses her on the square when he's workin' in a love scene with her; but then—Jim's the director."

"Ah!" said Kenneth Clifford.

"Ready—Action—Go!" shouted the director.

Kenneth Clifford did not kiss the beautiful leading lady, though he was sorely tempted to do so. It would have taken a film expert to tell the difference however; and as his lips grazed hers he murmured something that caused the young woman to hide her face upon his shoulder to cloak a smile.

"Only fancy, Miss Manners!" he whispered. "They actually pay me a pound a day—for this! I should pay them—really!"

▼

THE first time Alice Burwell refused to marry Kenneth Clifford she was convinced that she meant her "No" to be final. The second time she was not quite so sure; and the other seven times she refused him purely from habit.

Kenneth Clifford's broken goodby did not move the lady to any great extent. That also had become a habit. Beginning with the fourth refusal, he had not once failed to conclude the ceremony with a touching little speech of farewell, always with the same little quiver in his voice. On one occasion he had been quite certain he was going to India to be eaten by tigers; again it had been Johannesburg; and the third time he favored New Zealand. After the eighth refusal he purchased a ticket to Paris. These things being so, Miss Burwell was the least little bit indignant when she learned that Kenneth Clifford had really sailed for America.

She waited confidently for a letter, but no such missive arrived. At the end of two months Miss Burwell's surprise was entirely swallowed up in indignation.

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pay more attention to quality and you'll save more time and worry. Buy the garter that wears best. It's a

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Snug-Seat Table with four Chairs

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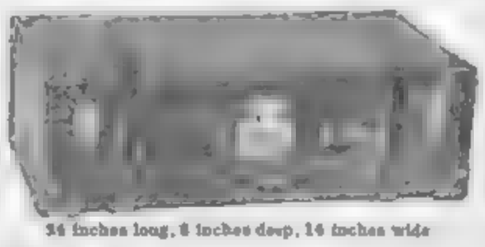

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cut from a splendid specimen of smooth Cayenne variety, picked fully ripe and sealed in a can before a bit of the rich tropical flavor has escaped.
Try it today. Your grocer has it ready for you. Any brand, any label. So long as it comes from Hawaii, it's
"Picked Ripe"
"Canned Right."
Crushed
Grated
or
Sliced.
Hawaiian Pineapple Packers' Association

Still, if he did not care to write she would never be the one to break the silence. Having satisfied herself upon this point, Miss Burwell called upon Battersby—on business of course—and Kenneth Clifford's name was mentioned, quite by accident.

"Yes," said the solicitor; "I hear from him regularly. His latest plan is to buy a ranch in the Rocky Mountains near Chicago. He says America is a vast country and the people are most charming."

"Indeed!" said the young woman. "He will remain abroad indefinitely then?"

"So he leads me to believe," remarked Battersby. "It seems a pity, my dear."

"Not at all," said Miss Burwell. "He is old enough to know his own mind; and if he prefers America to England ——"

After she had gone Battersby shook his gray head and sighed.

At the end of five months Miss Burwell went to London to visit her aunt. She had reached a state of mind bordering on acute exasperation. Fortunately for London, the young woman was not in the least interested in the Militant Suffragette movement, else had she become what our harassed English cousins term a Bashibazoukess—a lady with a hammer in one hand and a suitcase full of petrol in the other. Alice Burwell was ripe for window-smashing and fiery demonstrations. One may refuse a young man often enough to form the habit, but it is most exasperating to have that young man calmly accept the habit as incurable. The best thing about our habits is the firm belief that we can break ourselves of them at any time.

In London Alice met many young men, some of whom were bright, some stupid, some timid and some overbold. None pleased her; but this would have been hard to guess by her feverish gayety when in company. When alone she played the piano softly in the twilight and sang old songs in an indifferent contralto voice.

One afternoon Miss Burwell slipped into a moving-picture theater. She did not like moving pictures, for they usually made her head ache; but the posters outside depicted the hazards and hardships of life in the Wild West, and she was interested in the subject.

The picture flickering upon the screen was a disappointment. Instead of cowboys and Indians she saw men in pith helmets and white riding breeches careening furiously about a polo field. She closed her eyes to wait for the Indians.

"Look sharp there! He'll ride you down!"

A voice spoke behind her in accents of warning, and Alice opened her eyes. Two players swept into the foreground—one slightly in advance, the other in pursuit. There was a collision; the first rider pitched out of his saddle, and through the dust haze a single figure came dashing, mallet flung aloft. Alice Burwell saw nothing but the face of the rider, life-size upon the canvas, and seemingly so close that she might have touched it by stretching out her hand. There was no mistaking a single feature of that honest and not too handsome countenance. She recognized it at once—would have recognized it anywhere. The man on the polo pony was none other than the recreant Kenneth Clifford. Miss Burwell's fingers closed convulsively upon the handle of her parasol; and if all the truth must be told she made a noise like a startled hen.

The picture disappeared and in its place was an announcement—Love Triumphant.

Again Kenneth Clifford came riding straight into the picture. She saw him fling himself from his pony and leap forward eagerly—and then, and not till then, she saw the girl. With the smile she knew so well, Kenneth Clifford took the stranger in his arms and—yes—he kissed her! Kissed her with all those people looking on! Shame! Before the girl hid her face upon Kenneth Clifford's shoulder there was ample time to see that she was very, very beautiful.

That was enough for Miss Burwell. She left the theater and went for a long walk.

The next afternoon she dodged a bridge party and went back to the moving-picture theater. This time she saw the entire film—Kenneth Clifford arriving at the hotel in a smart trap; Kenneth Clifford escorting the lovely stranger over the lawn; Kenneth Clifford in an earnest tête-à-tête upon the veranda—oh, if she only understood lip-reading! Kenneth Clifford drinking tea, which she knew he loathed and had always refused at her hands! Again she saw him flashing about the polo field—again she saw him ride toward the sidelines; but this

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TRIFLES don't nag you—heat doesn't fag you in Loose Fitting, Light Woven B. V. D. You're not chafed and confined, as in tight fitting underwear. You *joy* in the feeling of *muscle-freedom*, as well as in the *coolness* of B. V. D. Coat Cut Undershirts and Knee Length Drawers, or Union Suits. Comfort and common sense say "B. V. D."

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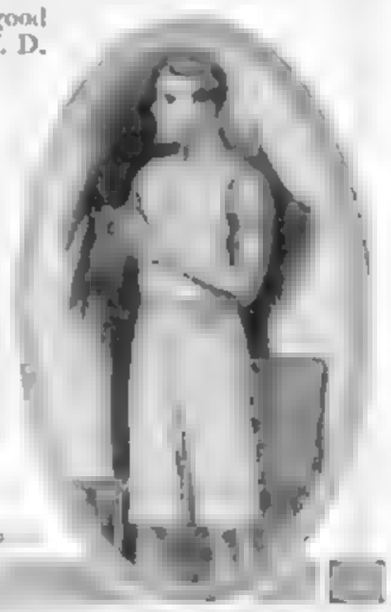

You cannot enjoy good tobacco—in a poor pipe

A POOR COOK can take good food and burn it so that you cannot enjoy it—and a poor pipe can do the same thing with good tobacco. More pipe-smokers are realizing every day that their enjoyment depends as much on a *good pipe* as on good tobacco—and that the one *sure* way of getting a good pipe is to ask the dealer for

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Made in all shapes—Briar, Calabash and Meerschaum. If you are one of the pipe smokers of the old school, who still think the best pipes are imported, you have not yet become acquainted with THE GLADSTONE, one of the leaders of the MANHATTAN line. It is made of only the choicest, thoroughly seasoned Briar of artistic selection of grain that means so much to the smoker who really cares. Moreover, not being subject to 60% duty, they are only one-third the cost of imported pipes and they are *unconditionally* guaranteed. Buy one today of your dealer—comes in a number of shapes—and satisfy yourself that America—the home of the pipe—is producing an article unrivaled in the world—and cheaply too.

This is Model "E" of The Gladstone—$1.00

It is not only correct in every detail, but, in addition, is a beautiful specimen of briar of choice grain, fitted with solid vulcanite bit and sterling silver band. It is not a freak pipe, nor has it any freak in it; it is simply a creation of the pipe maker's art, built by [illegible] and fitted as accurately as a watch. If your dealer's [illegible] of your dealer's, send us his name with $1.00 and we will send your pipe direct; or in a beautiful chamois lined leather case, $2.00

For vacation or work the Gladstone will increase your pleasure.

Write for "Pipe Dreams," an interesting booklet that tells you many things you ought to know about pipes, and how to care for them. It is free. Send for it to-day.

John Glassinger, *President*

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If your business is "different"—if a *regular* Burroughs doesn't fit your business, if it doesn't show a worth while saving—we'll build a Burroughs to measure and guarantee the *fit*

As an instance of meeting out-of-the-ordinary needs, a blind man in California wanted a Burroughs. We built him one that he operates as well as though he could see every key.

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The blind man, the Egyptian Government, as well as the scores of others, are all in the day's work.

Forty per cent of all Burroughs machines are built-to-measure, i. e., to meet the individual needs of businesses that are "*different*."

If you have been kept from *trying* a Burroughs simply because your business is *different*—show us your problems. It may be that we've already built a machine to handle the same work. If not, let us try to solve it.

In over 400 lines of business, using over 150,000 Burroughs machines, business men are cutting the cost of handling figures and getting a better grip on the business by getting more complete and accurate information about what they are doing. Not one but what thought his business was "different."

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The demonstration will not obligate you in any way. Write *today*

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That is what makes this cool, sheer sock *so durable!* This sock weighs only one ounce per pair; yet, because of its complete re-inforcement, it wears as long as a much heavier sock

Gauze weight with good wear is just the combination you want in your summer socks.

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time she was watching the girl. What sort of woman was it who would actually return a kiss before such a cloud of witnesses?

One of the theater attachés was an obliging youth, who answered as many of her questions as he could.

"Can't say, miss; but she's some American actress . . . Yes, miss; they 'ave regular companies, same as in the theaters. We recognize the faces from seein' 'em so frequentlike. . . . 'Im? A new one, miss. . . . Clever actor, ain't 'e? Somewheres in the States. . . . Titan Company is wot they calls it. . . . Thank you, miss!"

Alice went straight to the nearest telegraph office, where she addressed a brief message to Hubert Battersby, Solicitor.

VI

"WHY, listen to reason, Algy!" argued Buck. "What do you want to blow the job for? Extry man a couple of months ago, an' now you're playin' a line of special leads while La Rue is on his vacation. Seventy-five a week! Pretty soft—if you ask me! What do you want anyway?"

They were sitting outside the studio at the Titan headquarters, dressed in the regulation Western garb as it is seen in the movies. Jimmy Montague was putting the finishing touches on a work of art entitled My Lord the Tenderfoot, with Kenneth Clifford in the name part.

He had been tossed in a blanket by hilarious cowpunchers, dumped into a creek, thrown off a bucking broncho, and treed by Jeff, the tame bear from the animal farm. He had rescued the ranchman's daughter from drowning, saved the property from foreclosure, fouled the wicked foreman, and had but one more scene to play, in which he was to win the lovely Myrtle Manners for the seventh time since he had been an actor. Jimmy Montague was not the man to waste a perfect type when he had one.

"What do you want to quit for, Algy?" persisted Buck. "Feet itchin' to be travelin' again, or what?"

"My dear fellow," said Kenneth Clifford, "I've had a charming experience. I shall never forget it—really; but the truth of the matter is, I've a bit of money coming, which should be here tomorrow. It's from my father's estate—a matter of four thousand a year."

Buck whistled.

"Four—thousand—dollars!" said he reverently. "No wonder you want to quit! If I had four thousand cents I'd quit with you."

"Not dollars, Buck—pounds, old fellow—pounds!"

Parvin's chin sagged and his tobacco sack slipped from his fingers.

"Wait a minute!" he pleaded. "Look me right between the eyes—I think my mind is going. Now, then, hand it to me easy; there's heart disease in my family. Four thousand pounds a year! Is that twenty thousand dollars in our money, or do I just think so?"

"Something like that," said Kenneth Clifford, grinning.

Buck slid limply off the bench, wiggling his fingers feebly.

"Air!" he murmured. "Gimme air! My socks have got holes in 'em! When I eat I got to count my dough first to see if I've got enough for pie. I drink bartenders' mistakes even; but this guy here—he gets twenty thousand a year just for bein' alive! Air!"

"Oh, I say, Buck! Don't be a silly ass! Money isn't everything."

"That's what I've been tryin' to kid myself into thinkin' for the last twenty years," said Buck, rising and shaking the dust from his clothes. "But if I had all the dough I could spend I reckon I could get along without the things it won't buy."

"Money," said Kenneth Clifford soberly, "will buy you everything in the world but the one thing you want most."

"Is that so? What do you want that you can't get for twenty thousand a year?"

"A girl!" said Kenneth Clifford.

"Excuse me for buttin' in, Algy," said Buck after a pause. "I hadn't no right to ask that question."

"Never mind, old chap," said Kenneth Clifford. "It's all right; but ——"

"Hey! You fellows gone to sleep out there? Come on! We're ready for this scene."

It was the voice of authority speaking through the lips of J. Montague, director.

"Right-oh!" said Kenneth Clifford.

"And get a wiggle on you!" said Montague. "The light's changing and I want to get it over quick. This is the action: Buck, you come in with the mail and find Dev sitting on the porch alone. You hand him this letter and go on into the house. Dev, you open the letter and register surprise. Hold that while I count five. We'll make a cut-in of the letter, showing that you've succeeded to the title and the estates and have been called home to England. You come in at five, Myrtle. Ask him what's the matter. Dev, you hand her the letter; and while she reads it you register that you'd propose to her if you wasn't afraid. Start to say something and quit, and turn away with your head down like this. . . . Myrtle, you ask him if he's going back to the old country. Dev, you nod your head—yes. Myrtle, do you remember that bully line in Arizona? 'You're going to ride away—without one word—to me!' Hand him that speech. Dev, you grab the letter out of her hands, crumple it up and throw it on the floor, and stamp on it. You give up the title for the girl—see? She holds out her arms to you —— Bing!—into a clinch. You kiss—and that's the end of the scene. Got it? All right! Run through it a couple of times."

At the end of the second rehearsal a messenger boy entered, whistling discordantly.

"Say, w'ich of de ginks is named Dev—Dev—aw, some kind of a ham? Dey sent me out from de hotel. W'ich is him?"

"You're a pretty fresh guy for a feller your size," said Buck, taking the boy by the ear. "Telegram for you, Algy!"

"Ah-r-r! Leggo me ear!" growled the lad, kicking at Buck. "Youse movin'-pitcher Jesse Jameses gives me a pain!"

Kenneth Clifford, seated and ready for the final scene, was still staring at the cablegram when Jimmy Montague's voice brought him back to America and the business in hand.

"Come out of it, Dev!" he urged. "We're going to make the picture this time. All set, Buck? Got the letter? Ready Action—Go!"

Buck swaggered into the focal plane, handed Kenneth Clifford a square envelope, slapped him on the shoulder and passed through the wall representing the front of a Western ranch house.

"Gee!" he whispered to Miss Manners. "Algy got some kind of a jolt in that telegram. He's white as a sheet. You know, that guy has got ——"

"Three—four—five!" Montague counted for the cut-in. "Come on, Myrtle! . . . Oh, wake up, Dev! Get in the picture. Hand her the letter. . . . Now, then, register hesitation! . . . That's all right! . . . 'You're going to ride away—without one word—to me!' . . . Grab the letter, Dev! . . . That's right! . . . Bully! Folks, that comes pretty near being a swell little love scene! Dev, I didn't know you had it in you!"

Miss Manners stepped back and looked up at Kenneth Clifford with a question in her eyes.

"Well, Algy!" she said at length. "Why the realism, may I ask?"

Kenneth Clifford blushed.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "I—I've made believe to kiss you so often, my dear, that I thought perhaps you wouldn't mind if—if I had a real one for once—just for goodby, you know."

"Goodby!" said Miss Manners. "Are you going away?"

"Well, rather!" said Kenneth Clifford, drawing the cablegram from his pocket. "You remember I told you something about—a girl? See what she says: 'Stop being an actor and come home!' What I can't understand is this: How in the world did she know what I was doing over here? I haven't told a soul. Most extraordinary thing!"

Miss Manners laughed.

"Why," said she, "the polo picture went to England of course. I'll bet she saw it and recognized you!"

"Oh, I say!" murmured Kenneth Clifford aghast. "I should never have thought of that!"

"She couldn't have missed that close-up of you and me at the end of the picture," said Miss Manners mischievously. "Young man, I think you'll have something to explain when you get home!"

"Ah!" said Kenneth Clifford. "In that case I may as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb!"

And he kissed the lovely Miss Manners when the camera was not looking, which goes to show that Kenneth Clifford was not so slow after all.

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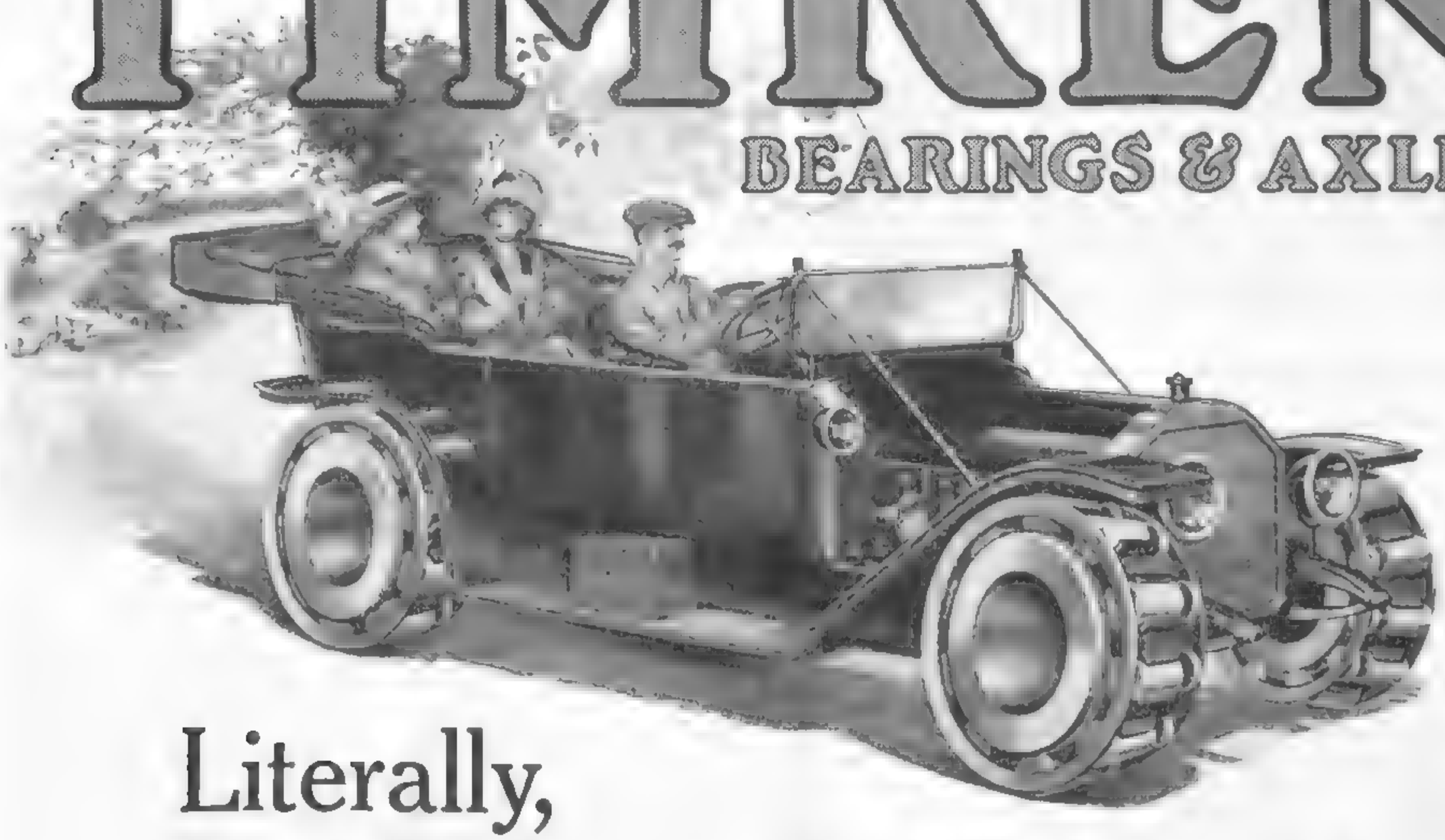

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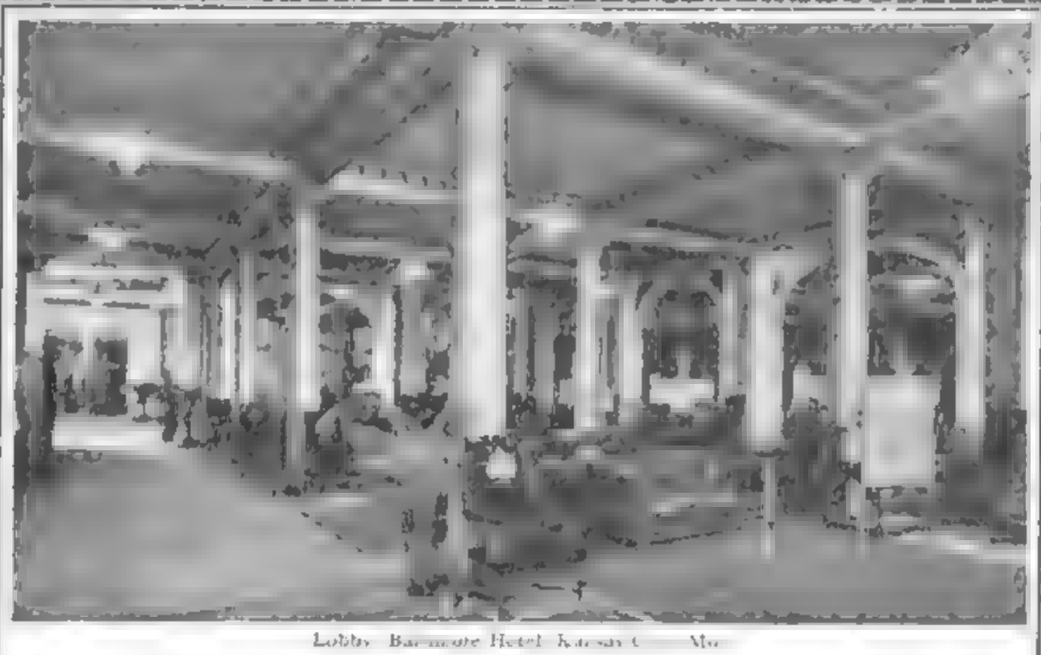

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He saw an advertisement of ours—an advertisement much like this that you are reading. He wrote us, and the following Thursday he set out with ten copies of *The Saturday Evening Post* in a bag which we sent him. In half an hour he had sold them. The next week he sold fifteen copies. The next week twenty. Now he sells over 100 each week; his profits are over two dollars a week. He has saved $60.00. And he has secured, in addition, a baseball glove and a folding camera. If you are a boy from six to sixteen years and are tired of asking for your spending money, write us a letter. We'll tell you how, by delivering *The Saturday Evening Post* on Thursday and Friday afternoons, you can earn all the money you want and have a lot of fun besides. When you write, ask us for a copy of our Prize Catalogue, illustrating and describing hundreds of high-grade boy premiums you can secure in addition to your profits.

THE SALES DIVISION, BOX 78

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

THE PRICE OF PLACE

(Continued from Page 5)

in 1889, coming on an excursion, and had galloped round the big buildings and had called on his representative; but he remembered very little except the crowds and the rain, and he was vastly interested in all he saw. They went to the largest hotel, where McManus took a parlor and two bedrooms, a finer suite than Marsh had ever occupied in a hotel or elsewhere, and began a round of visits. McManus spent money freely. He hired cabs, had elaborate dinners, bought expensive wines and cigars, and would not let Marsh pay for anything.

"It's on me," he said, "all of it. I want to get you started right down here, and there's no sense in your blowing yourself. It's on me."

Marsh resented this air of proprietorship shown by McManus, and he resented it still more when he was introduced by McManus as "my congressman," but he said nothing. However he resolved at the earliest feasible moment to show McManus he was his own congressman, but he went with McManus wherever McManus suggested. Marsh was surprised to see the easy terms McManus was on with men whose names figured in the newspapers every day as the leading statesmen of the country. He heard McManus call them "Joe" and "John" and all the rest, and saw them salute McManus as "Bob, old boy!" and at once become confidential with him. He waited impatiently in outside offices while McManus talked with great senators and great representatives, and when they went to the White House and he was presented to the president he was astonished to find that the president not only called McManus "Bob," but put his arm about his shoulder and led him away to a corner of the room for a personal and intimate talk.

Marsh's vanity was hurt. He considered himself a man of considerable dignity and consequence, and he was a representative-elect, on whom they must all figure when the next Congress convened. To his disgust he was received in the most casual manner by the leaders of his party in both Senate and House. They were glad to meet him, inquired carefully as to his name, said they would be pleased to help him when he came to take up his duties, and then turned to other things. A few of them talked to him a little about politics in his state, but that was about all.

Every one seemed to have confidences to exchange with McManus, and Marsh obtained a new view of the power of that leader in national affairs. McManus took him to the man who would be speaker of the new House and recommended Marsh for good committee places.

"I'll do the best I can," said that personage, "but the pressure is tremendous. All the new men who come to Washington want to go on Ways and Means or Appropriations right off the bat."

"I know all about that," McManus replied, "but you do the best you can for Marsh here. He's all right, and he'll stand without hitching."

Marsh resented that, too, but gave no sign. In his mind he determined not only to show the prospective speaker that he might do worse than put him in Ways and Means or Appropriations, but also to prove to McManus there was no mortgage on his freedom in the possession of that autocratic boss.

It was all an enchanted land to Marsh. By virtue of his forthcoming position he was admitted to places beyond the ordinary visitor. He saw at closer range the men he had been reading about all his life. He studied the operations of both Senate and House, listened to the debates and speeches and said to himself that he could do better than any of them, went to a dinner party or two at the hotel given by McManus, and was seized with a sense of his own importance. In a short time he was to be a member of this great law-making body. He was to be a statesman. He was to have his place there on the floor, to take part in the deliberations, to help frame the laws, to speak to an audience that would be nationwide, and he saw again those vistas of increasing power and higher place. Indeed, one night when he was out alone for a walk he went up on Pennsylvania Avenue past the Treasury, and stood for a long time looking at the White House. Then he walked slowly round the ellipse and gazed at the great white portico, and staring over the iron fence he determined that even so tremendous a goal as the White House was not beyond him.

"Why not?" he said. "Why not?"

As he stood there three men came along, walking slowly and talking earnestly. He recognized two of them. They were senators, he was sure of that, and well-known senators too. He had often seen their pictures in the papers and he had observed them on the floor of the Senate chamber.

They stopped near him.

"If he thinks he can coerce me into doing what he wants by threatening to withhold my patronage, let him go ahead," one of them exclaimed. "I'm still a senator, and I'll show him I am not to be intimidated by any president of the United States."

"Oh, cheer up, Bill!" said another of the party. "He's only bluffing and scaring you. When the time comes you'll get together in five minutes."

"I'm not bluffing!" shouted the angry senator. "I'll show him."

The others laughed and pulled the fist-shaker along with them, patting him on the back and telling him it was a waste of energy to make those demonstrations before them.

Marsh wondered what it was all about. He had heard nothing of any quarrel between a senator and the president. When he returned to the hotel he asked McManus about it.

"Oh," said McManus, "it's nothing. The president wants a thing done that is pretty hard to do, and some of the senators have kicked about it. He is insistent and is threatening to withhold patronage unless he gets his way. Those old boys over there in the Senate are as greedy as any politician for their share of the pie, and they're sore. But they will come round. They always do. By the way, I fixed it for you today so you can have a couple of assistant doorkeepers and a place on the temporary roll for our fellows."

"I'll look over the ground," said Marsh, "and pick out some good men."

"Needn't bother," McManus replied. "I've picked them out for you."

This made Marsh's gorge rise. He was on the point of protesting, but he thought it better to wait until he had a chance to show McManus by deeds instead of trying to influence him by words. McManus apparently considered the matter settled and did not refer to it again.

"Bob," said Marsh as they were on the train going home, "you seem to know most of the big men back in Washington."

"I do."

"And to have a lot of influence with them."

McManus turned and looked Marsh in the eye: "Why not?" he asked. "Why not, when I've been playing the game on the level with most of them for thirty years? I know them and they know me."

"But you never have taken office."

"Marsh," said McManus, leaning forward, "there is one good rule you always should follow—never try to take anything you can't get. I couldn't be elected pound-master, and you know it; but I can elect other people, and you know that too. Besides, I'd much rather own an officeholder than have an office own me."

There was a pause of ten minutes. McManus smoked his cigar and looked out of the window. Marsh smoked his cigar and looked at the toes of his shoes.

"Bob," asked Marsh finally, "do you claim to own me?"

"I make no claims of any kind," McManus rasped. "I took you to Washington to show you what I can do for you if you continue right. It's all up to you. If you want my support you can have it. If you don't want it that's for you to decide. But I want to say this—you can't get anywhere without me, and you can go a hell of a long ways with me. All you've got to do is to play the game."

"Do you mean you want me to be dishonest?"

"Dishonest!" shouted McManus. "No, I don't want you to be dishonest! What good would you be to me or anybody else if you were dishonest in the sense you use the word? I'm not putting crooks into office; I'm trying to keep them out. You've been listening to a lot of guff about politics and politicians put out by a bunch of reformers and uplifters who wouldn't know an Australian ballot if they saw one coming down the street and wouldn't know whether they ought to back in or roll into a polling place.

who never took part in a ward caucus, and who say all politics is dishonest because they can't get out of politics what they themselves want.

"No, I don't want you to be dishonest. I'll be the first to expose you if you are. What I do want is for you to look at this game with the right slant. I don't like that word graft a little bit, but it's the only one I can use to explain what I do mean. Now listen, Marsh, there are two kinds of graft—plain graft and honest graft. Perquisites is better, but that doesn't exactly fit. What I mean is that if you play the game, go to bat with the boys who are in control and prove yourself regular and dependable, you will get your share of it and, incidentally, so will I. There are a whole heap of things coming off every session of Congress that are straight as a string, and you can get in on them if you will. It doesn't mean any betrayal of your constituents, or any sacrifice of your honor, or anything at all but just plain, hard common sense, and not such a hell of a lot of that. If you play ball with the boys the boys will play ball with you.

"Our Congress is the greatest tit-for-tat institution in the known world. The organization runs the game, and if you are with the organization you are in the game and get your share. If you try to buck the organization you lose out three ways—at home, in Congress and with me. You won't be asked to do anything you can't do consistently or conscientiously, unless your conscience is tenderer than I think it is. The laborer is always worthy of his hire. Things will come your way if you help put things in the way of the other fellows. It's a give-and-take proposition anyway you look at it, and you've got to give something before you can take anything."

"But, Bob, I don't quite get what you mean by honest graft."

"You don't have to—yet," said McManus. "But when the time comes I'll be round to put you wise."

IV

THE Honorable James Marsh and Mrs. Marsh came to Washington ten days before the session of Congress began in December. They decided to leave Dorothy, the daughter, with her grandmother in Morganville so that she might continue at school, and planned to go to a hotel for a time until they could fit themselves into the life at the capital in their proper sphere. Marsh knew no hotel except the one he had stayed at with McManus, and he went there.

He asked for a parlor, a bedroom and a bath, and was given a small suite on the seventh floor overlooking the roofs of some adjacent buildings. The rooms were comfortable and the service excellent. Mrs. Marsh was delighted.

That afternoon she put on one of her prettiest gowns and went down early. She had seen a long hall, or corridor rather, bisecting the hotel, and had observed this was lined with sofas and big carved and padded chairs. There were great parlors and restaurant rooms on either side of this corridor, which was decorated lavishly with palms and flowering shrubs and potted plants. At five o'clock the waiters put small tables along this corridor, and dozens of handsomely gowned women came in to have tea. A big orchestra played in a balcony. There was much bustle and animation, and the women visited from table to table, while men walked through, stopped here and there to chat or lingered long enough for a cup of tea. She observed that some of the women were old and elaborately dressed and that some of them were young and still more elaborately dressed. She walked through the corridor, noticed that some of the men glanced at her curiously, and then took a seat to watch the proceedings.

It was a lively and interesting scene. The orchestra played unceasingly, devoting itself to the popular airs of the day, and the women came and went in groups of two and three and four. She sat for an hour, thinking pleasurably of the coming afternoons when she would be of the party, and not merely in it as she was then, a participator and not a spectator; but she was vaguely uneasy about her dress. It was the ultimate achievement of the local dressmaker at Morganville, but she did not see any other like it. To be sure, she had gone to the modiste in the city for her evening gowns, but this frock was her idea of what she would need in her afternoon social duties, and she was worried, and wondered if it were possible that she was not so strictly in the fashion as she had thought to be.

Soon after six o'clock she went up to the suite. Marsh came in. She decided she would put on her simplest evening gown and insisted that Marsh should wear his dinner jacket.

"What's the use?" asked Marsh. "I'm tired. Let's go down just as we are and get a bite."

"No," Mrs. Marsh replied decisively. "I'm not going down there on my first night in an afternoon dress. At six o'clock all the men began appearing in dinner jackets and in dress-suits, and I know the women will have on their best, and I'm not going to start out feeling uncomfortable the very first night."

Marsh growled something about a dinner jacket being unsuitable, and said he might as well put on his full evening regalia, and his growls grew to full-voiced imprecations when he clumsily tried to hook his wife's gown. She looked really pretty when she was ready to go. Marsh stood sulkily in the parlor waiting for her.

"Now, see here, Jim Marsh," she said, "there's no use of your acting like this. You might as well make up your mind that I am going to be a part of the social life in this city, and you've got to help me. I'm your wife and I am entitled to take my proper place. I know what to do, even if you don't, and you might as well understand, first as last, that you'll do as I say in social matters."

"Huh," said Marsh, "I don't see anything very social about dining in a hotel."

"That's because you don't know. I was down there this afternoon at teatime, and I saw a whole lot of women there I just know—I felt it—are social leaders. They will all be in to dinner also, and I am not going down there looking as if I didn't know what is what."

"But," persisted Marsh, "why this rush? We only arrived here this morning. I don't see the harm in dining quietly tonight and taking our ease at it, instead of being all dressed up like horses and buggies."

Mrs. Marsh looked sharply at him. "If you do not appreciate your position here I do," she said. "Also I appreciate my position. As I have said, I do not intend to be a mere unknown wife of a congressman. I intend to be prominent in society, and you've got to help me. That's all there is to that."

"Oh, all right, all right," Marsh replied. "Of course I'll help you, my dear. I intend that you shall be all you desire to be in that way, and," he added conciliatingly, "you can do it too. Never fear that."

They went down. The dining rooms were crowded. Much to Mrs. Marsh's surprise a large proportion of the diners were in street clothes, but here and there she noticed a table where the women were resplendent in jewels and low-cut gowns and the men were in evening dress.

"Looks to me," said Marsh, "as if there were a few here who ain't in such a hurry as you are, Molly."

Mrs. Marsh sniffed. A dining-room captain approached them as they stood uncertain in the door of the largest restaurant room. "A table for two?" he inquired.

"Yes," said Mrs. Marsh. "A good table, please. This is my husband, the Honorable James Marsh, Member of Congress, and we want a very good table."

There was a slight flicker of a smile round the corners of the mouth of the captain. He bowed and said: "Certainly, madam."

Then he led them to a small table in a corner of the room. "But," protested Mrs. Marsh, "I can't see a thing here. Why can't we have one of those tables in the center of the room?"

"I regret to say those are reserved, madam."

"Oh, sit down, Molly," urged Marsh. "This one is all right."

Mrs. Marsh sat down. Later she saw very ordinary looking persons, some of them in tweeds and the women in tailored suits, shown to the reserved tables, and still later—much later—she learned the efficacy of a dollar bill in securing a "reserved" table in a big restaurant.

The captain stood at attention. He had a pad of paper and a pencil in his hand and had given menu cards to them. The menu card was appalling. It had scores and scores of dishes on it, most of them with French names, and it was subdivided and redivided into *potages, poissons, rôtis, légumes*, in a bewildering fashion. Both stared perplexedly at the confusing assortment of food.

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Robbins & Myers STANDARD Fans

One-half the Current of an Ordinary Electric Light

Think of it! The cheapest method of keeping cool in dining-room, bedroom, living-room or kitchen that has ever been devised. Makes a summer resort out of your own home! A "STANDARD" Fan is a *real necessity* when you can enjoy, at such reasonable cost, the boundless billows of cool comfort that it throws out on scorching summer days.

The Standard for 18 Years

Robbins & Myers "STANDARD" Fans have been preferred by fan buyers for 18 years. We make fans of all styles, for all uses—ceiling, desk, bracket, oscillating, ventilating—for either direct or alternating current—for offices, factories, stores, cafés, places of amusement and homes.

Write for Free Fan Book

Describes the entire "STANDARD" line, and will help you in making a selection. Free from your dealer, or a postal will bring it from us

THE ROBBINS & MYERS COMPANY, Springfield, Ohio

Branches and Agencies in All Principal Cities

We are also the World's Largest Exclusive Manufacturers of Small Motors—1-30 to 10 h. p.—for all purposes

We Will Divide Our Profit

Local Agents Invited to Share Our Earnings

We now have actually in operation in the United States and Canada more than 15,000 Oliver Local Agencies.

These agents have received hundreds of thousands of dollars in profits on sales of Oliver Typewriters.

There are still hundreds of places where no agencies are established.

Applicants must be earnest workers. They need not have had previous experience. We enroll them at once in The Oliver School of Practical Salesmanship and teach them selling—all as part of the free training given Oliver Agents.

Sometimes we send personal instructors to them. When they have proved their worth, we promote them to the direct service, in which they may rise to the highest positions in the Company.

One of our general officials began his Oliver career as a Local Agent at Waco, Texas.

The OLIVER Typewriter

The Standard Visible Writer

is a splendid seller because it is a splendid typewriter. It has many exclusive features. It is the only typewriter that *prints print*.

It really owns and controls Printype, now conceded to be one of the greatest single advances ever made in typewriter construction.

We *guarantee* Printype to be exclusively used on Oliver Typewriters.

Oliver Agents sell Printype Olivers in thousands. The demand is voluntary and steady.

Oliver Agents are permitted to sell on our 17-Cents-a-Day Plan. They may even secure their own sample outfits on the 17-Cents-a-Day Plan and let earnings from their agency help carry the deal.

Oliver Agents are protected in exclusive selling rights in the territory given them.

When you apply, be sure to give some details about the typewriter sales possibilities of your town, village or city.

And Don't Delay

We like and reward promptness.

Full details of Agency Proposition, a specimen of Printype and other interesting information will be sent [illegible] upon receipt of your application.

The Oliver Typewriter Company
1010 Oliver Typewriter Building, Chicago

Ask for the **Emery** Shirt

$1.50 up

The Shirt That Fits

Accurately cut. No bulging at front. No skimping at shoulders. Pre-shrunk neckbands. Sleeve lengths to fit all men.

Guaranteed *fit, color and wear*

A New Shirt for One That Fails

Free—"*The Emery Style Book*," a Gentleman's Guide to Correct Dress—a reference book on what to wear—for any occasion

W. M. STEPPACHER & BRO., Philadelphia

THEIR WEDDING JOURNEY

Morse Life Series No. 4

Almost alone!—in a cozy quiet corner of the Pullman car! The wedding guests left far behind—but along with Tom and Sue, goes an old familiar friend, a big red box of

Morse's Milk Chocolate Creams

The *wedding* chocolates—the most delicious confection for "Shower" luncheons, teas and dinners, and for serving on the Wedding Day.

Fresh, creamy chocolates that *stay* fresh and creamy. Each wrapped in dainty waxed tissue paper. The milk chocolate is rich, deep, thick, wholesome—the centers light, soft, fluffy, delightful.

Guarantee certificate of freshness in each box

At Your Dealer's—If you cannot purchase Morse's from dealers in your city, send $1.00 for special assortment, charges prepaid

A. G. MORSE CO., Chicago, U. S. A.

ARROW COLLARS

"La Salle," a light collar with deep points that may be worn under or over the waistcoat.

"Dorset" is like it but has shorter points. Both good for the summer—*2 for 25c. Canada, 3 for 50c.*

ARROW SHIRTS

Their good qualities will bring you back for the same label when in need of shirts—*$1.50 up.*

CLUETT, PEABODY & CO., Inc
Makers

"Would you perhaps like to begin with some oysters?" suggested the captain.

"Certainly," assented Marsh, much relieved.

"And a clear soup?"

"Yes."

"Perhaps you would care for some English sole *à la* Margeury?"

"That'll be first-rate."

"The canvasback ducks are excellent just now," said the captain in an entirely impersonal manner.

"Oh, Jim," exclaimed Mrs. Marsh, "do let's have a canvasback duck. They come from round here somewhere and we've never had one, you know."

Marsh nodded his head. The captain suggested a salad, some cheese and coffee, and asked whether they would like their hominy in a chafing-dish or served in the usual way.

"I didn't order hominy," said Marsh.

"It is usually served," the captain observed. "Do you prefer the large or the small?"

"Let's have the small."

"What wine do you wish?" The captain ostentatiously handed a wine list to Marsh. Marsh took it, looked at it for a moment and said: "Champagne."

"Will you be so kind as to indicate the brand?"

"Oh," stammered Marsh, "any good brand."

"And cocktails?"

Marsh looked inquiringly at his wife. She shook her head. The captain called a waiter, read the order to him, cautioned him to be very careful, and hovered about, patting the tablecloth and rearranging the astonishing array of knives and forks and spoons that had been placed before them while they were giving the order. Marsh and his wife grew nervous over the hoverings of the captain and wondered why he didn't leave. He smiled ingratiatingly, hoped the dinner would be all they could wish, and hovered some more. Finally he went away, and as he left Mrs. Marsh's quick ear heard him say in a hoarse whisper to a second captain standing near by: "Another of them rube congressmen."

Marsh didn't hear it. She blushed hotly and stiffened in her chair. She would show them, the impudent puppies, she thought, that they were not rubes—she would show them!

The room was crowded and very gay. The dinner was excellently and quickly served, and they enjoyed it, although they thought there was rather too much food and that it would have been as well if they had ordered no fish. The waiter suggested a cordial, and they took it, and when the cigar boy brought round the tray with cigars Marsh selected a long, thin one that looked good. It was good, too, and he felt peaceful and happy as he smoked and listened to his wife's comments on the people in the room.

Presently there was no excuse for staying longer. The diners were leaving. Mrs. Marsh noticed that a good many of them took their coffee in the corridor outside, and resolved she would do that next time. The orchestra had stopped playing.

"Bring me the check," said Marsh.

The waiter brought the check, lying face down on a small silver salver. Marsh reached into his pocket for his money and turned the check over. As he looked at the red-ink total he gasped and then whistled.

"How much is it?" asked Mrs. Marsh in a whisper, while the waiter stood stolidly by. Marsh did not reply. He laid a twenty-dollar bill on the salver and rose to go.

"Aren't you going to wait for your change?" asked Mrs. Marsh.

"There won't be any change."

"Jim Marsh, do you mean to tell me that dinner cost twenty dollars?"

"Not exactly, but with the tip it will come to the twenty all right."

It was Mrs. Marsh's turn to show astonishment. She pursed her lips and was deep in thought most of the time they remained in the corridor.

At ten o'clock they went upstairs. Marsh sat down in a big chair to finish his second cigar and Mrs. Marsh wandered about the room, looking at the pictures and examining the furniture. She noticed a small placard tacked on the door. She read it and turned suddenly on Marsh.

"Jim Marsh!" she exclaimed. "Do you know how much these rooms are costing us?"

"About five dollars a day, I suppose."

"Did you ask?"

"Why, no; I didn't ask. I just registered and told the clerk what I wanted."

"Come here!" she commanded. "Come straight here and look at this."

He walked over and looked at the placard to which she was pointing. It read: "The price of this suite, exclusive of meals, is $11 a day."

"Holy Moses!" shouted Marsh.

"I should think so," said Mrs. Marsh. "Here we have been in this hotel less than half a day and we've got to stay here until the morning, and then without any breakfast we've spent more than thirty dollars for one meal and a place to sleep, to say nothing of tips and baggage and all that. It's an outrage."

"It was a good meal," suggested Marsh weakly.

"Good meal or not, we'll get right out of here."

"But think of your social aspirations."

"I don't need a millionaire's hotel to help me succeed socially," she snapped. "We'll find another place tomorrow."

Marsh had been doing some figuring. He had only a few hundred dollars ahead, as he had paid off all his obligations before he left Morganville, and his politics had prevented his giving his whole time to his profession. At thirty dollars a day, with a salary of $5000 a year—it was before the congressional salaries had been raised to $7500—and a few hundred dollars for mileage, and his clerk hire and stationery account, he could see bankruptcy ahead of him. Of course they wouldn't always eat twenty-dollar meals, but they couldn't eat four-dollar ones, pay this room rental and have anything left.

Next morning Marsh went up to the Capitol and met some of the members of the House. He made inquiries and discovered that Washington is speckled with hotels not so expensive as the one at which he was staying, where many of the representatives and senators live, and that afternoon he and his wife went out to look round. They took two rooms at a rather pretentious hotel on a street not far from the center of the city. This hotel, they found, was a great favorite with the congressional people, indeed it catered to them. The price was two hundred dollars a month for two rooms and bath and meals, as the hotel was on the American plan. They moved at once, and that night, in the lobby of their new hotel home, Mrs. Marsh met a number of the wives of other members, and observed, not without disquiet again, that her gown seemed to fit in better in the general sartorial scheme there than it had at the big hostelry.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Time by Wireless

THE Government's great wireless station at Arlington is giving jewelers all over the East and Middle West a new method of publicity—wireless time corrections for their customers. The Arlington station sends out exact time signals at an hour agreed upon, and these signals are of course easily caught by any station within the wide range of the Government towers. Accordingly in the last few weeks many jewelers have installed wireless receiving apparatus on the roofs of the buildings which they occupy, the wires usually being placed so as to be very noticeable from the street. In the store is a receiving instrument, and there at the proper hour the jeweler catches the exact time as sent from Arlington, and corrects his clocks according to it.

How Balanced Construction Has Reduced Operating Cost

IN the purchase of a motor-car the big, vital, all-important point is—*weight and its distribution.*

Weight distribution directly influences tire wear, comfort and safety

Franklin construction has produced a light, evenly balanced car. Every part is balanced in weight by every other part. There is a fine distribution of strength and reliability.

Excessive "unsprung" weight and useless overloading is avoided in every part. Unsprung weight, which is made up of the parts between the road and the springs of the car, has a great deal to do with cost of operation, with comfort and with safety. The big items in unsprung weight are rims, wheels, hubs, axles, gears and the transmission when located on the axle.

Few unsprung parts, light quick detachable rims (half the weight of the usual demountable rims), light axles and the transmission carried by the springs reduce Franklin unsprung weight to the minimum.

When a wheel of the car drops into a hole or hits a stone the force of the blow on the tire is directly proportional to the unsprung weight. Since the springs do not support the unsprung weight they cannot absorb any of the shock. Therefore the tire takes all the blow. The result in injury to the tire when weight is added is probably greater than the ratio of weight as the tire is undoubtedly stressed beyond the elastic limit with the heavier blow.

Make a test with dumb-bells

Jump off a platform with a ten-pound dumb-bell in each hand. Then make the same jump with twenty-pound dumb-bells. You will notice a wonderful difference in the blow. In fact, you will probably drop the heavy dumb-bells. The tires get the same treatment when subjected to heavy blows from excess unsprung weight. But instead of dropping the weight, the tires take the strain and finally blow out.

The same tire gives *twice the mileage* on a Franklin

Don't blame the tire man. Get motor-wise and buy a light car with small unsprung weight. It is the solution, and the only solution, of the tire problem. It cuts the cost; kills worry.

A car is no more reliable than its tires. There can be no balanced construction, no fine distribution of strength and reliability that does not include tires.

Requirements for tire reliability are as carefully computed in the Franklin as are the requirements for reliability in other parts. The tires are in balance with the weight and speed of the car which means that the tires on Franklin cars are larger than on heavier cars.

Engine and Vehicle Patented July 2, 1908

Franklin Little Six "30," 5-passenger touring car $2900

Weights and Tire Sizes of the Fact-Backed Franklin

Six "38" touring or phaeton	3328	pounds, tires	4½ and 5"
Six "38" 7-passenger touring	3480	" "	5"
Little Six "30" touring	2993	" "	4½"
Four "25" touring	2520	" "	4"

These weights include full equipment, gasoline and oil. Compare these weights and tire sizes with other cars. Franklins, 700 to 1200 pounds lighter, are equipped with tires as large or larger.

Here is the result—over 10,000 miles per set

Franklin owners in 1912 reported an average of 10,746 miles service per set of tires, with an average of 3,663 miles without puncture. Let us back this statement with the facts by sending you our "tire folder" which gives these reports in detail. Ninety-eight per cent of Franklin owners do not carry extra tires. You may think your car is light. Weigh it.

Cuts gasoline consumption in two

Franklin light weight and the Franklin direct cooled engine are saving Franklin users big fuel bills. Gasoline consumption is cut squarely in two. Direct cooling permits the motor to be operated at the temperature of maximum efficiency for gasoline vapor. Higher thermo dynamic efficiency is secured and the full power of the gasoline is utilized. Fuel is saved from two ends, the amount consumed per unit of horse power and the amount necessary to produce power to drive the lighter car.

The Sirocco fan flywheel does it

Applying the Sirocco fan to engine cooling is one of the most important improvements ever made in automobiles. This fan is built into the flywheel. As soon as the motor begins to run it starts a steady suction of air. This exhausts the air below the cylinders and causes fresh air to rush in through the front of the hood over and down through the sleeves that surround the cylinders with their radiating fins. This vigorous air current literally wipes the heat right off the cylinders. The belted fan, radiator and other heavy parts are dispensed with. The Franklin is the only motor that can be operated with consistent success in hot and cold climates, in mountainous and sandy sections. There is no water to limit efficiency, nothing to get out of order, nothing to oil or fill up. The cooling takes care of itself no matter how hot or cold the day.

Built for lowest total cost

Franklin cars are built for the lowest total cost during the use of the car, not for a low selling price. Any lack of economy in operation very soon runs into more money than any saving in the purchase price. A car to be economical in the use of gasoline and in cost of tires and upkeep charges, must be designed and built to take care of those things.

First of all a car must be light. It takes money to move freight. When you move a certain tonnage you have got to pay a certain price; you cannot get away from that. When the tonnage is the weight of your car the collector is at your heels all the time.

The motor cannot stall

The Entz electric starting system used on Franklin cars makes it impossible for the engine to stall. One switch controls both the starter and magneto. Throw on the switch and the starter goes to work. If by accident you cut off the gas the starter picks up the motor, and, as you give it gas again, away it goes.

Enclosed cars

Franklin dealers have cuts and specifications of our new line of enclosed bodies built on the "Little Six" chassis. The line includes coupés, limousines, Berlins and sedans. Order now for early fall delivery.

A remarkable trip

We have just published O. K. Parker's story, "A Strenuous Trip into the Grand Canyon of Arizona", Entirely aside from the fact that it is a story of a remarkable and seemingly impossible automobile trip into the Canyon, the book with its beautiful views and strikingly strong description of the most stupendous natural wonder of the world, is of deep interest. Mr. Parker is chief engineer of the Automobile Club of Southern California. We are glad to mail the book free to any address.

Franklin cars are made as follows:

Franklin Six "38"	5-passenger touring $3600	Franklin Little Six "30" touring-car or 2-passenger phaeton	$2900
Franklin Six "38"	4-passenger phaeton 3600	Franklin Four "25" touring	2600
Franklin Six "38"	7-passenger touring 3850		

Write for our catalogue—a book full of real automobile facts.

Franklin Automobile Company 10 Franklin Square Syracuse N Y

THE KODAK GIRL AT HOME

Every step in film development becomes simple, easy, understandable with a

KODAK FILM TANK

No dark-room, no tediously acquired skill—and better results than were possible by the old methods. It's an important link in the Kodak System of "Photography with the bother left out."

The Experience is in the Tank.

Our little booklet, "Tank Development," free at your dealers or by mail.

EASTMAN KODAK CO., ROCHESTER, N. Y., *The Kodak City.*

The Wise Farmer from the City

A city man bought a farm. And his neighbors laughed. "Sorry," said they. "You can't make your salt there—the soil's worn out."

The city man didn't know enough to be sorry for himself. He had never farmed a lick—except on paper.

So he watched. And he studied. And then he went to work—according to his city notions.

Consequence is—he has written a story of howling success for

The COUNTRY GENTLEMAN

If you are a city man, too, with notions, you are asking, "How?"

If you are a farmer, with country notions, you are also asking, "How?"

The answer is in next week's issue.

$100,000 in the Kitchen

When the wife puts up a crate of peaches and a dozen jars of jelly you're pretty proud.

Ever think what it means in business?

One woman started that way a few years back. Last fall she put up three hundred tons of fruit and found she was running a profitable $100,000 business.

It's in The Country Gentleman

The Dream Horse

It was a bully horse that Jones was riding in the park this morning. Where did he get him?

Yes, where? Do you know how such horses are bred?

There's a man in Kentucky who can breed two animals and tell what the foal will look like. He did that until one day he pointed to a colt and said:

"That's my dream horse come true."

It's in The Country Gentleman.

Write a Book!

The man who wins today is the man with a specialty. What's yours?

Why don't you tell about it? How? Write a book! Sure, it's easy. Write an advertising booklet about your farm—about your business in town

You don't know how? We'll tell you—

In The Country Gentleman

$8000 an Acre

Speaking of specialties— There's a chap in Florida who has a winner: Sweet potatoes.

Three acres—$8000 an acre.

His place is like a factory. And the dividends—$8000 an acre!

It's in The Country Gentleman

The Friendly Bug

Too bad the old elms are being eaten up—gipsy moth.

Too bad the cotton planter lost his crop—boll weevil.

Too bad the apples were ruined—codling moth.

But there are *friendly* bugs. They'll eat the bad bugs and save the trees and crops.

Learn to know the good bugs—

In The Country Gentleman.

A long time ago somebody said something about a word to the wise.

We have said the word.

If you are the wise—

Next week's issue of

The Country Gentleman

will be on the news-stands next Thursday morning.

How About Your Garden?
How About Your Flowers?
How About Your Chickens?

LET US TELL YOU!

The Curtis Publishing Company
Philadelphia, Penna.

THERMOS

The Ideal Servant in the Home—a Thermos Carafe at $3.50

Thermos has won its way to a place in the bedchamber and dining-room of every carefully regulated home.

It is no longer an item of equipment only for the lover of out-of-doors, but its place in the household is established.

Mother *knows* that it keeps Baby's milk free from germ-laden, deadly flies; keeps it so cold that bacteria can not develop, and so clean and fresh that Baby is never subject to the danger of infection from lukewarm, disease-breeding milk.

Father knows that THERMOS keeps grape juice or the nip of cooling beverage fresh and sweet and *cold*—as long as he wants it kept cold.

Children know that there's lots of fun in THERMOS—bully hot tea and coffee and soups—and cold lemonades and punches a picnicking

The whole family votes for THERMOS.

If the name THERMOS is not stamped on the bottom it is a counterfeit.

Ask your dealer for a new catalogue.

Thermos-on-Thames
at Norwich, Conn.

New York San Francisco Toronto

Flake Form of Graphite

The pure product as mined, and combined in Dixon's Greases, is wonderfully soft, smooth and oily.

Teddy Tetzlaff

DIXON'S Graphite Greases

have won the unsolicited praise of the "Speed Kings of Motordom." Teddy Tetzlaff, holder of the world's record for road racing, says:

"I would rather pay $5 per pound for Dixon's Automobile Lubricants than use any other as a gift."

Try DIXON'S GRAPHITE GREASE No. 677 in your transmission and differential. Will make them run quietly

Send name and model of car for free booklet, "Lubricating the Motor," No. 246

Joseph Dixon Crucible Company
Established in 1827

Jersey City New Jersey

If coming to New York Why Pay Excessive Hotel Rates?

THE CLENDENING, 190 W. 103 St., New York
Select Home-like Hotel ... Bedroom, Private Bath for two persons $3.00 daily
Write for descriptive booklet G with fine map of city.

BACK-FIRE

(Continued from Page 21)

on a figure that had entered by the lower gate and was striding rapidly toward the path that skirted the sunken garden. Even at that distance Lucia recognized her father's plunging step. She rose abruptly.

"I'm going up to see what Edna's doing," said she; "I'm really worried about her, Aunt Nelly." She walked to the open windows, then turned. "And don't worry about dad; he can take care of himself."

Mrs. Duane looked at her in vexation. "So can Edna!" she snapped.

"I don't doubt it in the least. It's a family trait." Lucia's boyish face was almost impish in its expression. "You are the one that needs taking care of, auntie dear. *A bientôt!*" And she disappeared into the house.

Mrs. Duane dropped into her chair and covered her face with her hands. Her cheeks were burning and her mind seemed confused. It occurred to her that there was almost a portent in the words of this eighteen-year-old child. Mrs. Duane *did* need to be taken care of. She needed a strong arm on which to lean and a strong chest on which to lay her tired head. The arm and chest had long been waiting for her to claim them, but where were they now? Deep in some slough, perhaps buried in the slimy ooze of a cypress swamp, the food of alligators and other horrible beasts. Mrs. Duane dropped her face in her hands and the tears trickled through her slim fingers.

She was sitting so when there came the sound of a heavy step on the stone stairs leading up to the terrace. Mrs. Duane let fall her hands, then sat upright in her chair, wondering indignantly who would dare presume to come clattering like that up to her own private part of the house. She touched her eyes with her handkerchief and turned her vexed face to examine the intruder.

A head, quickly followed by a pair of broad shoulders, rose in sight, and Mrs. Duane sprang up with a scream.

"Malcolm!" She swept forward, hands thrust out eagerly in front of her. "Oh, Malcolm!"

Gillespie strode to meet her. His shooting clothes were stained and soiled, his eyes red-rimmed and his face and hands scratched by thorns and briars. But his expression, though tired, was happy.

"Here I am, Nell," he began in his habitual brisk, cheerful tone; then stopped abruptly, for Mrs. Duane's face had grown colorless. She tottered slightly and her eyelids fluttered. The next instant Gillespie had caught her in his powerful arms. And then, to his amazement, her own twined tightly about his neck and for the first time in her life she offered him her lips. Her tears gushed against his rough cheek and she was murmuring hot words of tenderness and thanksgiving.

Gillespie held her close, kissing her eyes and cheeks and quivering mouth. His own eyes were moist.

"Nell, dearest," he muttered, "so you really care for me as much as that?"

"I adore you, Malcolm," she whispered. "I never knew how much until I thought that you were lost in that terrible swamp. Oh, Malcolm, Malcolm!" She clung to him, sobbing.

For several moments he held her against his broad chest, soothing her as if she had been a child. She gave herself up to him, wondering at the unsuspected tenderness in one whom she had always thought of as masterful and dominant and at times almost harshly concise. He seemed to know so well how to supply all that her soul craved; what that it seemed to her now always to have craved. But presently an access of shyness seized her.

"We mustn't stand like this," she protested, and tried to disengage herself. Gillespie loosed her gently, then supported her to a chair, seating himself on the broad stone balustrade.

"How are Penfold and Edna?" he asked.

"He is doing nicely and Edna seems none the worse for her experience. But you must be worn out, Malcolm dear." She looked at him hungrily.

Gillespie reached for her hand and held it in his. "I *am* a bit tired," he admitted. "You see, Nelly, when I realized that Edna and Penfold were lost I scattered the boys in all directions through the woods, and then started in to hunt for them myself. I went on foot, because there are lots of soft spots where a horse would get mired.

"An Unique Horticultural Product"

Great Big Red and Luscious

Bitter Root Valley SWEET CHERRIES

PICKED and packed when *ripe* in our own mountain-rimmed orchards, and shipped *fresh* from the famous Bitter Root Valley in special containers, *(two pounds of fruit,* net weight).

Direct to You Postpaid, via Parcel Post

at a special nominal price, solely for advertising purposes

YOUR MONEY BACK IF YOU WANT IT

You have probably heard of these celebrated cherries—their *immense size*, deep red color, *their delicious flavor which is unlike that of any other cherry grown*, and their wonderful shipping and keeping qualities. This is the first time we have ever offered to oppo[rtunity] to taste these remarkably delicious berries to the general public.

You probably *think* you know how sweet cherries *taste*, but we are so certain you *don't* know how good they can taste, (unless you have tasted our Bitter Root Valley Sweet Cherries) that ***we will cheerfully refund your money if, after receiving and tasting our Bitter Root Valley Sweet Cherries, you write to us and say you have tasted cherries as delicious as these grown in any other part of the country.*** There is a delectable, satisfying sweetness, snap and tingle to every bite of a Bitter Root Valley Sweet Cherry that makes you call for MORE. It is because we *know* how *delicious* Bitter Root Valley Sweet Cherries *taste* that we make this sweeping o[ffer].

The New York Herald of August 17th, 1911, in reporting the arrival of [the] Bitter Root [Valley] Sweet Cherries at [the] Grand Central Station, New York, said: "The cherries are of large size ... [and] delicious."

Selected specimens of this unique horticultural product picked in our orchards have measured *eleven cherries to the foot and thirty-two cherries to the pound.*

Heretofore the supply has been so *limited* that distribution has been confined to a few fancy fruit stores catering to an exclusive trade in St. Paul, Chicago and New York. *We are inserting this advertisement simply to promulgate more general knowledge of their bigness, tantalizingly luscious FLAVOR and altogether superior excellence.*

By Ordering Today, you can secure *for only fifty cents* a box containing *two full pounds* of these rare cherries, which is at the purely nominal rate of *only twenty-five cents per pound,* delivered to you. Our cherries from these same orchards (when obtainable by dealers) retail in New York at sixty cents and more, a pound.

If you want TWO two-pound boxes (four pounds of fruit, net weight), you can get them by mailing us a dollar bill with your name and address.

Orders will be registered and filled directly from our orchards in Bitter Root Valley, in [illegible] cherries is *limited*. In [illegible] that the supply is exhausted when [illegible] is reached, we will promptly refund [illegible]

[illegible] Bitter Root Valley Sweets *berries will be filled* [illegible] *advertising price of only fifty cents per box.*

Fill Out and Mail This Coupon Today.

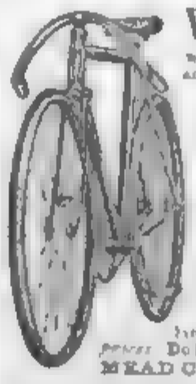
Robert S. Lemon, General Sales Manager,
Bitter Root Valley Irrigation Company,
848 First National Bank Bldg., Chicago

I enclose $ ___ in postage stamps, silver, currency, Postoffice or Express Money Order, for which please have shipped to me direct from your famous Bitter Root Valley Orchards ___ two-pound boxes of your famous Bitter Root Valley Sweet Cherries, as advertised in *The Saturday Evening Post* of July 15, 1911.

Name

Street No. or R.F.D. Route

Town State



WE SHIP on APPROVAL

without a cent deposit, prepay the freight and allow 10 DAYS FREE TRIAL.

IT ONLY COSTS one cent to learn our *special prices* and *attractive offers* on highest grade 1913 model bicycles.

LOWEST PRICES *Do not buy a bicycle or* [illegible] Art Catalog

RIDER AGENTS [illegible] big money making and selling our [illegible] We Sell at lowest prices.

TIRES, Coaster-Brake rear wheels, lamps, repairs and all sundries at *half usual prices.* Do Not Wait, write *today* for our *special offer.*

MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. F-55, CHICAGO

Columbia School of Music

Clare Osborne Reed, Director

Assisted by an eminent faculty of sixty teachers. Offers a complete education in Piano, Voice, Violin, Theory and Public School Music Methods, leading to graduation and degree. Dormitory facilities. Many free advantages.

13th Annual Session Begins September 8
Registration Week, September 2

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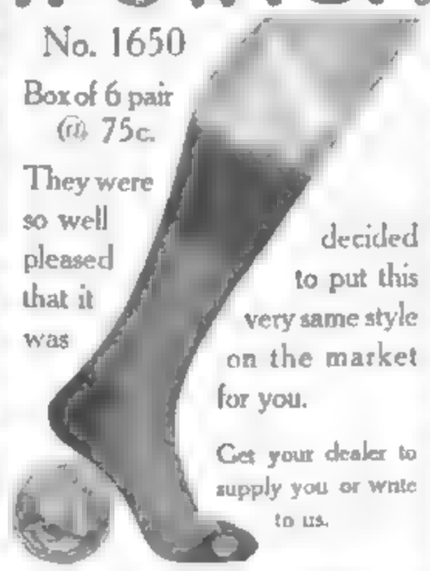

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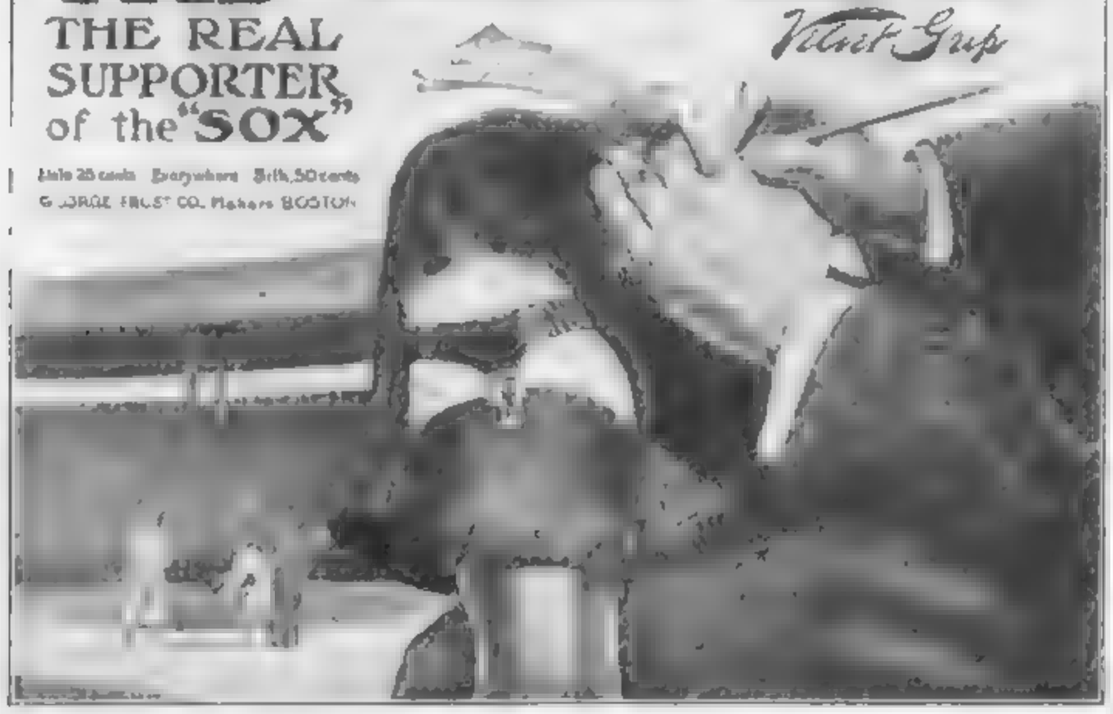

I've been living like a wolf. Look at your pretty gown!" He laughed, then raised her hand to his lips. "The second morning I found the carcass of a buck they shot about four miles from the camp. I guessed that Penfold would probably strike east when he failed to find the camp, so I turned east myself, making big zigzags and firing my rifle every hour or so. The third day I got all tangled up in a mess of swamps and creeks and had to make a big detour to get out. Early this morning I came out on the Little Sandy and followed it down to our cabin. I'd already sent one of the boys on horseback to tell Rutherford to look for them. At the cabin I found a bright youngster and a negro whom Rutherford had left to look after the place while he brought Edna and Penfold to the railroad. Penfold had found the cabin but you must have heard all that."

"Yes; but why didn't you wire me from the station, Malcolm?"

"I didn't go to the station. This boy and the negro had a big bugeye, which they seem to have stolen from a man named Raborg up in the Chesapeake—one of those merchants who get rich by selling on the installment plan to negroes things they don't want, and then taking them back when a payment isn't met. I took the canoe and the kid and came back down the Sound. Sanderson is looking after the boy; he looks half starved. The poor little devil doesn't quite know whether he ever had a mother and father or not. I must say, Nelly, after talking with him on the run down I'm mighty keen about your charity. But I'm even keener about you."

He slipped off the rail, caught her face between his stained, scratched hands, turned it up almost roughly to his and kissed her.

"You're a darling," said he rather breathlessly, "and you're going to marry me awfully soon; and if you are not happy it won't be my fault! Hello!"

He turned suddenly. Lucia had flown through the open windows and flung herself upon him. She was sobbing violently, and clung to him as does a small child whose father carries it into deep water; in fact there was a passion in the embrace that astonished Gillespie in a vague sort of way. Yet it warmed him and moved him more deeply than he thought it possible for him to be moved.

"Well," said he, holding her off at arm's length, "I'm almost tempted to think that you are really fond of your dad."

Lucia turned her saucy, piquant face to his. "I like him pretty well," she answered. "There's something about him that rather appeals to me at times. I think that really he's the biggest, strongest, darlingest, sweetest, bravest father in all the world, and he has my permission to kiss Aunt Nelly whenever he likes." She rushed to her aunt, flung her arms about her neck and kissed her with a violence that came near to choking that tender lady. "I saw you and ran away," said Lucia wildly; "but I'm so glad—so glad!"

She burst into a storm of tears and rushed back into the house, upsetting a tea-table that stood in her path.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Budge's Vacation

BUDGE VAN LOAN is the five-year-old son of Charley Van Loan, the writer. In May Van Loan and Mrs. Van Loan started East for an extended trip. They left Budge and his little sister behind in Los Angeles.

For a week before his departure Van Loan kept asking Budge what he would do while both mother and father were so far away. Each time the little chap would dutifully respond that he expected to be a good boy and save up all his love for his parents until they got back home again. Toward the last, though, he did not seem to be putting much enthusiasm into the statement.

On the night before the Van Loans left there was company for dinner. Van Loan thought he saw a good opening to tense his small son.

"Budge," he said with an effective quaver in his voice, "what are you going to do when your father is so far away from you for such a long time?"

Budge, who is a serious-minded, reflective young person, heaved a sigh.

"Well," he said, "I guess I'll get a good rest."

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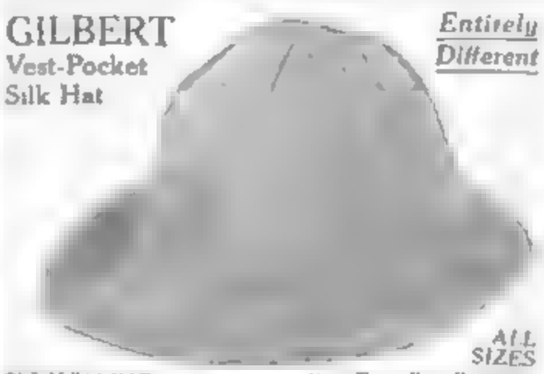

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Eleven years ago the Cadillac Company produced the first practical and durable motor car in large numbers.

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The Third Epoch:—

Two years ago the Cadillac Company first made possible a realization of the motorist's dream of an automatic electrical cranking and lighting system which banished to oblivion forever the awkward crank and the inefficient illumination.

Thus, three times have Cadillac policies and Cadillac principles left an indelible imprint upon the motor car industry.

Three times has the Cadillac Company accomplished that which was proclaimed impossible.

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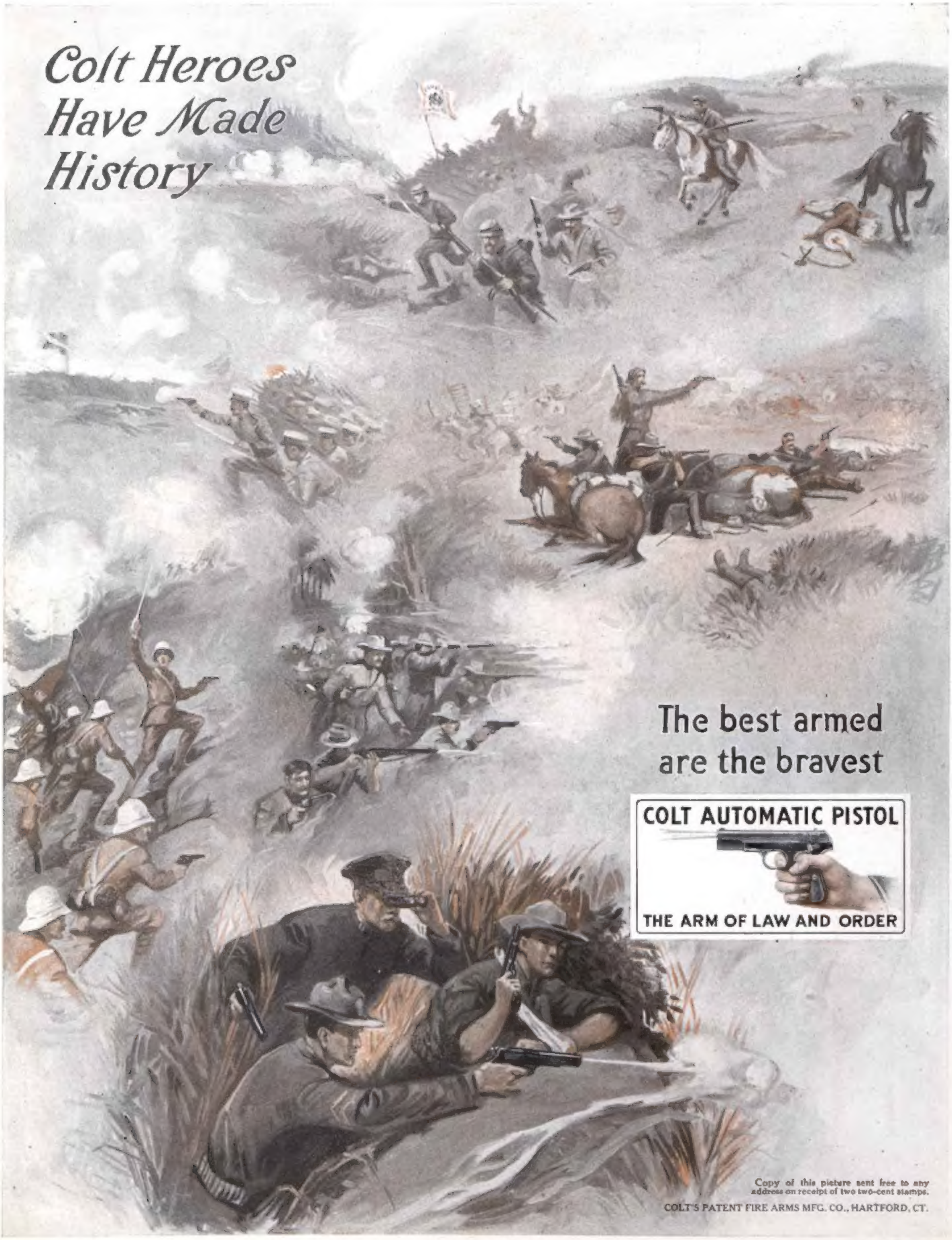

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RECIPE

BLUEBERRY TEA CAKE

1 cup blueberries	½ cup sugar
2 cups Gold Medal Flour	1 egg
½ teaspoon salt	¼ cup melted butter
2 teaspoon baking powder	1 cup milk

Mix and sift the dry ingredients, add milk slowly, melted butter and eggs well beaten. Beat all together thoroughly, dredge blueberries with flour and fold into the batter. Fill well greased gem pans three-quarters full and bake one-half hour in a moderate oven.

This recipe and 761 others in the GOLD MEDAL COOK BOOK.

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